★Oct. 21, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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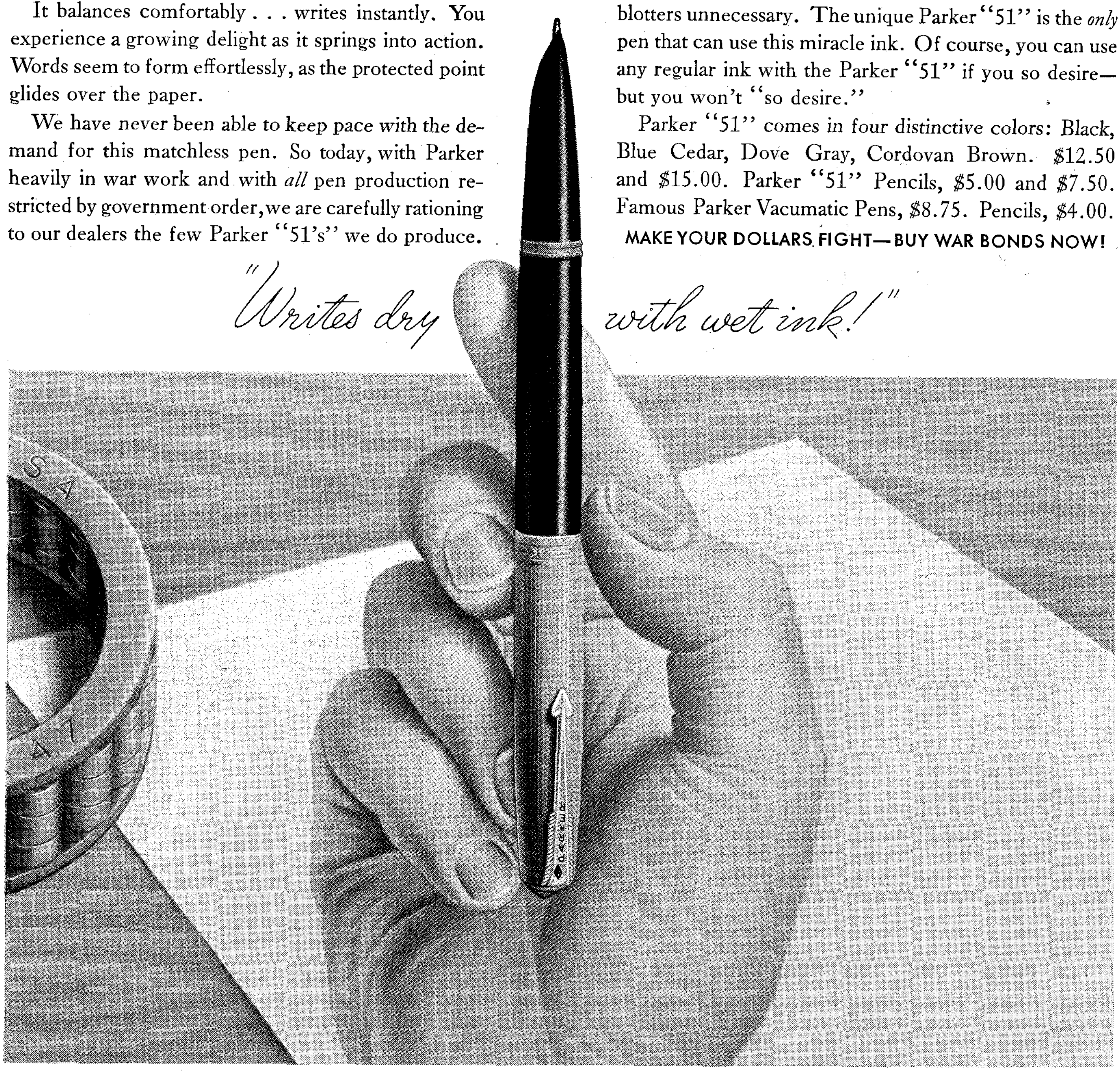

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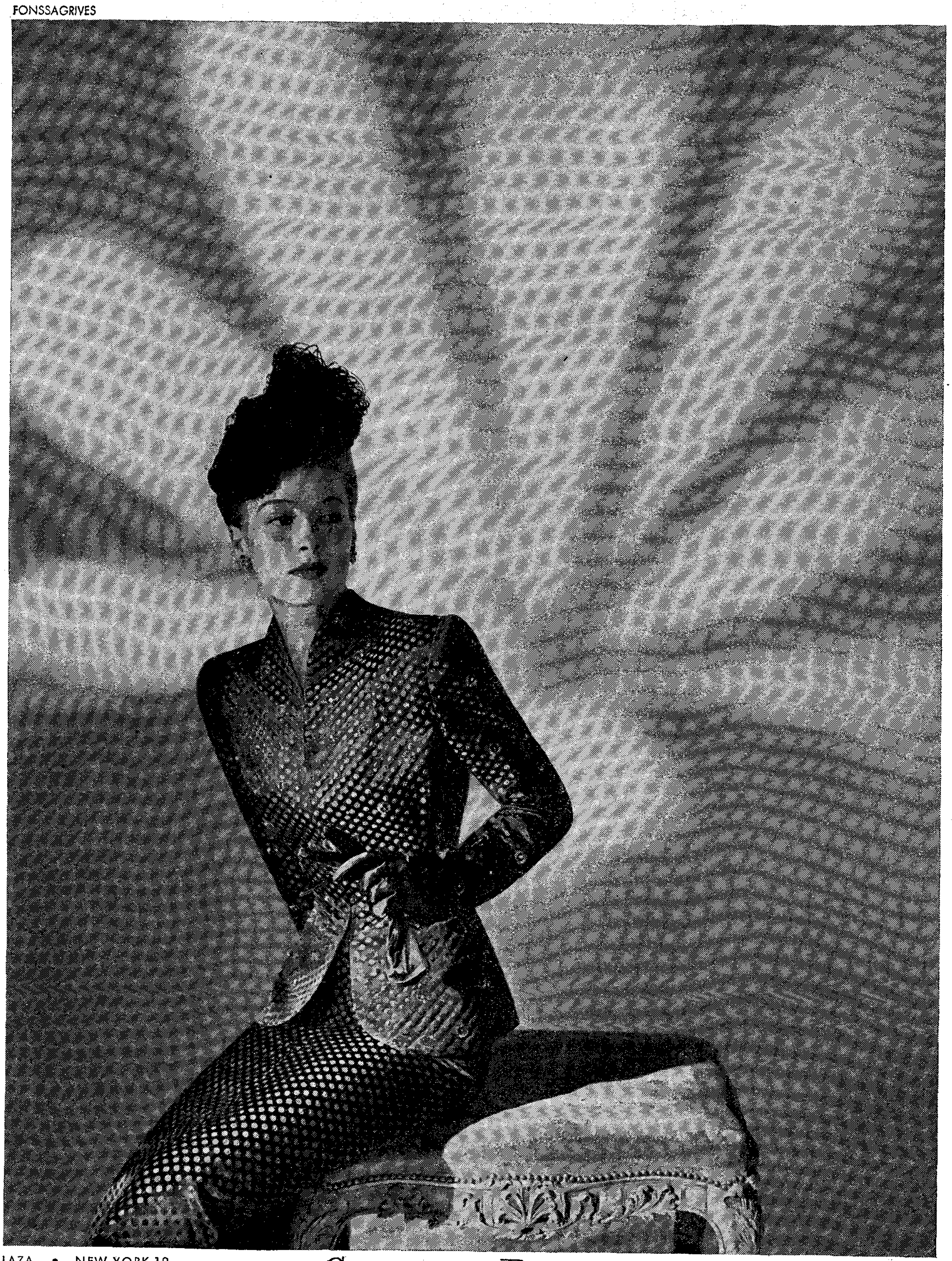

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller, now in its third year. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are prominent in the dirty work. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's very impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West as the author and star of a very strange piece of nonsense about the Empress of Russia. Miss West's new tendency to confuse herself with Duse rather spoils what might have been a funny show. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband. You might do much worse. The cast is headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of adolescents who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is rounding out its fifth year. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Men to the Sea—Eddie Dowling's direction isn't enough to save this rather amateur piece about how girls are apt to behave when their men go to war. Toni Gilman, Randolph Echols, and Joyce Mathews are in the cast. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Oct. 19, at 2:40. Moves or closes on Sat., Oct. 28.)

Pick-Up Girl—An earnest play about how those little girls who hang around Times Square got the way they are. Possibly more interesting as propaganda than playwriting. With William Harrigan and Pamela Rivers. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Oct. 21.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Barbara O'Neil, and Montgomery Clift are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's comedy about a returning soldier and his wife, who has decided to publish a book of her letters to him. Martha Scott and Myron McCormick do their best, but it is still somewhat short of Shakespeare. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in this version there are two survivors. Not terribly exciting, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. Among the doomed are Estelle Winwood and Halliwell Hobbes. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Onslow Stevens. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

While the Sun Shines—Terence Rattigan's completely typical English drawing-room comedy, mainly about an earl, the daughter of a duke, and an American bombardier. George S. Kaufman directed and Melville Cooper, Stanley Bell, and Anne Burr are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Meet a Body—A mystery play by Jane Hinton, with Al Shean and Whitford Kane. Staged by William Castle and produced by H. Clay Blaney. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Visitor—An adaptation, by Kenneth White, of the novel by Carl Randau and Leane Zugsmith, with Walter Greaza, Frances Carson, and Ralph Forbes. Produced and directed by Herman Shumlin. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the 1860's. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but the sets and costumes and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching. Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a musical about nothing very much. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Irina Baronova and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Merry Widow—Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in a short return engagement of the New Opera Company's production of this operetta. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Handsome and nice to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Star Time—A vaudeville show with Lou Holtz, Benny Fields, the DeMarcos, Connee Boswell, and the Berry Brothers. A few bright spots but on the whole pretty routine and dull. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

I Remember Mama—Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka in a play by John van Druten, based on a book by Kathryn Forbes. Staged by Mr. van Druten and produced by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Opens Thurs., Oct. 19. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Violet—Patricia Hitchcock, Harvey Stephens, Helen Claire, and Doro Merande in a play by Whitfield Cook. Directed by Mr. Cook and produced by Albert Margolies. Opens Tues., Oct. 24. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Snafu—A George Abbott production of a play by Louis Solomon and Harold Buchman, with Russell Hardie and Elspeth Eric. Opens Wed., Oct. 25. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Perfect Marriage—Miriam Hopkins, Victor Jory, and Martha Sleeper in a play written and directed by Samson Raphaelson. Produced by Cheryl Crawford. Opens Thurs., Oct. 26. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—The yearly visit of the cowboys and cowgirls. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Fri., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "The Wizard of Oz" and a musical revue with Jerry, the puppet. Sat., Oct. 21 and 28, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.) . . . The Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre presenting "Old King Cole," Sat., Oct. 28, at 10:30 A.M.; sponsored by the Riverside Community House. (Hunter Playhouse, Park at 68. For tickets, call BU 8-4869.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—"Swan Lake," "Judgment of Paris," "Dim Lustre," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 19. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Fancy Free," and "Helen of Troy," Fri. Eve., Oct. 20. . . . "Fair at Sorochinsk," "Fancy Free," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., Oct. 21. . . . "Swan Lake," "Aleko," "Pas de Deux," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., Oct. 21. . . . "Waltz Academy," "Peter and the Wolf," "Swan Lake," and "Fancy Free," Sun. Aft., Oct. 22. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," "Bolero," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Eve., Oct. 22. . . . "Princess Aurora," "Three-Cornered Hat," "Black Swan," and "Gala Performance," Mon. Eve., Oct. 23. . . . "Waltz Academy," "Fancy Free," "Black Swan," and "Bluebeard," Tues. Eve., Oct. 24. . . "Romeo

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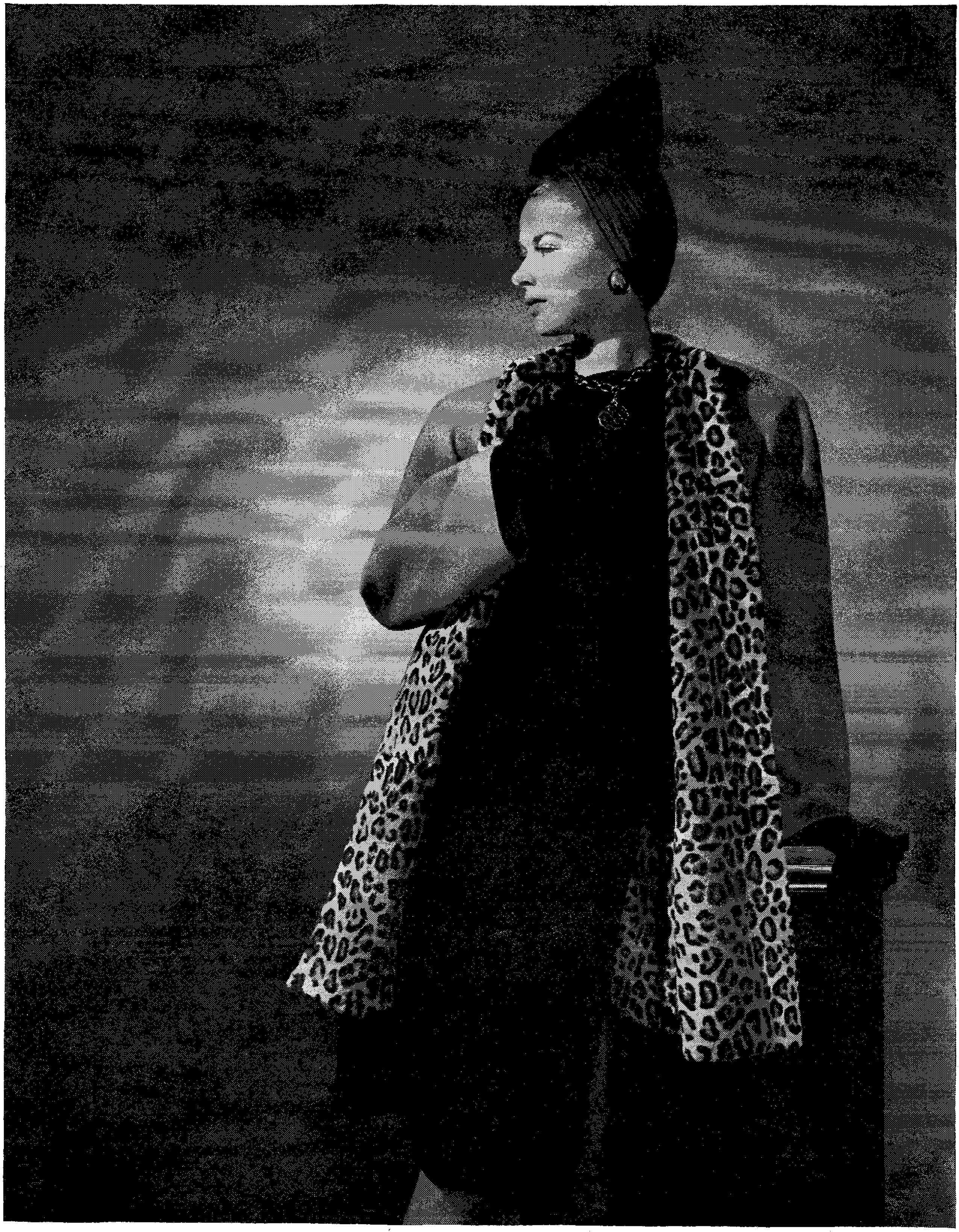
Bonwit Teller new york



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Juliet," "Bolero," "Dances from Don Quixote," and "Fair at Sorochinsk," Wed. Eve., Oct. 25. . . . "Carnaval," "Dances from Carmen," "Lilac Garden," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 26. . . . "Giselle," "Judgment of Paris," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Oct. 27. . . . "Swan Lake," "Waltz Academy," and "Petrouchka," Sat. Aft., Oct. 28. . . "Les Sylphides," "Russian Soldier," "Bolero," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., Oct. 28. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, or other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra supplying polite dance music in the dignified old Trianon Room.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice show constructed around the pink and beautiful Joan Hyldoft. Enoch Light's orchestra for dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, Burl Ives, and Ed Hall's orchestra—in other words, your money's worth.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has jazz by Benny Morton's orchestra and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Night life in a Greyhound Bus terminal. Joe E. Lewis supplies the humor for a rather incoherent show, and there is Abe Lyman's orchestra to dance to. . . . The Copa Bar has Adrian Rollini's Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Raymon's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—After the dinner hour there are the sweet, familiar strains of Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras for dancing.

Monte Carlo, *Madison at 54* (PL 5-3400)—Down in those beautiful tropics where the beguines begin. Tropical music by Ralph Rotgers' rumba band, straight stuff by Dick Gasparre's orchestra.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Dr. Giovanni, the eminent pickpocket, at work in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is back at her song-and-prance act in the Persian Room, and there's also Bob Grant's orchestra, which is sweet but not cloying, and Mark Monte's ensemble, which is ditto.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Fred Miller's orchestra is in the Iridium Room, which also offers a small show headed (beginning Thurs., Oct. 26) by John Sebastian at his harmonica. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is humorous Tommy Dowd, the magician, and a couple of orchestras to dance to.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge offers lush dance music with a bit too many vocal choruses. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks at home. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Victor Borge provides the merriment in the Wedgwood Room after the theatre, when Mischa Borr's band is around, too. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for dancing throughout the evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At **le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a show headed by Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey, those bright if slightly disconnected comedians, with the capable assistance of Day, Dawn, and Dusk and the Cedric Wallace Trio. . . . **blue angel,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): merry lampooning by the Bernard Brothers and merry (mostly) music by Maxine Sullivan, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Pearl Bailey. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, with her little numbers about what shouldn't happen to a dog. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Ted Hunter's piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; George Morris's orchestra after 11 P.M. . . . **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske singing (if that's the word for it) at the supper hour and Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band playing for dancing throughout the evening. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . .

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra for dancing after 7:15 P.M. on weekends, and after 10:15 P.M. on other nights. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish, with a show and, as you might expect, a rumba band. . . . **havana-madrid,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a big show, decorated by Rosario and Antonio.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **nick's,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots. . . . **pied piper,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's talented band, which now includes Wilbur de Paris, plus a lot of neat piano by James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith. . . . **onyx,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): grade-A jazz by Stuff Smith's trio and Barney Bigard's quintet. . . . **three deuces,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): yard-wide listening material by Slam Stewart's trio and Eddie Heywood's orchestra; piano interludes by Robert Crum. . . . **hickory house,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's harp providing the high (and hot) spots of the band behind the bar. . . . **downbeat,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' band, Harry Gibson's frantic piano, and Billie Holiday's sombre songs; par for any course. . . . **jimmy ryan's,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a lively trio; dancing. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just an old hole in the ground, but there's the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

ART

Rose Blattner—A former Bauhaus student's oils and water colors: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Water colors of the oil industry by Reginald Marsh, Adolf Dehn, David Fredenthal, and Millard Sheets. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 12.

Mary Callery—A first show of sculpture: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

Jay Connaway—Maine seascapes in the traditional style: Milch, 108 W. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21.

Morris Davidson—Recent paintings: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

Eugène Delacroix—Paintings and drawings; a benefit for the Quaker Emergency Service: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 18.

Emil Ganso—A retrospective exhibition: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 11.

Maurice Gordon—Gouaches of the gulf states: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

Esteban Francés—First New York show by a Spanish artist who goes in for dazzling effects: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

Graphic Art—At the **st. etienne,** 46 W. 57: French prints from Géricault to Picasso. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21. . . . **kleemann,** 65 E. 57: lithographs by Matisse. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 31. . . . **society of illustrators,** 128 E. 63: work by members of the American Institute of Graphic Arts, in the first print show by this group since 1938. Daily 12 noon to 7 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21.

Groups—At the **midtown,** 605 Madison, at 58: paintings by the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce, Fletcher Martin, and William Thon. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28. . . . **downtown,** 43 E. 51: Stuart Davis, Bernard Karfiol, Charles Sheeler, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and others showing recent paintings and sculpture. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28. . . . **international print society,** 38 W. 57: paintings by Mary Aiken, Yun Gee, Frank Neal, and others; also, a collection of serigraphs and other prints. Thurs., 9:30 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21. . . . **new art circle,** 41 E. 57: paintings by such moderns as Adolph Gottlieb, Marcel Gromaire, and Waissily Kandinsky. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., Oct. 23. . . . **kraushaar,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: new oils by Andrée Ruellan, Guy Pène du Bois, Russell Cowles, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21. . . . **durand-ruel,** 12 E. 57: pictures and sculptures of Kelekian, the collector, by André Derain, Milton Avery, Arbit Blatas, and others. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 4.

Impressionists—Sisley, Monet, Renoir, and several others: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21.

Samuel Koch—Paintings by a contemporary American primitive: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 27.

Loren MacIver—Recent paintings: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

Reginald Marsh—The Bowery, Coney Island, etc., in water colors and drawings: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A hundred and fifty paintings of the American scene, from the recent competition sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company and Artists for Victory. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 3.

Murals—*An instructive display, in photographs and* designs, of war murals, mostly by service men: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—American battle paintings, from 1776 to 1918 (through Nov. 12); also, about a hundred water colors and drawings by Soviet children (through Nov. 19); and paintings by Jacob Lawrence, including his series "Migration of the Negro" (through Nov. 5). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry Bertoia, Emil Bisttran, and a good many others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Twentieth annual show by the New York Society of Women Artists. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

National Association of Women Artists—Water colors: Argent, 42 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 4.

William Palmer—Small oils and wash drawings: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21.

Umberto Romano—Turbulent paintings based on the war, and calmer flower-pieces: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21.

Kay Sage—Surrealist paintings by the wife of Yves Tanguy: *Julien Levy, 42 E. 57.* Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

Chaim Soutine—Fourteen paintings (from 1916 to 1936) by the late Russian artist: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 9.

Margaret Stark—Oils and gouaches of snake goddesses, ladies with parasols, and similar out-of-the-way subjects: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 4.

Byron Thomas—One of *Life's* artist-correspondents' reports on the British and the American scenes: 460 Park, at 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21.

Nat Werner—New sculpture: A. C. A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 4.

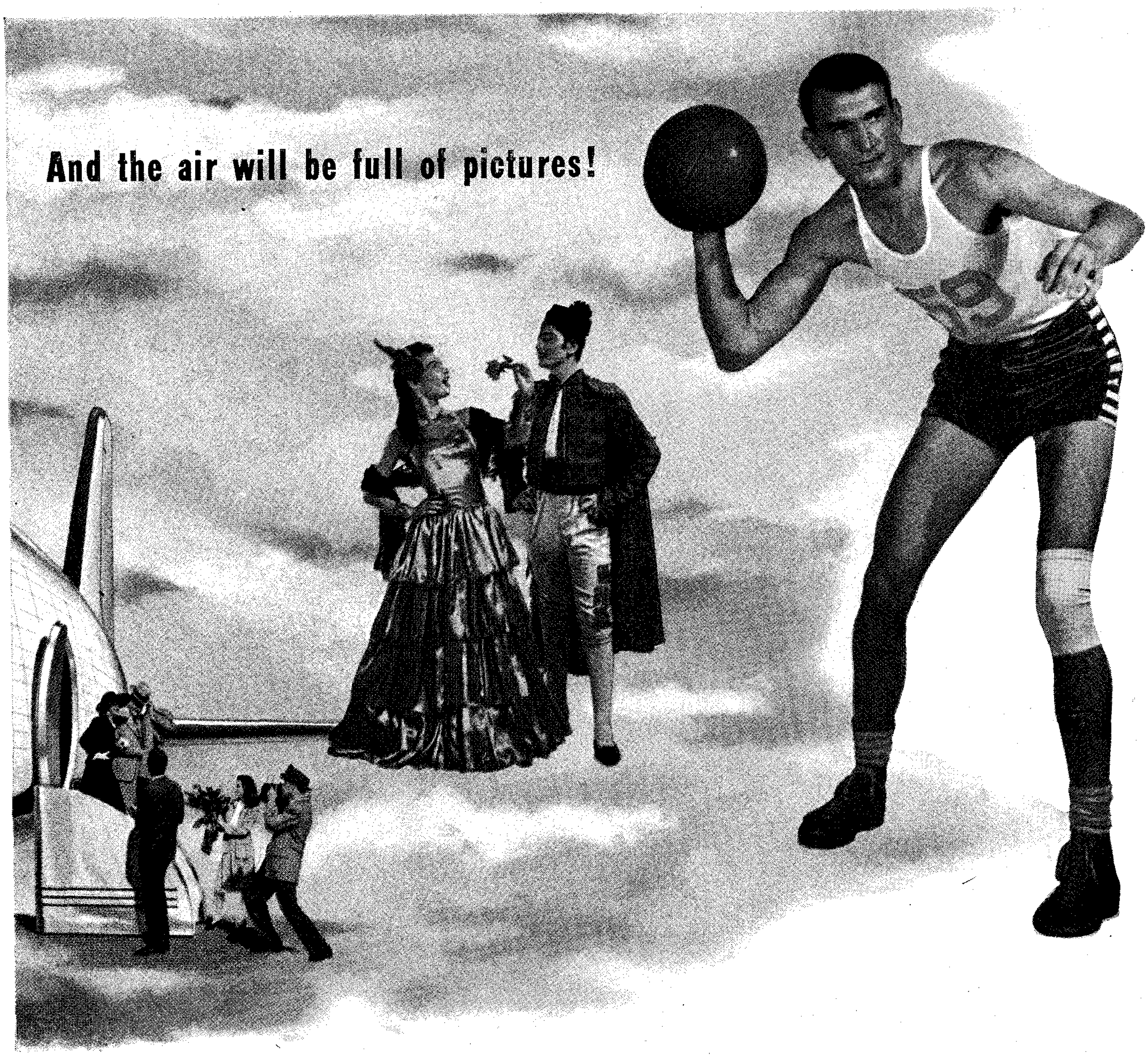
Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—A large show of paintings and water colors by Winslow Homer. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 2.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 19, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 20, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Oct. 21, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Oct. 22, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Oct. 26, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 27, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Oct. 28, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Yehudi Menuhin, violin, Oct. 19, 20, and 22; Robert Casadesus, piano, Oct. 26-27.)

New York City Symphony—Leopold Stokowski con-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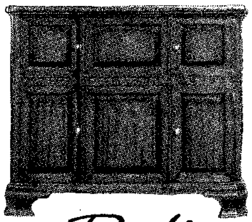

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28.

ducting: Mon., Oct. 23, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., Oct. 24, at 6 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

New York Chamber Orchestra—F. Charles Adler conducting; soloists, Joseph Schuster, cello, and William Lincer viola, Wed., Oct. 25, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Mischa Elman—Violin. Fri., Oct. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Miliza Korjus—Soprano, with an orchestra made up of members of the Philharmonic-Symphony. Sun., Oct. 22, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. Mon., Oct. 23, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Harold Kohon—Violin. Tues., Oct. 24, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Max Rosen—Violin. Fri., Oct. 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Grace Castagnetta—Piano. Sat., Oct. 28, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

Football—College games: Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field, Sat., Oct. 28, at 3 P.M.; Army vs. Duke, Polo Grounds, Sat., Oct. 28, at 2 P.M. . . . Professional game: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Cardinals, Polo Grounds, Sun., Oct. 22, at 2:30 P.M.

Racing—Daily at Jamaica at 1:45 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 21. (Gallant Fox Handicap, Oct. 21.) . . Empire City Meeting, at Jamaica, weekdays, starting Mon., Oct. 23, at 1:45 P.M. (Autumn Day Stakes, Oct. 23; Scarsdale Handicap, Oct. 25; Ardsley Handicap, Oct. 28.) Frequent trains for both meetings leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. from 11:15 A.M. to 1:20 P.M., and Sat. from 10:45 A.M. to 1:25 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: an exhibition of photographs, charts, and dioramas dealing with the organization and accomplishments of the Polish Underground. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Dec. 15. . . . **461 5 AVE.**, at 40: photographs captured from Nazi soldiers, showing scenes of terrorism and destruction in occupied countries; sponsored by Russian War Relief, Inc. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 4.

New York Antiques Fair—A hundred and fifty dealers showing treasures from their collections, mostly Early American and Old English: Seventy-first Regiment Armory, Park at 34. Mon. through Fri., Oct. 23-27, from 1 to 11 P.M.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Autograph manuscripts of American authors, including Poe's "Annabel Lee," Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," and preliminary drafts of Whitman's "Ode to Washington." Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Chinese objects of art collected by the late Ogden Mills and others: Thurs., Oct. 19, at 2 P.M. . . . Eighteenth-century French furniture and paintings owned by the late George McFadden: Fri. and Sat., Oct. 20-21, at 2 P.M. . . . The library of Frederick S. Peck: Tues. and Wed., Oct. 24-25, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Eighteenth-century American and English furniture, glass, and pottery, collected by the late George Horace Lorimer: Tues. through Sat., Oct. 24-28, at 2 P.M. . . . Paintings, sculptures, and black-and-whites by modern French masters, from the collections of James W. Barney and Frank Crowninshield: Thurs., Oct. 26, at 8:15 P.M.

ON THE AIR

Campaign Speeches—Governor Dewey: Fri., Oct. 20, at 9 P.M., WEAF; Tues., Oct. 24, at 10:30 P.M., WEAF, WJZ; and Wed., Oct. 25, at 10 P.M., WABC. . . . President Roosevelt, Sat., Oct. 21, time and station to be announced.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Oct. 22, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . New York City Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Mon., Oct. 23, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Oct. 21 and 28, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Oct. 21; Richard Burgin conducting, Sat., Oct. 28; at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Oct. 22, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Ballet Theatre, Sat., Oct. 21 and 28, and Sun., Oct. 22, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Oct. 21 and 28, at 1:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Gregor Piatigorsky, cello, Sun., Oct. 22, at 3 P.M., WNYC. . . . Marian Anderson, Sun., Oct. 22, at 4:30 P.M., WEAF.

Sports—Football: Army vs. Coast Guard, Sat., Oct. 21, at 2:30 P.M., WNYC; Georgia Tech vs. Navy, Sat., Oct. 21, at 2:45 P.M., WOR; Ohio State vs. Great Lakes, Sat., Oct. 21 at 2:45 P.M., WABC, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

Arsenic and Old Lace—Pretty funny, as might be expected. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and John Alexander, of the stage cast, are teamed with such newcomers as Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., Oct. 19.)

The Bridge of San Luis Rey—Rather extravagantly different from the book, but tolerable when judged on its own merits. Lynn Bari, Francis Lederer, Akim Tamiroff, Nazimova, and Louis Calhern. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 19.)

Dangerous Journey—There is much familiar stuff in this travelogue of pre-war Africa, India, and Burma, but it hangs together nicely. (Gotham, B'way at 47; through Fri., Oct. 20.)

48 Hours—A neat bit of conjecture by the British on what might have happened if German parachutists had landed in one of their villages back in pre-invasion days. Leslie Banks and others. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Oct. 19.)

Hail the Conquering Hero—The Preston Sturges story of a bogus Marine hero in his home town. Very amusing, with Eddie Bracken, William Demarest, Freddie Steele, and Raymond Walburn. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Oct. 21. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Oct. 23.)

The Hairy Ape—William Bendix and Susan Hayward in a version of O'Neill's play that you won't recognize but might enjoy. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Oct. 23. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Oct. 25.)

The Hitler Gang—A realistic reënactment of the rise to power of Hitler and Company. Robert Watson, Roman Bohnen, and Poldy Dur. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Oct. 20.)

Home in Indiana—A fine, easygoing movie about life in the Midwestern harness-racing belt. Walter Brennan, Lon McCallister, and Jeanne Crain. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., Oct. 19. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sun., Oct. 22. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 20-23. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 24-26. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 25-26.)

Kismet—Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich looking handsome and lighthearted in a riot of Technicolor in old Bagdad. No significance attempted and none gained. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

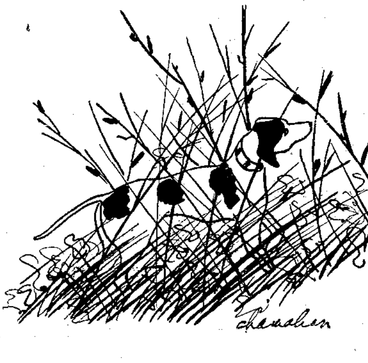
The Mask of Dimitrios—The biography of an imaginary but versatile felon. It's slow, but it has a lot of villainy. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Zachary Scott. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., Oct. 19.)

Mrs. Parkington—The financial morality is a little complicated here, but the nineteenth-century American mounting is rich and Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon are steady on their feet. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay—Wholesome little rich girls abroad in 1923. The treatment is light, nostalgic, and sometimes funny. With Gail Russell and Diana Lynn. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

The Pearl of Death—An ingratiating if somewhat unorthodox treatment of a Sherlock Holmes story, with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce doing their familiar stuff as Holmes and Watson. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 21-24.)

The Seventh Cross—Interesting account of fugitives from a German concentration camp in 1936. Spencer Tracy heads a skillful cast. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Oct. 25.)



The Story of Dr. Wassell—About the Navy doctor who evacuated some wounded men from Java in spite of Japs and high water. Fine when it sticks to facts. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Oct. 25.)

Thunder Rock—Smooth British repair job on a fantasy which creaked on the stage here. Michael Redgrave and others. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., Oct. 26.)

To Have and Have Not—Humphrey Bogart, well supported, in an adventure story of Vichy rule in the West Indies. Remotely derived from the book by Hemingway. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Two Girls and a Sailor—A long variety show starring, luckily, Jimmy Durante. Room has been made, also, for Gracie Allen, José Iturbi, a couple of orchestras, and a rather troublesome plot. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 21-23.)

Wilson—Isolationism's famous victim is treated with reverent speed, and in Technicolor, by producer Zanuck and a huge cast led by Alexander Knox. Sketchy history but a good show. (Victoria, B'way at 46. . . . R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 23-25.)

Wing and a Prayer—Exploits of an aircraft carrier in the Pacific, with Don Ameche, Charles Bickford, and others, all male. Clean and untricked handling of a now familiar pattern. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Sun., Oct. 22.)

REVIVALS

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Mon. through Wed., Oct. 23-25.)

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers as a misunderstood shopgirl. With David Niven. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 20-23.)

A Bill of Divorcement (1932)—Problems arising from insanity in the family. John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 19. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 21-23.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—With Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Oct. 21.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs. Oct. 24-26.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 24-26.)

I Dream Too Much (1935)—Lily Pons, Henry Fonda, and Jerome Kern music. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Mon. through Thurs., Oct. 23-26.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., Oct. 21.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 20-21.)

The New Gulliver (1936)—The Russian picture with 3,000 puppets and one human being. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41; through Fri., Oct. 20.)

The Pied Piper (1942)—Monty Woolley escorting a covey of kiddies through war-torn France. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Sun., Oct. 22.)

Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Oct. 20.)

Sahara (1943)—Humphrey Bogart in an all-male movie about the North African campaign. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 24-26.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 24-26.)

The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle (1939)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as the ballroom dancers. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 24-25.)

Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 22-23.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., Oct. 21.)

Tom, Dick, and Harry (1941)—Ginger Rogers and boy trouble. With George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshal. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 20-21.)

Two Hearts in Waltz Time (1930)—The Viennese

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

operetta. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 20-23.)

WINTERSET (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 19. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Fri., Oct. 20.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4:30 P.M., on the following schedule—**THROUGH SUN., OCT. 22:** "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935), with Charles Laughton and Clark Gable. . . . **FROM MON., OCT. 23:** "The Little Colonel" (1935), with Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

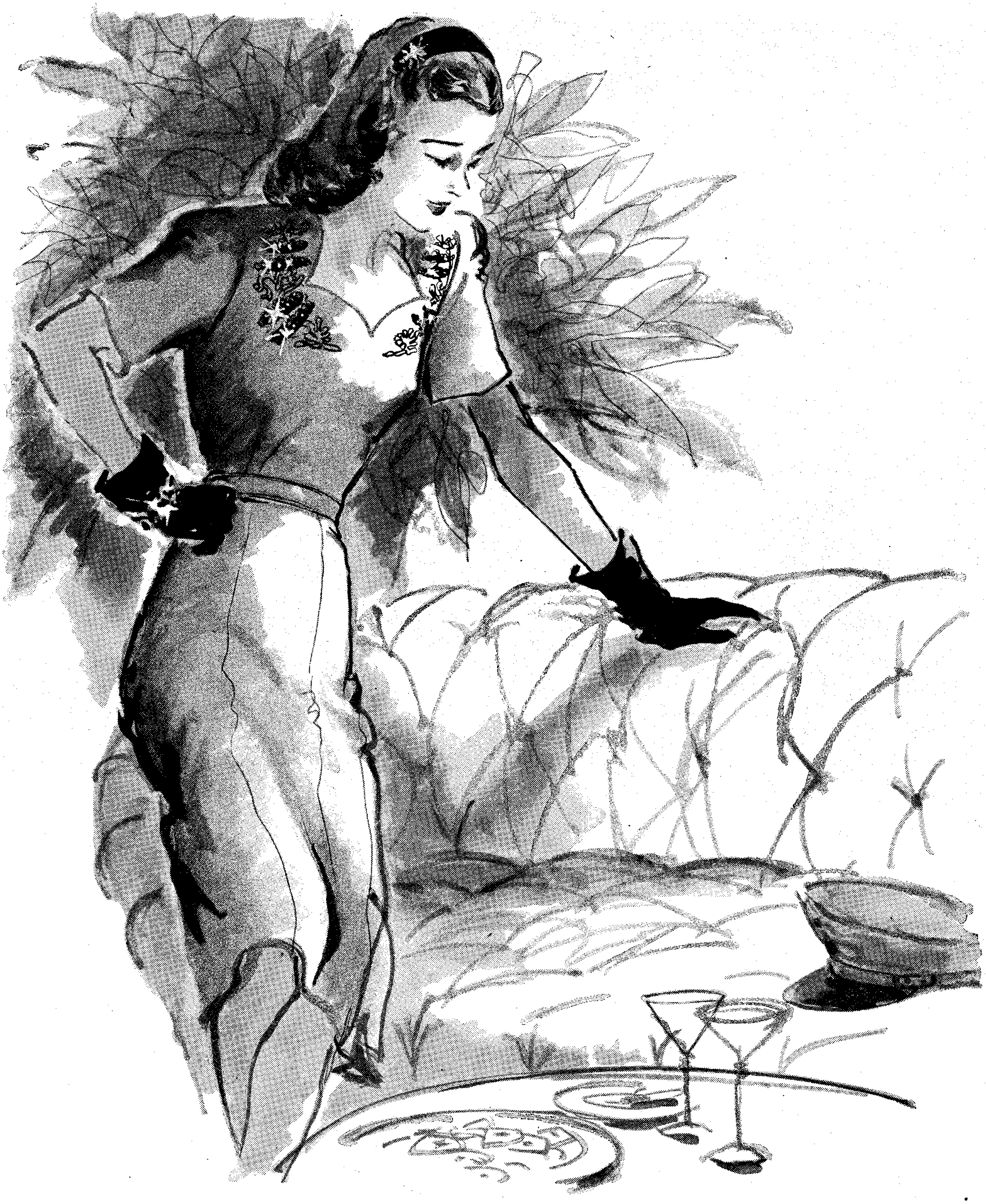
VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE,** 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): men to take a short training course and then serve eight hours a week, during the late afternoon and evening, in the City Patrol Corps; men and women to put in at least one afternoon or evening a week as group leaders in recreation centres for school-age children. . . . **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 11 E. 58: women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies (RE 7-3700); women to work at least five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores (PL 3-6487). . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to take a thirteen-week course and then serve one five-hour day a week in hospital social-service departments.

NATIONAL WAR FUND—The annual fund-raising campaign for war charities is on, and the C.D.V.O., 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300), is recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Army and the Marines have appealed for dogs to be trained immediately for overseas service. The Army wants good-sized dogs, from fourteen months to two years old, and gray or tan in color. The Marines need Doberman pinschers and German shepherds, males only, between one and four years old and weighing at least sixty pounds. Owners who wish to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60 (PL 9-6470). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small games, radios, records, and pool and tennis tables. Two organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976). . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), has issued its annual appeal for pocket-size books, hard candy, cigarettes, toilet articles, and other items for Christmas kits for service men in this country.



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"Pink Lightning" lipstick
(intense) "Pink Lightning" nail enamel
Another first for Revlon

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in the same color family to sparkle with your

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Both members of the frankly daring fuchsia color family . . .
to charge your lips and fingertips with that same startling play of
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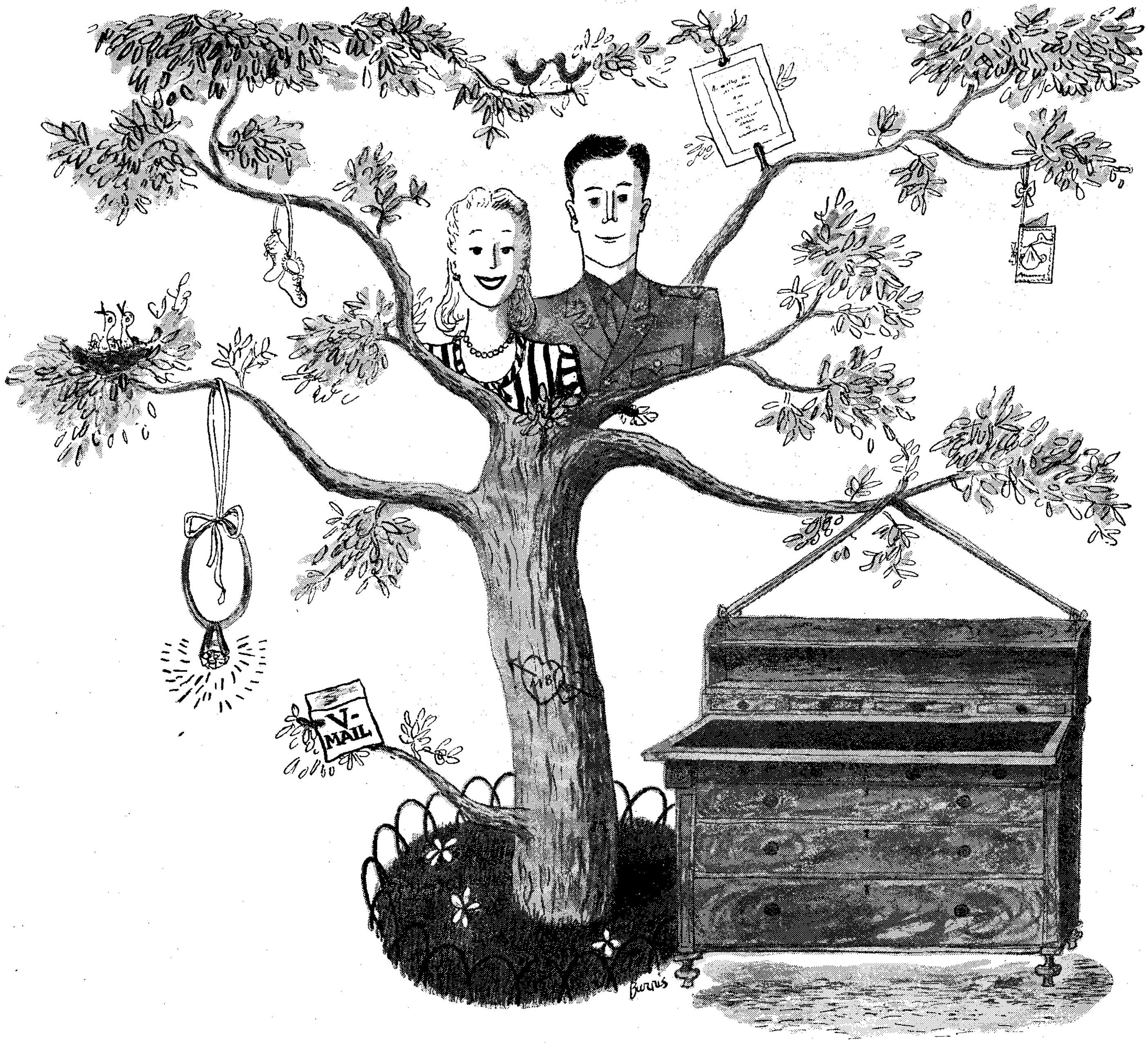
Both perfect proof of Revlon's never-to-be-disputed fashion
leadership . . . Revlon's never-to-be-equalled linger-longer quality!
(And with them, Revlon's new "Pink Lightning" Face Powder.)



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SAY THAT WORD, "RADIONICS" out loud. It sounds just like what it means . . . a compound of radio and electronics which includes many new, secret developments born in the heat of wartime necessity.

It's a broad field, RADIONICS. A field so revolutionary and fast-moving that it requires complete concentration to remain its master. That's why Zenith specializes in "RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY." Zenith does not manufacture products like washing machines, refrigerators, electric irons, cooking ranges, vacuum cleaners. *Zenith* has no intention of competing with lifelong *specialists* in those fields.

This policy of "RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY" has made Zenith one of the largest Radio manufacturers in the world.

It is the reason why millions of owners of pre-war Zeniths are still enjoying top radio performance with minimum service expense.

And it is the reason why today, down vast Zenith production lines, flow record numbers of superbly performing Radionic devices for the armed services—many of them so "hush-hush" they can only be hinted at. They are not only helping to save lives and win battles but they are also doing their jobs under the most severe fighting and weather conditions.

SO, OUT OF war's proving ground—out of Zenith's background of "RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY"—will come the finest in radio for you. For through unrivaled war work and years of experience in "RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY" Zenith has won unquestioned leadership in High Frequency—the basis of FM Radio, Television and Short Wave.

MARK these words . . . the Zenith Radionic Revolution *is on its way!* Watch for it in the coming new Zenith Radionic Radios, Radio-Phonographs, and Global Portables. It's an exclusively Zenith revolution that will begin a new era of engineering advancement and precision quality at low cost . . . a revolution that assures you greatest value per dollar in the coming new radio for your home!

Keep your eye on Zenith for the best in radio . . . and see Zenith first.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Chicago 39, Ill.
All Production Now for War or Rehabilitation

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Keep Your Eye on ZENITH *for the Best in Radio!*

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RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

RADIO · FM · TELEVISION · RADAR · SHORT WAVE · RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS · HEARING AIDS

Sirocco
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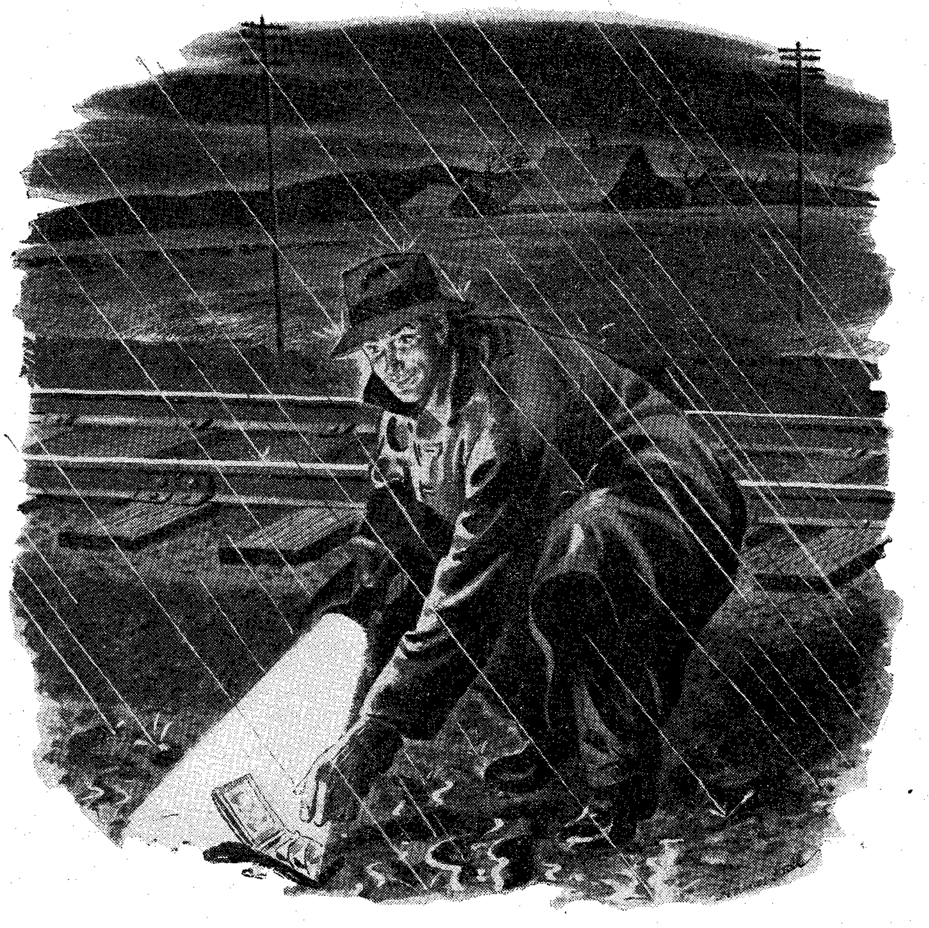
Rejoice that soon your favorite fragrances will be abundantly available ... bearing the distinguished name of

LUCIEN LELONG



THE LOST WALLET

This is the story of a Seabee named Luca Cavallo, and his wallet. It's only an incident, really—not very important, perhaps, when you're thinking in terms of global war and things like that. But Luca's wallet was mighty important to him, and it caused quite a stir on the railroad—long distance calls, telegrams, and a man stumbling along in the driving rain when he didn't have to. It's a human story, and it's true.

One evening last winter a Southern Pacific train full of Seabees was headed south in California. ("Seabee" is Navy for C.B.—Construction Battalions.) On board the train, Luca Cavallo and his pal Pete were eating box lunches. Between bites, Luca proudly showed Pete a snapshot he had taken from his wallet—a picture of his attractive wife and their baby, Gilda.

After Pete had properly admired the picture, the two Seabees finished their meal. Then Luca gathered up the waste papers and napkins, raised the train window and tossed the refuse out.

Seconds later, Luca reached for his wallet. *It was gone.* And with it, the precious snapshot—his only link with home, his wife and Gilda! By mistake he had thrown the wallet out the window with the waste paper.

Frantically, Luca ran through the train and found the conductor, Joe Olinder. He told Olinder what had happened. There was nothing in the rule book to cover such situations, but Olinder immediately swung into action.

He rushed up to the headend of the train where he could see the locomotive headlight illuminate the next mile post. He wanted to get a "fix" on where the wallet was lost.

As the train rounded a curve, he saw the white mile post stand out clearly in the blinding glare of the headlight—"37." Indelibly it was printed on his mind.

At the next stop, Conductor Joe Olinder called the Oakland dispatcher, Lloyd Ladner, and told him the whole story. Ladner immediately telephoned the Niles operator Ralph Stroupe, who got in touch with assistant signal supervisor Claude Lyon and asked him if someone couldn't go out along the right of way and look for Cavallo's wallet.

It was a stormy night—cold and raining hard—but Claude Lyon put on his raincoat, got in his car, and started out.

At mile post 37 he got out of the car and started walking along the right of way, scanning every foot of it with his flashlight.

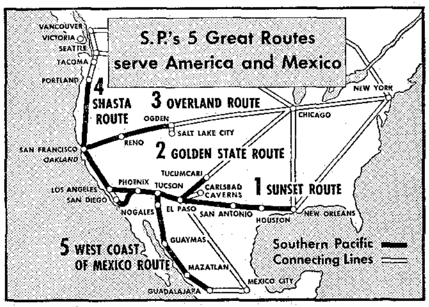
He walked more than a mile in the driving rain. He stumbled into four or five water-holes, got scratched in a briar patch, fell down a slippery clay embankment . . . but he found the wallet, and brought it back to his office.

When he opened the wallet, he found a hundred dollars in water-soaked paper money. More important, he found the precious snapshot of Luca Cavallo's wife and their baby, Gilda.

As Lyon put the money and picture near the stove to dry, the phone rang. It was Mrs. Florence Spencer, S.P. telephone operator at Watsonville Junction, calling for Luca Cavallo to see if his wallet had been found.

"Yes, I found it," Lyon answered. "Everything's in it—the money—the picture . . . What's that? He wants me to keep the money? Listen, Mrs. Spencer, you tell the sailor that if he wants to give any rewards, he can send that money home to his little daughter. As soon as the stuff is dry enough, I'm putting it all in an envelope and mailing it straight to him."

This story doesn't have much to do with Southern Pacific's part in the war effort. It simply shows that railroads are more than trains and tracks. Railroads are people like conductor Joe Olinder, dispatcher Lloyd Ladner, operator Ralph Stroupe and assistant signal supervisor Claude Lyon. People who, no matter how busy they are, still have time to be thoughtful, and understanding, and *human*.


S.P.'s 5 Great Routes
serve America and Mexico
VANCOUVER
VICTORIA
SEATTLE
TACOMA
PORTLAND
4 SHASTA ROUTE
3 OVERLAND ROUTE
OGDEN
SALT LAKE CITY
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
RENO
SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
2 GOLDEN STATE ROUTE
TUCUMCARI
PHOENIX
TUCSON
CARLSBAD CAVERNS
1 SUNSET ROUTE
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO
NOGALES
EL PASO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
5 WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE
GUAYMAS
MAZATLAN
MEXICO CITY
GUADALAJARA
Southern Pacific
Connecting Lines

Everywhere along S.P.'s 15,000 miles of line the war trains are rolling. Look at the map and you'll see why S.P. is one of America's most strategic railroads.

S·P

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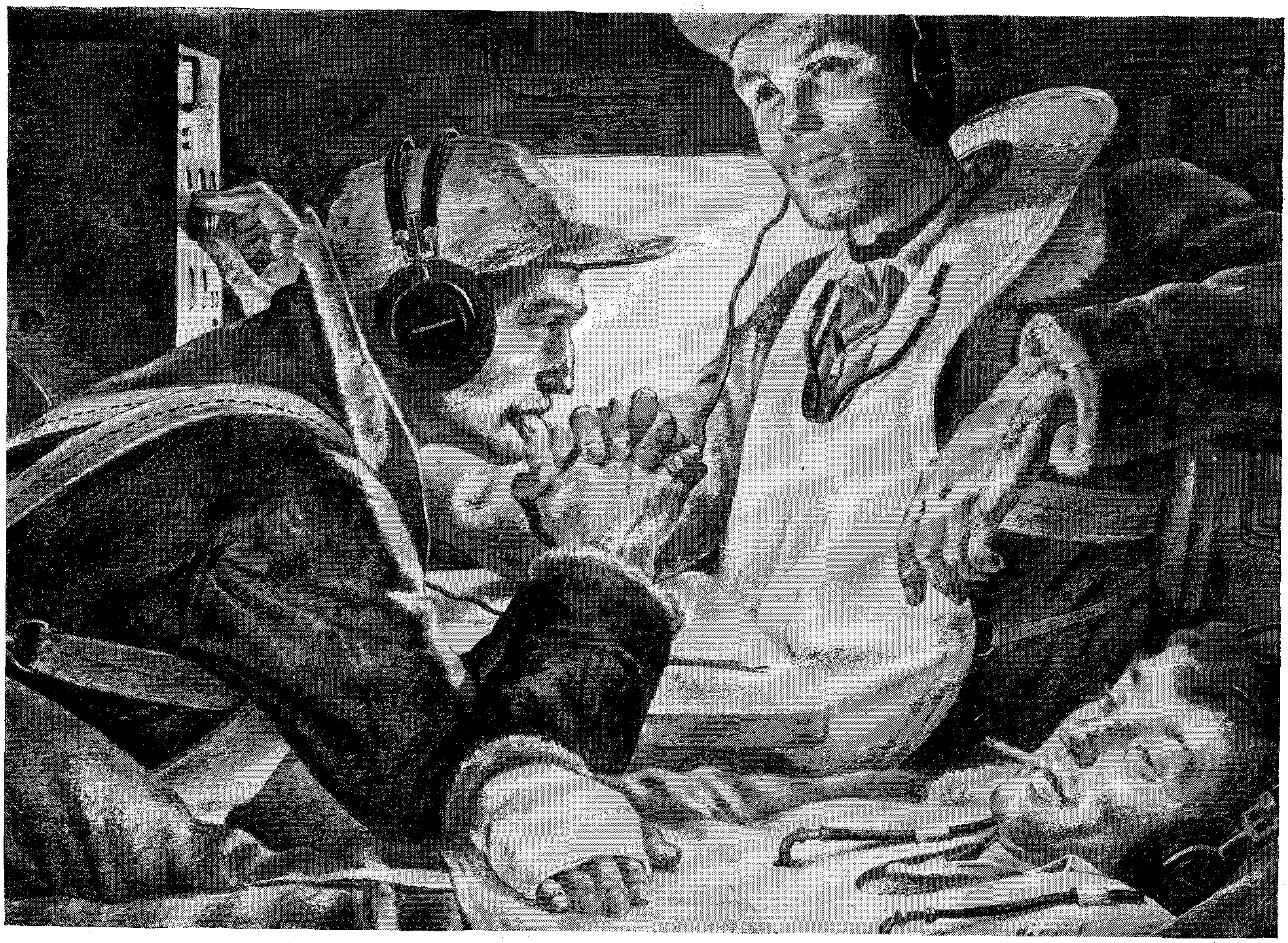


"Thanks for the music, Brooklyn!"

Like a hurt eagle, the big Fortress fought the headwinds back to her base.

Inside, ten tired men tried to forget the hell they had lived through.

Then, like the singing of angels, music came through the intercom. The Brooklyn kid at the radio had tuned in a broadcasting station.

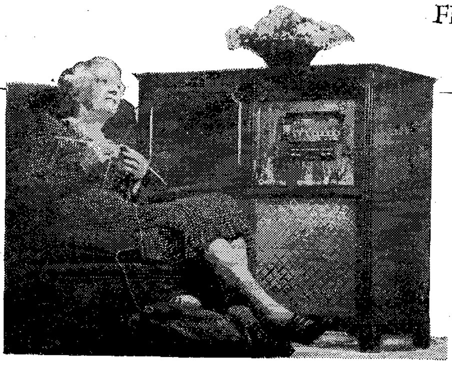
And each man was at peace and home again . . . remembering through music all the little, wonderful things of the wonderful, free life he had lived . . . and was fighting to protect.

You cannot describe music any more than you can describe love. It's . . . just music. And it's sometimes the most important thing in the world.

That's why we made Stromberg-Carlson radios to bring you the *real* music, with all its tonal shadings and richness.

Today we are making only communications equipment for war. But tomorrow, you will again find a wide range of fine Stromberg-Carlson radios and radio-phonographs, many equipped to bring you the magic of FM, with its amazingly natural tone and beauty.

OUR "E" FLAG means many things to the men and women of Stromberg-Carlson. It means . . . keep turning out the equipment for our fighting men. It means . . . keep buying War Bonds till it hurts. It means . . . give blood to the Red Cross. It means . . . keep praying and working for victory to bring our boys home!



In radios, television, telephones, sound equipment . . . there's nothing finer than a

STROMBERG-CARLSON

A half-century of fine craftsmanship

In Canada, Stromberg-Carlson, Ltd.

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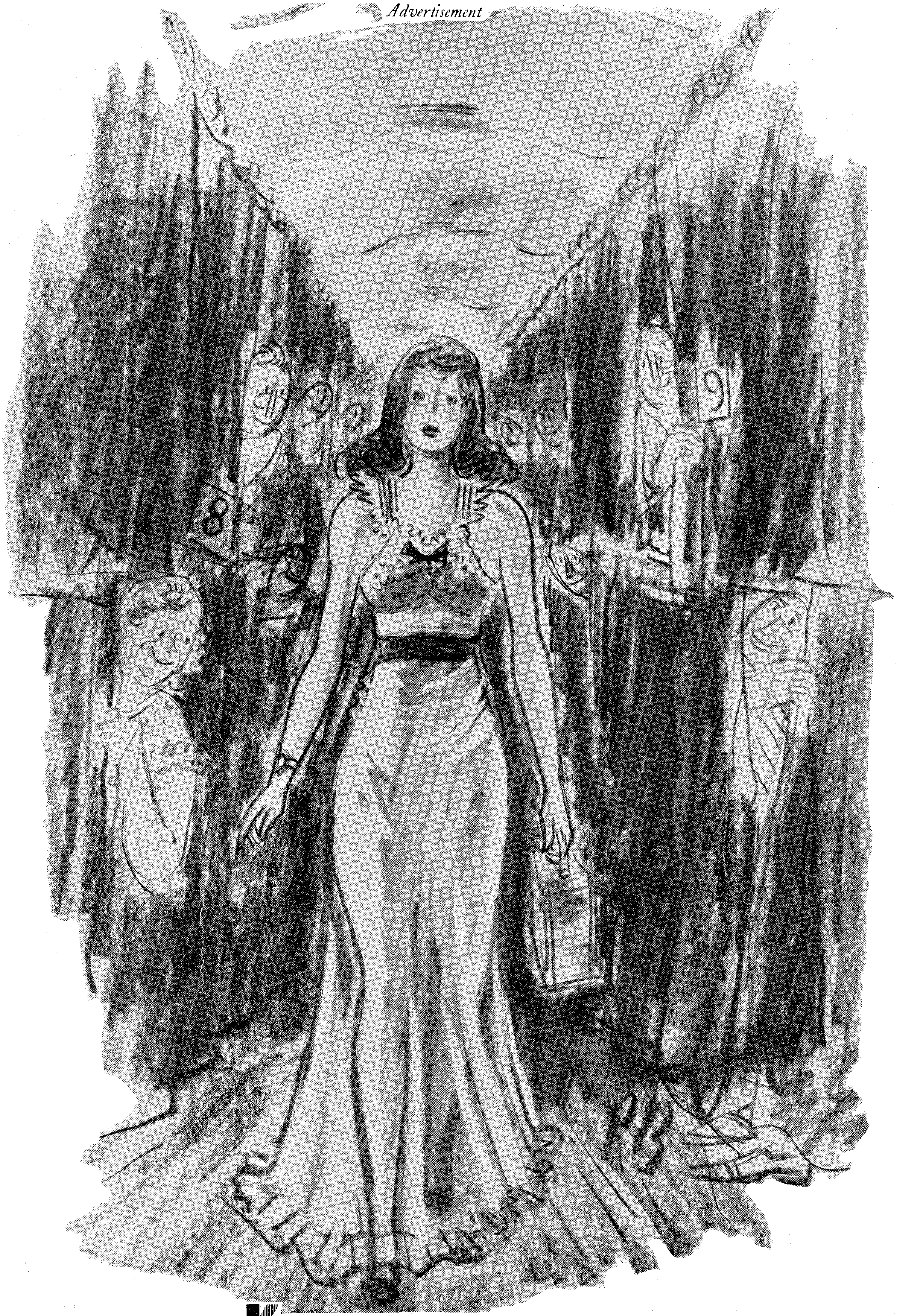
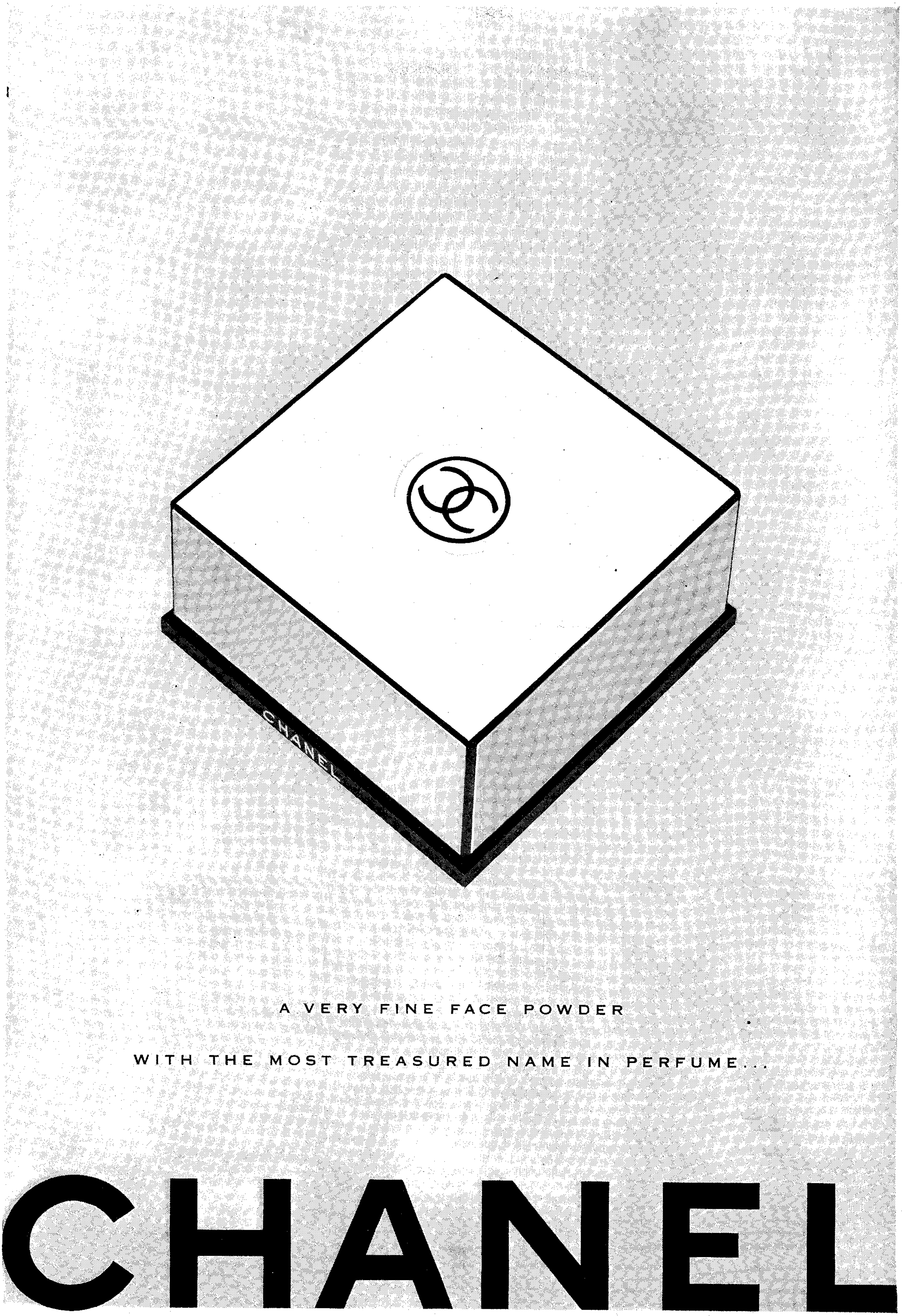


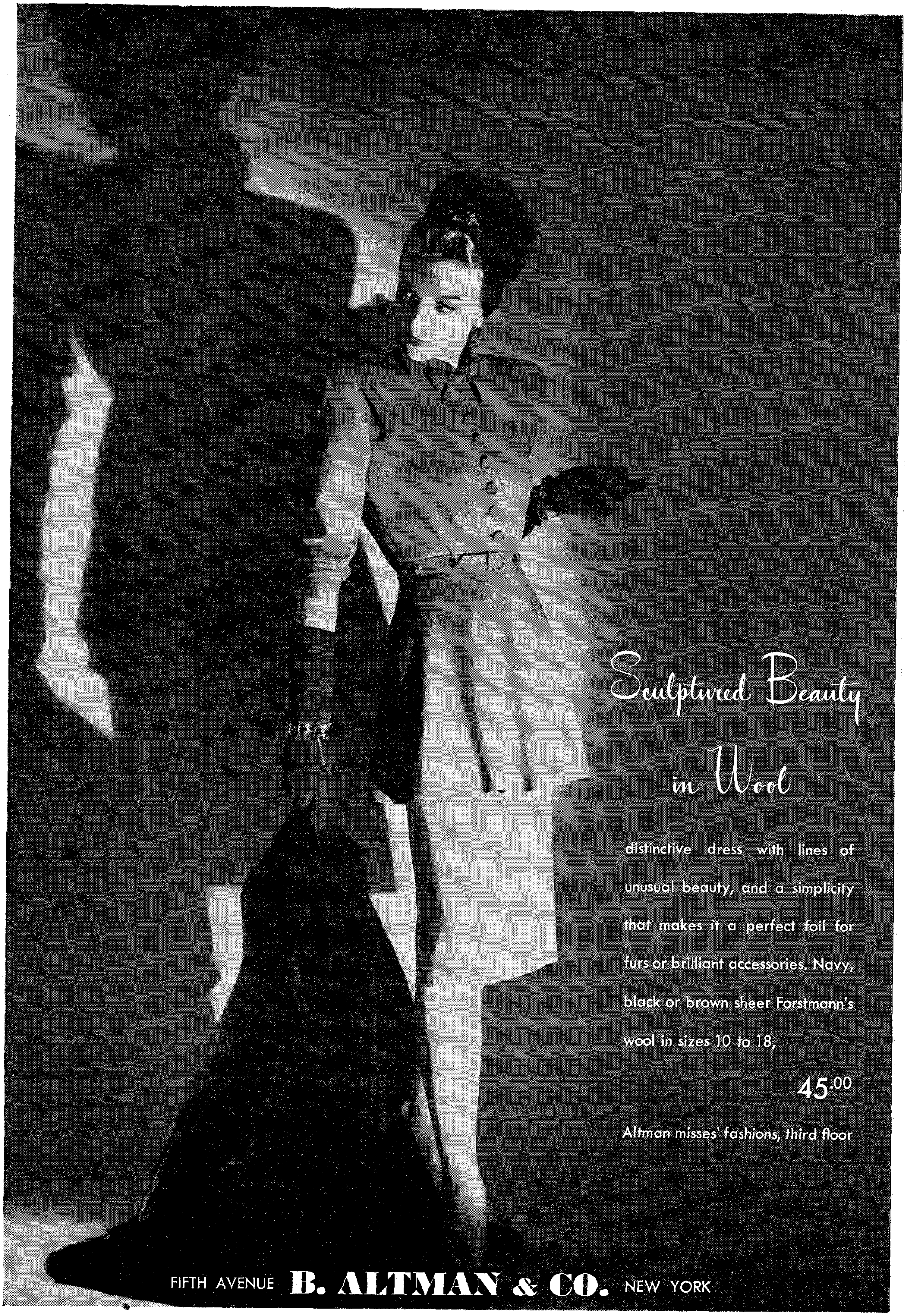
"Beware... Wear **KAYSER** ...You owe it to your audience"



A VERY FINE FACE POWDER

WITH THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL



distinctive dress with lines of unusual beauty, and a simplicity that makes it a perfect foil for furs or brilliant accessories. Navy, black or brown sheer Forstmann's wool in sizes 10 to 18,

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Altman misses' fashions, third floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE name of the new peace organization is to be the United Nations. It is a misnomer and will mislead the people. The name of the organization should be the League of Free and Independent Nations Pledged to Enforce Peace, or the Fifty Sovereign Nations of the World Solemnly Sworn to Prevent Each Other from Committing Aggression. These titles are clumsy, candid, and damning. They are exact, however. The phrase "United Nations" is inexact, because it implies union, and there is no union suggested or contemplated in the work of Dumbarton Oaks. The *nations* of the world league will be united only as fifty marbles in a dish are united. Put your toe on the dish and the marbles will scatter, each to its own corner.

WENDELL WILLKIE knew that a league of free countries is not a world government of united nations. He saw this and preached unity—sometimes in a rather confused manner but with conviction and often with lustre. His great phrase "One World" is his monument. His book wasn't a very good book, but it was an important book and will take its place on the permanent shelf of this groping, hopeful planet. Willkie understood that the price of world order is national sovereignty, and he dared say so right to his party's face. Before he died he accused both parties of holding out the false promise that "permanent or lasting peace can be attained without what is popularly called 'loss of sovereignty.' " Where is the Republican or the Democrat who will take up from there?

A SECURITY league to keep the peace is a negative project and follows a negative pattern. Peace is not something to be kept, like a pet monkey; peace is the by-product of responsible government. The league of Dumbarton Oaks is already revealing its irresponsible character by designating some nations "peace-loving," some nations "big"—as though we all enjoyed the services of a referee. But the league of Dumbarton Oaks, whatever we may think of it, is what we are to live with for a while. It is the symbol of our honorable intentions and the legitimate child of our delegated authority. It is the sort of temporary structure you see at a world's fair, made of wallboard and fireproof shingles, and there is nothing to stop us from dismantling it at any time and building something solid. These are great days, when anything can happen. Now, as Tom Paine said, *is the seed time of union.*

A FIRST step to prepare a seed bed would be for believers in world government (and there are many groups in many countries) to close their ranks. Unless they themselves can unite, which should be a fairly simple task, they can hardly expect their nations to unite, which would be at best a very complicated one. Therefore we say, "Federalists of the world, unite!"

THE more a man thinks about it, the more clearly he sees that the political world must keep pace with the scientific world. A security league, in an age of flight, is an anomaly. Politically the shape of the new world must be the shape of penicillin and sulfa and blood plasma, the shape of the buzz bomb and the V-2 and the X-903, the shape of the mothproof closet and the shatterproof glass and the helicopter with the built-in waffle iron. This is a shape to conjure with. Mr. Willkie gave us the design in two words. If we try to live with all these majestic and fantastic and destructive gifts of science in a political framework reminiscent of the one-horse chaise, in danger of being upset by the irresponsibilities of diplomacy and the delicate balances of regional alliances and the wistful vetoes of the accused, we will soon enough discover disaster. There is good reason to believe that if statecraft is again caught lagging ten jumps behind science, we will never crawl back to life again as we have done this time. What curious defect it is in us that we should endorse the supercharger and deny the suprastate!

THE peace of Dumbarton Oaks is the best our leading men could devise. It is an honest try; we must believe that. It is the work of the ripe, the middle-aged, the experienced, the practical, attempting to repair the damage caused by the war fought by the callow, the young, the inexperienced, the dreamers. We would like to hear from these veterans of battle, these neophytes of peace. We wonder how satisfied they are with the security of national alignments and friendly juxtapositions and solemn pledges that the good shall police the bad. To match this war we need a peace of magnificent proportions and undreamed-of design. We give only a hint: It must be in the shape of the letter "O," it must be in the shape of the terrestrial globes in the fifty separate state departments of the fifty separate nations called United.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: All during registration week there was a sign outside Public School No. 70 on East Seventy-fifth Street reading, "LITERCY TESTS."

109th

MISCHA ELMAN, the violinist, is giving his hundred-and-ninth concert in Carnegie Hall this Friday. Talking with us recently, he was inclined to agree that this total probably establishes a record, but he added, racing high-spiritedly up and down the living room of his Central Park West apartment and flexing his right, or bow, arm, that because he had been a prodigy his life was composed of a series of odd records. "First public appearance at five," he said. "Official début at twelve." Mr. Elman, who is now a plump, exuberant man in his fifties, took several turns around the room, asked us to feel his biceps, pointed out that he had been born in Russia and was, like all Russians, in fine shape, and went on, "Talk about records! In my first season in America, I played twenty-two concerts in New York alone—more than most artists give in the whole country. I was wearing my first pair of long pants. I was inspired."

Mr. Elman regards himself as psychologically unable to remember dates, and so places most of the events of his life in relation to accidents which have befallen him and of which he speaks with some relish. Referring to some minor family matter, he will say, "That happened after the tea glass broke in my hand in the second-class carriage on the way to London." While still a child, he was involved in a train accident. The car in which he was riding was the only one not demolished. "A complete collision," he told us with satisfaction. In Berlin, some years later, there was a leaking gas jet in the room in which he slept the night before an important concert. He didn't regain consciousness until late the next day, shortly before he was expected to appear at the concert hall. He played a program which gained him his first real fame, then collapsed offstage. "It was a complete collapse," he said.

Elman, who is married and has a son and daughter, has been described by friends as looking more like a successful businessman than an artist. He says he'd prefer to look like neither. "I don't like what most people mean when they say artist. They mean someone affected. And they mean by businessman someone who is set in his ideas. When I am away from my violin and the stage, I want to be like other human beings, and I want to look like a human being." Whatever his feelings may be, Elman follows a businesslike schedule. He gets up at eight-thirty, eats breakfast as he reads the papers, and starts practicing at nine. His pianist arrives at ten, and Elman and he run through an entire program, not knocking off until twelve-thirty or one. Elman spends the afternoon with his family or in darting about town at top speed on various errands, and in the evening, when he is not appearing professionally, friends are likely to drop in and he plays three or four concertos for them. "Anyone who gets tired of music," he told us, "is no friend of mine."

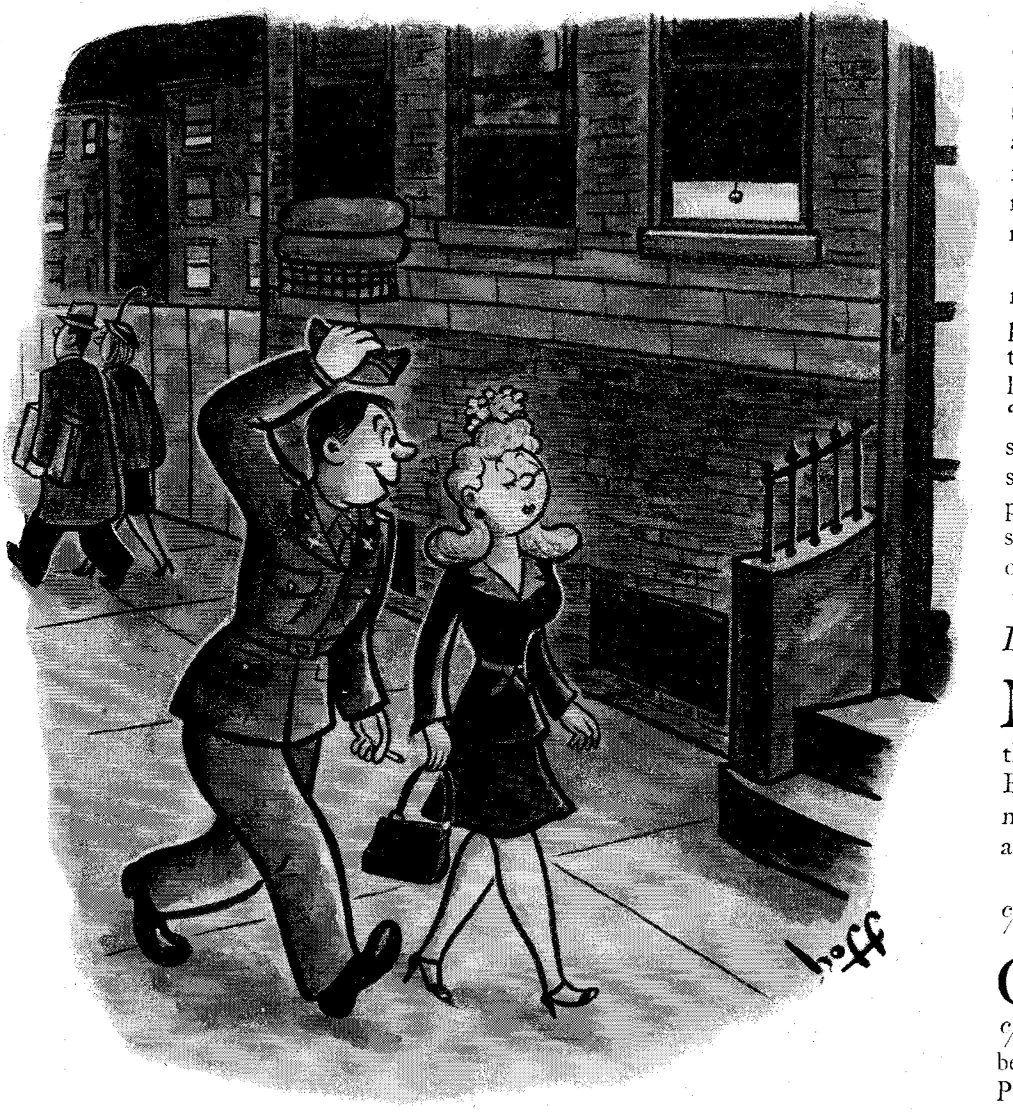
In a career of over forty years, Elman has had only five regular accompanists, and he regards it as a tribute to his lack of temperament that he has remained friends with all of them. "I do not understand this raging and screaming that some artists do," he said. "If I am uncertain, my accompanist is uncertain. It is better that I scream at myself. Not that I ever do, of course."

Diagnosis

NO kidding, the Village really *is* still the Village; witness a remark that was let fall by a young lady in an Eighth Street restaurant. "There is nothing wrong with me," she said. "I am unusual, but I am not tortured."

℅ P.M., N.Y.C.

CHRISTMAS packages headed for soldiers overseas and addressed ℅ Postmaster, New York City, are being handled through the New York Port of Embarkation Mailing Center, a one-story concrete building at Forty-sixth Street and Northern Boulevard,

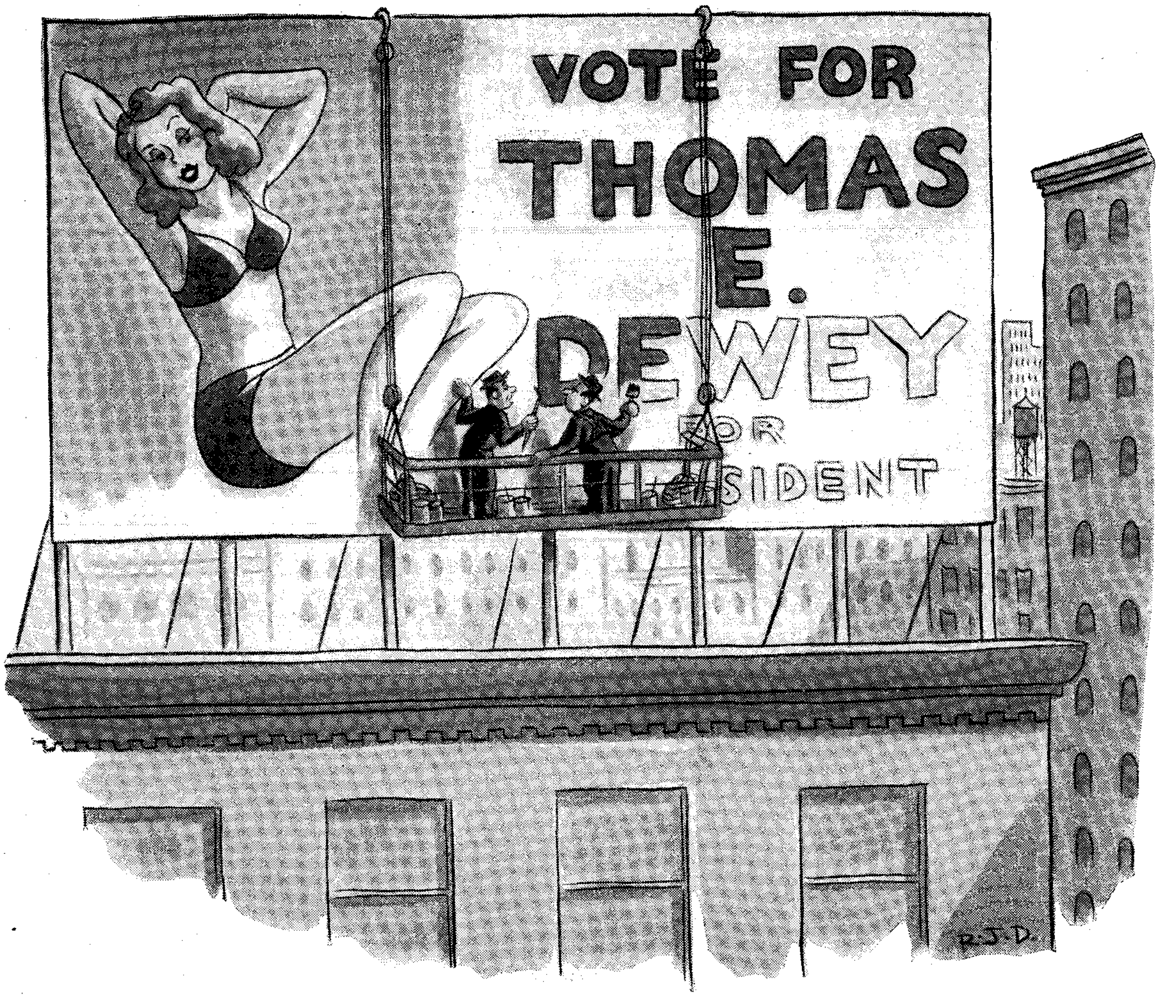


"Good evening. Care to hear about the Belgian campaign?"

in Long Island City. Last Thursday we visited the Center under the guidance of a senior postal employee, who was fairly bursting with facts and sentiment. “Sure and this structure was built by the Army in a total of seventy-two days,” he said, leading us down a vast, drafty corridor. “Total acreage of grounds: fifteen. Total square feet of buildings: five hundred thousand. Pardon,” he said, flattening himself against a wall to avoid being mutilated by an electric kiddy car, which whizzed down the corridor towing a canvas tub on wheels, filled with packages. “Mail is separated in eleven rooms, forty thousand square feet each—railroad sidings in the rear, truck platforms adjoining the building.” He led us to the door of a room marked “3,” and said, “Through these portals pass the most important packages in the world.” Room 3 is known as the Initial Primary, and is the starting point of the highly complex system of postal classification. Within its walls packages are separated according to A.P.O. numbers and tossed into canvas tubs. They next travel through the Secondary Primary, the Tertiary Primary, and so on, until eventually they have, in some instances, been classified right down to the company of the individual soldier. In all, there are some eighteen thousand classifications. Nine of the eleven separating rooms are operated by civilian postal employees, and the remaining two by the Army, with military police posted outside these two. “Treasonable it would be for us even to imagine what befalls the sacks in those rooms,” our guide said darkly.

Along one side of Room 3, a hundred or more women were mending broken packages with string, stickers, and tape. “Is this not the saddest sight you ever did see?” said our guide. “Did we not work the night through, some days forty to fifty thousand soldiers would have no merry Christmas.” Most of the faulty packages, it seems, come wrapped in imitation beaverboard, tied with string. “I say it’s imitation cardboard!” our guide snorted. “Pours in from a section of the country I will not mention, except to say that it’s south of the Mason and Dixon Line.” (Bulletin to Mrs. Hattie Redman, Atlanta, Georgia: The package containing a fruit cake, pair of woollen socks, and soy nuts, which you sent Pfc Walter Redman, A.P.O. 758, burst at the seams. The damage has been repaired. That is all.) Business has been phenomenal: 705,525 sacks passed through the Center from September 15th to October 10th, compared with 237,589 sacks during the same period last year. At fifteen packages to a sack, that makes 10,582,875 packages, or a lot of Christmas. In case you’ve been wondering, packages for the Navy are handled at 80 Varick Street and Pier 51.

To complete our researches, we dropped by the office of Postmaster Albert Goldman at the Main Post Office in Manhattan. “Do you realize,” he promptly asked us, “that everybody sending one package will write at least one letter to match? They will say, ‘Dear Sonny, I sent you today a little present. If you do not receive . . .’ As if the Army and the New York Post Office will not positively see that each little present arrives. Besides, the surprise is ruined. Our motto is positively ‘Get that little package to its destination!,’ and with the small civilian post-office worker it is like a spiritual movement running through them—working ten, twelve hours a day, no vacations, ‘neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night can stay these couriers from their swift appointed rounds.’ Guess you didn’t think I knew *that* one! Oh,” he said, throwing up his hands, “and the worst is yet to come! The next couple of days people will run in and out of Macy’s and Bloomingdale’s, after reading the papers and hearing their radio commentators say, ‘Buy something for the boys by October 16th.’ All the trains will rumble to the sidings filled with Christmas cheer, and we’ll work all night, and I’ll bet some trains don’t reach our sidings until November. And then we’ll have to start worrying about



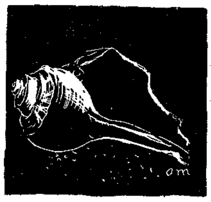
“I still think we should have called the office before going ahead.”

• •

"Christmas for all the civilians." We felt sorry for the Postmaster.

At Home Abroad

A FELLOW we know had some business with one of the Soviet agencies in New York, and while he was in its outer office the other afternoon two of the employees passed him on the way to the elevator. He heard one say to the other, "I'll meet you in the Lenin bar in half an hour." As soon as they were gone, our man asked the receptionist, "Is there really a Lenin bar in this town?" "Sure," she said, "Connolly & Lennon, Fifty-first Street just off Sixth Avenue."



The Young May Moon

ONE of the mildest and most courtly men we ever met is an eighty-nine-year-old retired jockey named Tom Kane, who was arrested a short while ago on the charge of being a bookie. Mr. Kane pleaded not guilty, and, while awaiting trial, was held in seventy-five dollars' bail. Thanks to the fact that his old-age pension had just arrived and that he had picked up a few dollars on the horses the week before, Mr. Kane was able to post the bail and return, offended but unreproachful, to the boarding house on East Thirtieth Street in which he has lived for the past seventeen years. It was in his landlady's sunny front parlor there that, some days later, we visited him.

Mr. Kane is a small, fine-looking man with an aquiline nose and black eyes. He was born in 1854 in a white frame house on West Forty-first Street. The house had no gaslight, heat, or plumbing. His family paid ten dollars a month for it. Mr. Kane remembers walking barefoot over to Fifth Avenue sometime in the sixties to wave at President Lincoln, of whom he said, "He was an ugly man with a wart on his cheek. Later on he got shot." Mr. Kane spent less than a year in school, which wasn't compulsory in those days, and he finds it difficult now to recall how he spent the years between then and 1871, when he became a jockey. "I know I worked," he told us, "because I was one of nine kids and my father died when I was five. Up to the time I was eighty-three and had a bad fall, I always worked. My last job was as a messenger for an engraver. It's funny, but I haven't been out to a track in twenty years."

When he was a jockey, Mr. Kane weighed a hundred and five, about ten pounds less than he does now. "It was a different style of riding entirely," Mr. Kane said. "Riding like a monkey on a stick, as they do now, with their knees up around the horse's neck and room to fire a cannon ball under their backsides, was invented by Tod Sloan, and he was long after my time. Billy Fitzpatrick, Snapper Garrison, and the rest of us used the regular long stirrup, but we got pretty good results all the same. Our old records have been beaten, maybe, but it isn't that the horses or men are better, the way you might think; it's that the tracks are better. Also, the horses are trained for shorter races. Out at Sheepshead Bay or at Gravesend or at Guttenberg, where we raced all winter, shovelling the snow into the infield and heating the grandstand with potbellied stoves, we thought nothing of racing a horse three heats of four miles each. That's what the people wanted in those days."

Mr. Kane gave up riding in the late eighties and became a "swipe," or groom, in various stables. The employer he liked best was William C. Whitney, grandfather of Colonel Jock Whitney. Whitney paid the men well—twenty-five a month, with board and keep—and provided them with decent living quarters, including a library. "We had nothing to do for pleasure in those days," Mr. Kane said, not without irony, "but to read books and play music. I was a great one for Tennyson and Browning, who were coming out then, and for Thackeray, too, though I always thought Dickens had more humor than Thackeray. And Whittier—I could recite Whittier to you by the hour. Then at night we played songs and dances on our banjos and fiddles—'Turkey in the Straw,' 'The Wind That Shakes the Barley,' and 'The Young May Moon.' "

After Whitney's death, in 1904, Mr. Kane put stables and racing behind, he told us, except for placing an occasional bet on a horse with a likely name. "I go by names altogether," he said. "If I see a horse posted to run, then see his name in the name of a grocery store that I pass in the street, that's a good sign, and I put down a couple of dollars on him. That's how I come to be arrested. I had a list of three names in my hand and I was going downstreet to place a bet with a man I know when a couple of detectives stopped me and said I'd been making book." Mr. Kane sniffed contemptuously. "I never made book in my life," he said. "It takes capital to make book."

Mr. Kane's case came to trial last Friday, and we are happy to report that he made a convincing witness. In reply to the questioning of a brassy young assistant district attorney, he testified that the only outside bet he had ever tried to place had been for a crippled friend named Dave, and, after the usual exchange of acerbities between Mr. Kane's attorney and the People, Judge Robert F. Mahoney dismissed the case.

Miracle

THE *Times* called up a business girl we know and asked if she didn't want to repeat a classified advertisement she'd had in a few days before, a notice that she was in the market for a small furnished apartment. Our friend said no, she wouldn't be interested in repeating the ad. Well, the *Times* wanted to know, why not? "Because I've found a nice apartment," she said. "My God!" said the *Times.*

Flowers for Bellevue

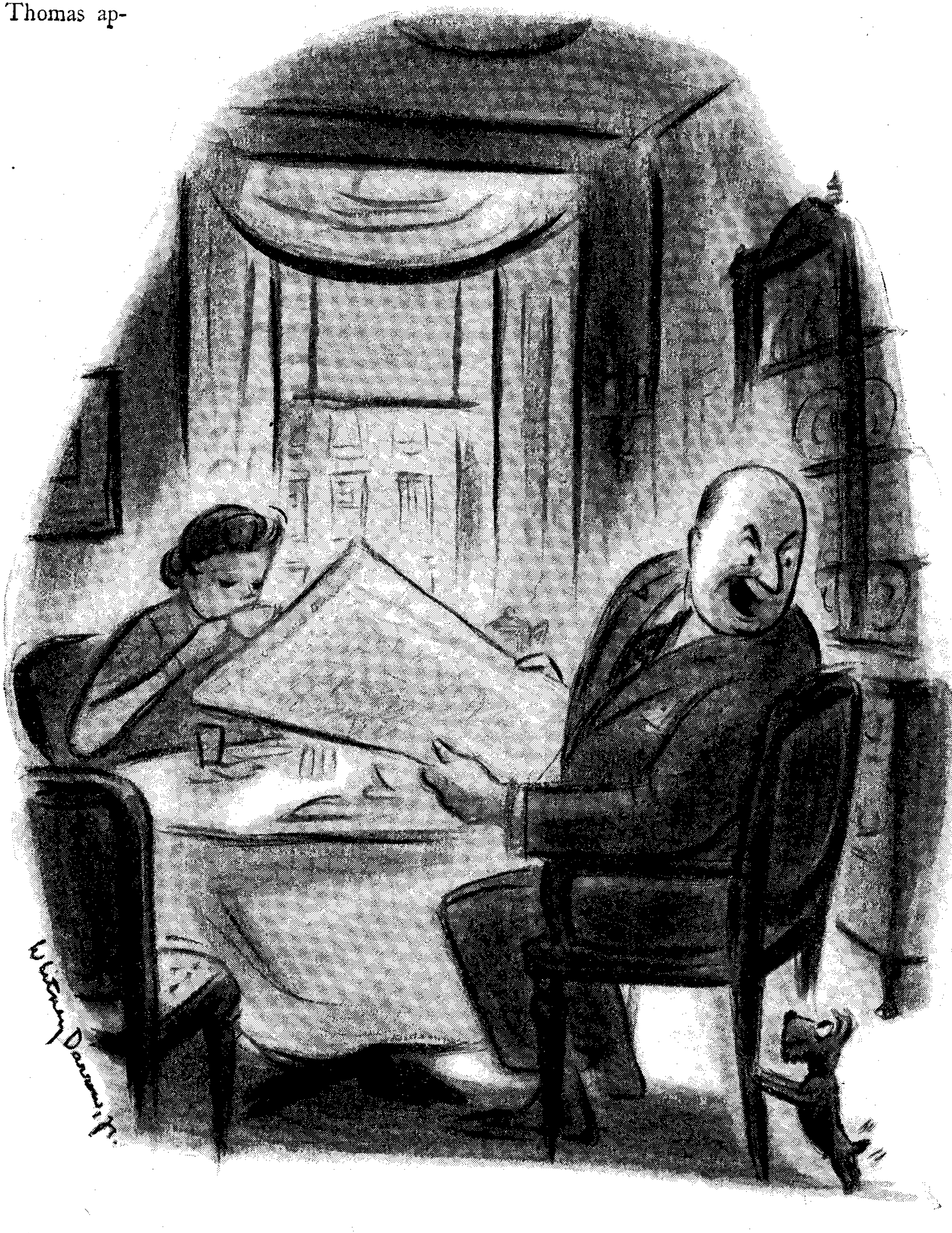
HABIT, as much as anything else, drew us one afternoon last week to the Preview of 1945 Flower Fashions, which was held by the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association in the Perroquet Suite of the Waldorf-Astoria for a group of several hundred newspaper, magazine, radio, and department-store people. We were taken in hand instantly by Paul Thomas, a sad-eyed publicity man with a white carnation in his lapel. "It'll all be over in about three hours," he told us. "That's as long as flowers can hold out in this mob. After the show, the flowers will be sent over to Bellevue, but maybe you'd better not say that. Too morbid." He deftly passed us on to the president of the association, a Mr. Joy of Columbus, Georgia, who also wore a white carnation in his lapel and who also passed us on, to a Mr. Hewey. Mr. Hewey told us that the Nerine Lily was the flower to watch in the months ahead. "It's coming up fast," he said, and showed us one, a small, soft tangle of orange-colored petals. "Wonderful bloom for hairdos," he added, and departed.

We picked our way through a labyrinth of tables containing more or less elaborate flower arrangements, each with its title printed on a card. We jotted down some of them: Cirrus Cerise, Harvest Jubilee, Wind Swept, Life for Father. The last-named was a gift basket containing bottled goods and tobacco as well as flowers. A heavy man trudging along just ahead of us remarked to his companion, "Say, I know fellows who are *nuts* about flowers." The labyrinth led us, inevitably, to a room containing a bar, at one end of which stood a knot of morose photographers, drinking Manhattans and smoking cork-tipped cigarettes taken from a box on a nearby table. An orchestra composed of a piano, an accordion, and a violin was playing inoffensive music in a corner. Mr. Thomas appeared at our elbow. "Take a girl that's going to dinner at the Stork, say, and she doesn't want to go bareheaded and she doesn't want to wear a hat," he said. "What does she do? She stops at a florist and gets some flowers to wear in her hair." He snagged a Martini from a passing tray. "Of course, we're not trying to run the milliners out of business," he added, and departed. We wandered over to the musicians, who were refreshing themselves with Manhattans and sweating freely. The accordionist, a man named Nick Raymond, told us that he and his mates were limiting themselves to flower songs. So far, he said, they had been through "Southern Roses," "Only a Rose," "Roses of Picardy," "Lily of the Valley," "Who Will Buy My Violets?," and "When You Wore a Tulip and I Wore a Red, Red Rose." "The next number will be 'The Rose Waltz,'" said Mr. Schatz, the violinist. "If we get another drink." Mr. Raymond ignored him. "If you notice," he said, "most flower songs are about roses. You ever notice that?" "Roses," said Mr. Schatz, "is all those composers ever heard about."

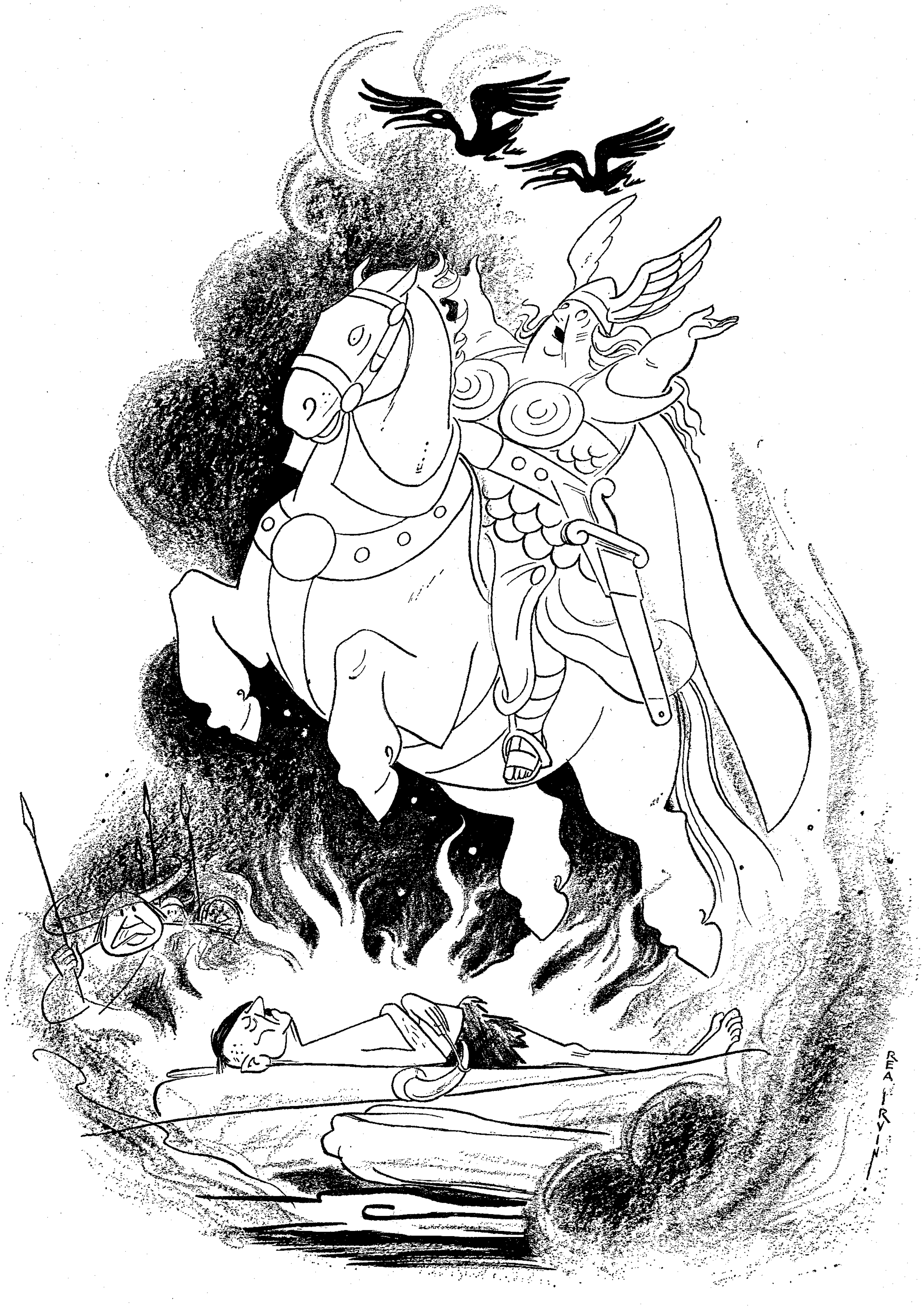
Three tall models with flowers blooming in their hair appeared from somewhere and strolled about, smiling impersonally at random. They were pounced upon by two sleek young ladies who began fingering the flowers and murmuring to each other in code. We asked a passerby who the two ladies were. "They're the Tailored Woman," he said. Retreating to the bar, we asked one of the attendants how things were sizing up. "This is a cocktail type of gathering," he said. "The Scotch and rye's holding out good." Mr. Thomas found us again, just as we were leaving. "Everybody thinks flowers are expensive," he said. "Sure they are—some of them. But look at gladiolas!" He blinked at us and sloped away.

Virtue

ON our way to a ferry last Saturday, we got caught momentarily near Tenth Avenue in an eddy of preteen boys who were evidently hot in an election argument. We made note of a shouted sentence: "One thing ya gotta say for Dewey—he got my uncle sent up!"



"Down, sir!"



"Siegfried! Siegfried! See! Sweetly greets thee thy wife, Germania!"

LITTLE GIRL DOLL

THE sign over the door read, "Neuman's—Stationery, Cigars, Toys." In the centre of the window stood a doll's wardrobe trunk, and fastened to one side of the trunk, which was open, was the doll herself. Her hair was the color of green gold, her eyes were as blue and as flat as turquoise, and her arms were raised appealingly. Dust had settled along the top of her arms and on the shoulders of her two extra dresses that hung from tiny cardboard hangers in the other half of the trunk, and a shiny tin buckle on one of her shoes had come loose, but the two little girls who stood outside in the street didn't notice the dust or the loose buckle. They leaned so close to the window that their breath clouded the glass.

"I'm glad she ain't no baby doll," Lily said. "I don't want no baby doll." She lifted her arm and wiped the pane clean with the sleeve of her rose-pink sweater.

Her friend, Mildred, sniffed, and then slid her tongue out of her mouth until it almost touched her nose. Lily, glancing sideways, shuddered. "Quit it, Mildred," she said sharply.

Mildred's tongue slid back into her mouth. "I don't want no baby doll, either," she said.

Lily adjusted the violent-pink celluloid bowknot that held back her hair. "Do you know why I don't want no baby doll?" she asked.

"Well . . . " Mildred's eyes rolled upward and fluttered as she tried to think why Lily and she didn't want a baby doll. "Well, you don't want the bother," she said.

"What bother?" Lily asked.

"All the mess," Mildred answered, looking doubtfully at Lily.

"That's what *you* think," Lily said.

"Well, *why*, then?"

"Because they can't go nowheres," Lily said. "They can get wheeled out in their carriages, but they can't go nowheres else. They can't even go to a show."

Mildred cupped her thin little hands over her eyes and leaned her forehead against the glass. "She's got two dresses," she said.

"Three," Lily corrected her. "Where's your eyes? She's got two on the hangers and one on."

"I can only see her coat on her," Mildred said.

"Well, you don't wear a coat by itself, do you?" Lily shifted her weight impatiently from one foot to the other and the bones in her ankles stood out whitely above the hopeless tan of her shoes.

"Maybe *she* does," Mildred said.

"She don't."

"Maybe them gyps in the store have her fixed without nothing under the coat. No pants or nothing," Mildred said.

Lily's arm shot out swiftly and she pushed her friend away from the window so violently that Mildred stumbled and almost fell. "Shut your mouth!" Lily commanded. "Shut your dirty mouth! I'm never going to show you nothing else! You never would have thought to stop and see her. You would have seen the candy and you wouldn't have seen nothing else, you greedy gut!"

Mildred pulled herself together and walked back to the window. Her pale face was flushed and she looked at Lily slyly. "So all right, you seen her first, but that ain't saying she belongs to you," she said.

"She does so belong to me." Lily's voice was shrill. "The first time I get some money, I'm going to walk in there and get her." She turned and faced Mildred. "What's her name?" she asked.

"What's her *name?*"

"*You* heard me. What's her name?" Lily's gray eyes were bleak and angry.

"Her name's whatever who owns her wants to name her," Mildred answered defiantly.

Lily stepped closer to Mildred and her arm shot out once more. The small claw that was her hand dug into Mildred's arm. "What's her name?" she asked again.

Mildred pressed her body backward against the window. "Mary's her name."

"It ain't," Lily said. Her fingernails bit into Mildred's flesh. "What's her name?"

"I don't know," Mildred said. Lily's fingers relaxed and Mildred slid sideways out of her reach.

"You don't even know her name," Lily said, and laughed softly. "I've always knowed her name. I know everything about her." Her body grew tense and she half closed her eyes. "Her name's Sister. And the first thing she's got under her coat is a pink dress with lace on it. Under the dress, she's got a silk shirt and a silk petticoat and silk pants. All pink. They ain't sewed on, either. They come off as *easy*. That's what she's got. And when I get her, she's going to have more stuff. She's going to have pink pajamas with flowers on them to sleep in, and she ain't going to sleep in that trunk no more. She's going to have a bed, and a bureau with drawers. She's going to have a pocketbook and stuff in it and all, like a little girl doll. She's going to have a set of dishes to eat off of. She's going to have more stuff than you ever saw." Lily's mouth curved upward and her voice was scornful. "How do you like that, now?"

Mildred stood away from her at a safe distance. "How you going to get it?" she asked. "*I'd* like to know. How you going to?" She leaned against the building and snickered.

The smile faded from Lily's face. "What's so funny?" she asked.

"*I* know," Mildred said.

"What do you know?"

"I know what you're thinking," Mildred said. She bent over in silent, helpless laughter.

Lily walked toward her. "What's so funny?" she asked again.

"Oh, I guess *I* know how you're going to get the money!"

Lily's shoulders drooped. "Oh, sure," she said listlessly. "I'm going to ask my mother."

"Your *mother*," Mildred said. "Where's your mother going to get it? Why, I bet that doll costs a dollar. Your mother won't give you no dollar for no doll."

"She will if I ask her," Lily said. "Not today and maybe not this week, but she will someday."

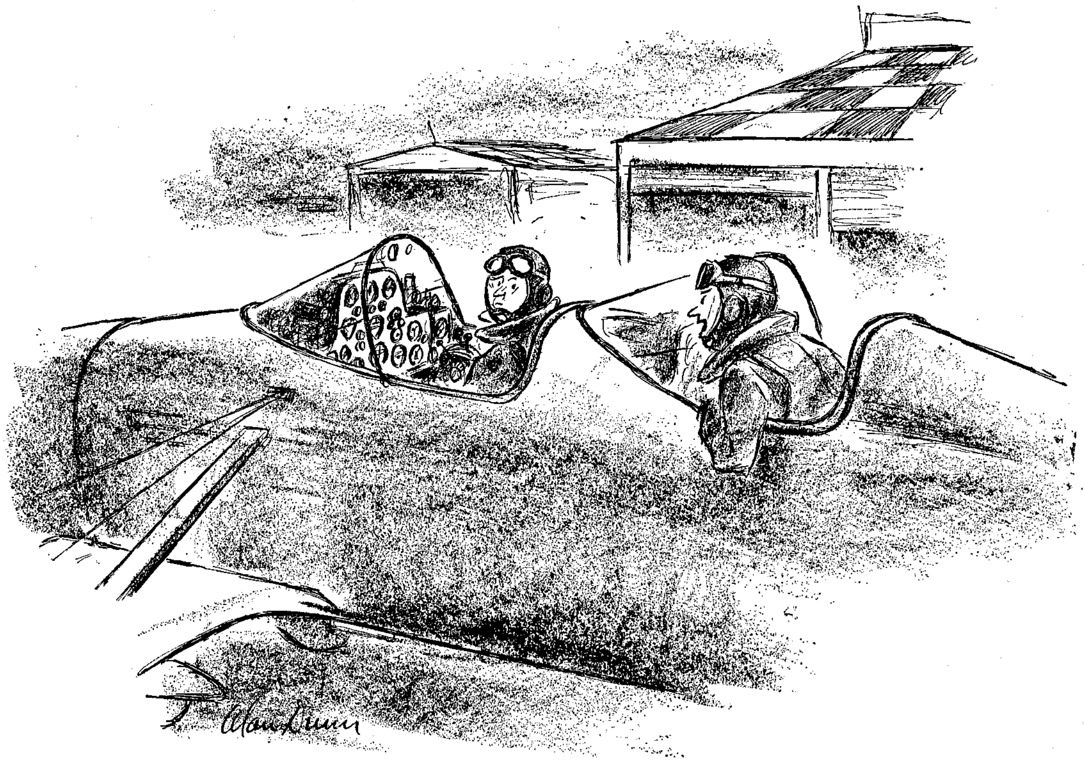
"That'll be swell," Mildred said. "And tomorrow some rich lady comes by and buys your doll. Then where's your Sister?"

"They won't either buy her," Lily said.

"What's to stop them?" Mildred asked.

Lily turned back to the window and looked in again at Sister. She could see one of the doll's extra dresses, white with sprigs of pink roses, and part of the dress beneath it, a blue-and-white checked gingham. She could see them dancing on a miniature clothesline in the sun; she could feel them, crisp and clean as she slid them over Sister's gold head, lifting Sister's arms gently into the tiny sleeves. In her mind, she saw herself giving Sister's curls a final pat before she took her out to play in the park. She didn't hear Mildred talking for a moment.

"I wouldn't be afraid," Mildred was



"And one thing more—keep your eye on the time."

saying. "None of the kids are afraid of old Joe. Why, he give Annie a dollar once. She told me. He give Grace a pile of money. He ain't never been pinched, has he? If he was going to cut you, the cops would get him, wouldn't they?"

"You shut up," Lily said.

Mildred tossed her head. "I was only helping you get the little girl doll," she said. "You don't have to start pushing me again. You could walk by his basement and ask him for a little piece of free ice to suck, and then if he says to come down and get it, why, what's to stop you? I tell you I seen the dollar Annie got out of him. For nothing, almost. I wouldn't be afraid."

She looked at Lily and sniffed. Her small red tongue crept out toward her nose and slid back again. "That's what I'd do if I wanted a dollar," she said.

"Shut up," Lily said, but her voice had lost its authority.

"I'll shut up," Mildred said. She gave a little squeal of laughter and, turning, started to run down the street. She stopped long enough to call over her shoulder, "You and your lousy doll!" And then she took to her heels.

Lily stood by the window, but she no longer looked in at Sister. It was growing dark and the lights went on in the store. A gust of wind blew along the street, sending the dust up from the gutters and blowing Lily's hair back from her forehead. She lifted her arms and patted her hair into place, again adjusting the pink celluloid bowknot. She smoothed her small skirt and pulled at the sleeves of her rose-pink sweater so that they would reach to her wrists. Then she started blindly across the street to Joe's.

INSIDE the stationery store, Mr. Neuman, the proprietor, was talking to Mr. Bricker, who owned the delicatessen next door. Mr. Bricker laid five cents down on the counter and took a cigar from the box that Mr. Neuman had opened. They didn't see Lily as she came in and closed the door quietly behind her.

"They don't roll these as tight as they used to," Mr. Bricker said. He wet the end of the cigar and put it in his mouth.

"What do you expect?" Mr. Neuman asked. "It's like I was telling you. There's nothing any more that ain't—" He looked toward the door and saw Lily standing there. "Well, little lady?" he said.

She had run all the way from Joe's basement and she was panting slightly. Her face was pinched and white, but her eyes were dark and expectant. She moved toward the window and stood looking across the low partition that Mr. Neuman had built to keep the window displays out of reach of his customers. Her right hand was closed, so tightly that the knuckles of her fingers were white and the dirt showed on them. With her clenched fist, she motioned toward the doll in the trunk.

Mr. Neuman came out from behind the counter and walked toward her. He looked from her fist to the toys displayed in the show window. "The doll?" he asked.

Lily looked up at him without speaking.

"The doll?" he repeated. "Speak up, little lady!"

Mr. Bricker laughed. "If there's a doll in that window, I guess that's what she wants, all right," he said. "I never saw a little girl who didn't want a doll. Isn't that right, sister?"

"I just want to know," Mr. Neuman said to Mr. Bricker. "Half the time I get the stuff out and they haven't got the money. How much money you got, little lady?"

Lily opened her fist and a quarter fell to the floor. Mr. Neuman stooped to pick it up. "What'll it be, little lady? A five-cent candy bar? Ice-cream cone?"

Lily looked from one man to the other and nodded her head. "Candy," she said.

Mr. Neuman walked back to the counter and, bending down, brought out a peanut bar and laid it on the counter.

"A quarter's worth," Lily said.

Mr. Neuman shrugged and brought four more peanut bars out from under the counter. She stood staring at him. Then her hands shot out with a terrible avidity and, gathering up the candy, she turned and ran from the store.

Mr. Bricker leaned over toward the cigar lighter, drawing at his cigar. "Skinny little thing," he said.

"Yes," Mr. Neuman said. "And you'd wonder why they'd be so skinny when they don't think of nothing but their stomachs."

It was dark outside, and Lily didn't stop running until she reached the street light at the corner. Then she stopped and, leaning against the lamppost, she peeled the paper from the first bar of candy and began to eat it. It was sweet and crisp and by the time she started the second bar, it slid easily by the lump in her throat. She ate the last three bars greedily, making herself small beside the lamppost, so that no one seeing her with all that candy would ask her any questions. —SALLY BENSON

ANYBODY SEE A VIOLIN IN DJIBOUTI?

PERHAPS the most engaging character aboard the Messageries Maritimes liner Porthos, on which, in 1929, I made several trips from Marseille to the Far East as violinist and leader of the ship's orchestra, was the *imprimeur*, the man who printed the menu cards, music programs, and the ship's newspaper and acted as honorary orderly to the musicians. The *imprimeur* carried our *batterie* (the tambour, cymbal, *grosse caisse*, and other percussion instruments), set up the desks and chairs, and shoved the piano across the promenade deck from port to starboard or vice versa, depending on the direction of the wind. The *imprimeur's* first name was Jean-Jacques. He was a thin-shouldered fellow with hungry eyes and an open, eager face covered with pimples. He tried hard to make us believe that he was almost nineteen, but everybody in the crew knew that he was certainly no older than seventeen. He had run away from his bourgeois home in Marseille, in Jack London fashion, to become a member of *la marine marchande* and lead a glorious, if at times dull, life on the high seas.

Jean-Jacques's burning ambition was to play the *batterie* during the dance, which was every night from nine to eleven. Occasionally our second violin player, who also acted as *batterie* man, took time off to smoke a cigarette, and during these intervals he would let Jean-Jacques work on the percussion instruments. The *imprimeur* performed his assignment with more zeal than rhythm. His offbeat was elastic, to say the least. Anything more complicated than a two-eight measure was beyond him, and his beating of the *grosse caisse* sounded like the trot of a limping dromedary.

On one voyage that summer, our orchestra consisted of four men instead of the usual three. Besides myself, there were Dimitrij, an undernourished, moody, emotionally unstable pianist from Vladivostok; Gaston, a hot-tempered, walrus-mustached little Frenchman from Toulon, who played second violin; and Herr Müllenhoff, an elderly cello player from Magdeburg, a sharp-featured, thin-lipped man with cropped hair the color of moldy straw, pince-nez hanging on a black thread, and a vehement Teutonic inferiority-and-persecution complex. Herr Müllenhoff, who called himself *staatlich geprüfter Professor für Cello und andere Streichinstrumente*, complained bitterly about the Berliner Philharmoniker, which he would have joined if he hadn't been the victim of a nerveracking (*nervenzerrüttende*) intrigue, the details of which he didn't reveal. He was equally vague about how he had come to Marseille and about why he had been fired by the Grand Hôtel Noailles et Métropole, on the Canebière, before the steamship line's impresario had hired him.

Herr Müllenhoff caused trouble from the beginning. No sooner had he set foot aboard than he told everybody that the Porthos, prior to the *Schandvertrag* of Versailles, had been a proud German liner and that the French were playing havoc with her.

A seaman retorted with an uppercut, but this didn't quell Herr Müllenhoff for very long. Underneath the metallic name plate of the French firm which had outfitted the Porthos, he wrote with pencil, in Gothic letters, "Made in Germany." On the second day, Müllenhoff and Gaston got into a terrible argument that started with the innocent question of whether Eugène Ysaye's or Joseph Joachim's style of bowing was superior and wound up with the pair beating up each other on the floor of my cabin. (Herr Müllenhoff was a *Kriegsfreiwilliger*, a volunteer, of 1914; in the same year, Gaston's father, a poilu, had fallen at Ypres.) The Porthos was rolling heavily and the two combatants were thrown under my bed. Dimitrij, a sensitive personality, had departed as soon as the fighting started, and I was wondering just how to stop the melee under the bed without becoming painfully involved in it when, fortunately, Jean-Jacques arrived with the proofs of next day's program. He dived into the arena with an adolescent's disregard for his own safety and separated the fighters.

At the concert that evening, Gaston refused to sit next to Müllenhoff, and the "Professor" made it a point not to join in while we were playing Bizet's "L'Arlésienne," which is almost a national anthem to music-loving Frenchmen. Next morning Müllenhoff put soap on the pegs of Gaston's violin, and during the apéritif concert Gaston had a terrible time with his strings going down all the time. Dimitrij, who had a keen appreciation of Anglo-Saxon customs, such as poker, Scotch whiskey, and turkey dinners, began to take bets on who would be killed first, Gaston or Müllenhoff. Then, to my great relief, Gaston deserted in Port Said, the first stop. Musicians who jump ship are an orchestra leader's worst headache, since there is no possibility of picking up replacements in the tropical latitudes, but anything was better than a running hand-to-hand fight

"Gosh!"

between the members of my orchestra.

I waited until we had left Suez behind, then I reported Gaston's desertion to the captain. He wanted to turn around and pick up Gaston, but I told him that the second violinist wasn't essential at the apéritif and afternoon concert, and that at night, when we played dance music, Jean-Jacques, the *imprimeur*, could take over the *batterie*. It was decided that he would be paid two hundred francs a month extra for his labor. Jean-Jacques was overjoyed. He had to get up at 4 A.M. to print his menu cards and never went to bed before midnight, but at the age of seventeen you don't worry about too little sleep.

IT was July and we were in the Red Sea, working five hours a day, which is something Dante never thought of. Veteran ship's musicians, unperturbed by spells of fog on the North Atlantic or typhoons in the South Seas, shun the Far Eastern routes and break into a cold sweat at the mere mention of the Red Sea in summer. There was a dire need of breathable air. The atmosphere seemed to be nothing but hot, invisible vapor. Water drops formed on our instruments. The finger board of my violin became a slide on which my left hand performed cacophonous glissandi; the hairs of my bow were soaked and oily in spite of heavy colophoning. Everybody but Müllenhoff complained bitterly about *cette sale chaleur*. The "Professor" played on doggedly, an expression of masochistic complacency on his face as the sweat ran down his neck under his stiff collar.

I had been warned by fellow-violinists to take special care of my instrument in the Red Sea, because the humid heat has a murderous effect on the glue that holds a violin together. After each performance, I wrapped it in heavy oilcloth and put it into its wooden case. Every night, after the dance, Jean-Jacques carried the case down to the vegetable-refrigeration chamber and placed it between a heap of lettuce and a mound of spinach.

The passengers were a dull assortment of dried-out French colonial officials, bearded missionaries, and three or four matrons, from Saïgon and the French Settlement in Shanghai, who were in desperate search of a good time The ship's leading beauty was a charming, vivacious brunette whom I'll call Yvonne. She had slim legs, sensual lips, and plenty of that certain something in her eyes. Even the Saïgon matrons wouldn't have found anything wrong with Yvonne—except that she dressed a bit too risquély and wore too high heels and stockings a shade too dark—if she hadn't talked. Yvonne, who was very Parisian, went around spreading *contes drolatiques* about her past, which had begun, it seemed, behind the face-cream counter of Au Bon Marché. After a number of shocking interludes, she landed at the Folies-Bergère, where she worked first as a chorus girl and later in the *galerie*, the horseshoe-shaped promenade, in the rear of the *fauteuils*, where enterprising gentlemen of taste had no difficulty in finding charming company, a fact which no doubt inspired the late Karl Baedeker to refer to the society there as being "very mixed." In the *galerie* Yvonne made the acquaintance of Monsieur Jérôme, a high-ranking councillor at the court of the Emperor of Abyssinia, in Addis Ababa. In due course the gentleman proposed to her. "He's good-looking, in a patriarchal way," Yvonne said. "He has a wonderful gray beard and is *très soigné*. He'll meet me in Djibouti and we'll go to Addis Ababa, where the wedding will be. A couple of princes and lots of native sheiks will attend. I've bought the most gorgeous sky-blue crêpe georgette toilette at Worth. I don't like white. These days everybody has white wedding gowns."

Every afternoon at apéritif time, Yvonne came down to our two connecting staterooms with a bottle of Cinzano, Byrrh, or Dubonnet. Dimitrij would wash out some glasses and we'd have a couple of apéritifs. Dimitrij had been a pianist at the Folies-Bergère and I had worked there as an usher before I began my musical career. We exchanged reminiscences, Yvonne punctuating her little stories with sprays of crystal-clear laughter. Müllenhoff always remained in the adjoining room, shocked and sulking, but Jean-Jacques came in whenever he had a chance. He would sit down on a pile of music and stare at Yvonne in deep enchantment.

It was inevitable that our little *imprimeur* should fall in love with Yvonne. He stayed up all one night printing a special music program for Yvonne and next morning shoved it under her door. It contained the following poem:

Oh! comme tu nageais, jeune, ardente, et féconde,
Dans ces flots immortels chers à la volupté!
Comme tu fleurissais sur la neige de l'onde!

Yvonne thought it was a beautiful poem and cried as she read it to us in my stateroom that afternoon. When Jean-Jacques came in, she kissed him gently on his eyes. Jean-Jacques blushed and almost died of happiness. Next morning he printed a special menu for Yvonne which said, under *"Café—Thé—Instant Postum"*:

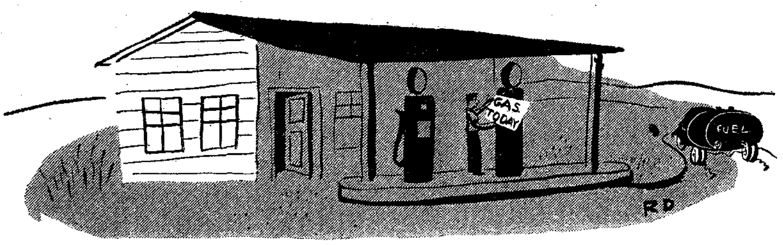
Plongez, de larmes arrosées,
Dans l'océan mystérieux,
Je t'aime, Yvonne, je t'aime!

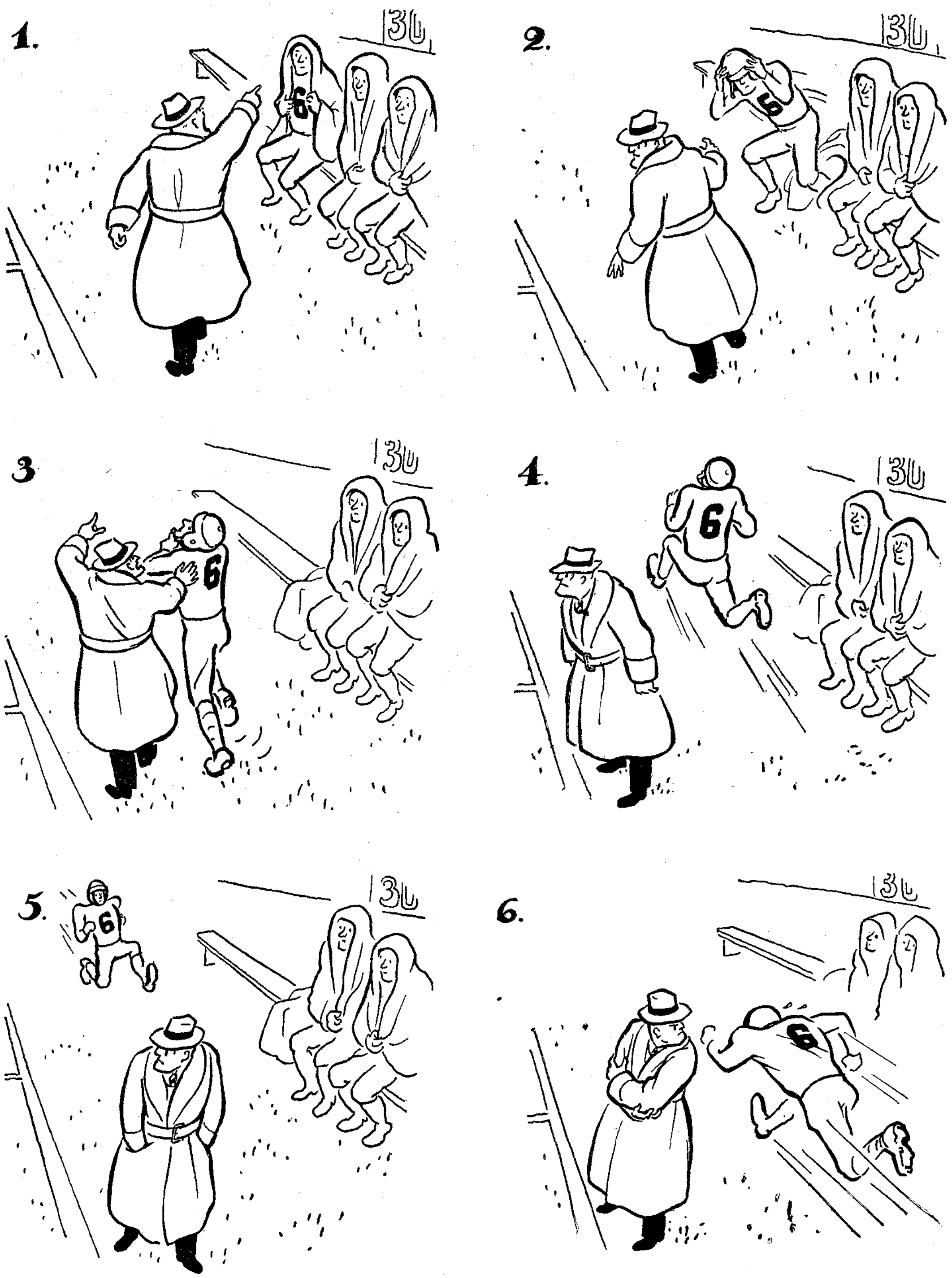
but in his confusion he printed the lines on all the other menu cards, which caused quite a stir among the Saïgon matrons at breakfast.

The evening before the ship's arrival at Djibouti, where Yvonne was to debark, Jean-Jacques played the *batterie* worse than ever. He ruined the "Fledermaus" waltz by beating two-eight time and didn't take his eyes off Yvonne as she danced past him in the arms of other men. After the dance, he waited for her. They walked up and down the promenade deck, where the lights were dim. I didn't want to intrude. I reminded Jean-Jacques to carry my violin down to the refrigeration chamber, as usual, and went to bed.

I didn't sleep much that night, the heat being intolerable. I came up on deck early next morning. The violin case was still lying on the piano, right where I had left it. I opened the case and gasped. All that was left of my instrument was a heap of thin wooden boards, dead and desolate. In the humid, intense heat the glue had melted and the violin had fallen apart like a house of cards. It had been a medium-priced Bavarian (Mittenwald) violin, but it wasn't so much the material loss that mattered to me. It was like the sudden departure of a very dear person. It was, in fact, a tragedy.

Jean-Jacques broke down and confessed. He had walked on the promenade deck with Yvonne, holding her hands and feeling "the passionate rhythm of her heart." She had kissed him, and the outside world had been submerged in a whirl of crazy spirals. He cried and said he was going to jump over-





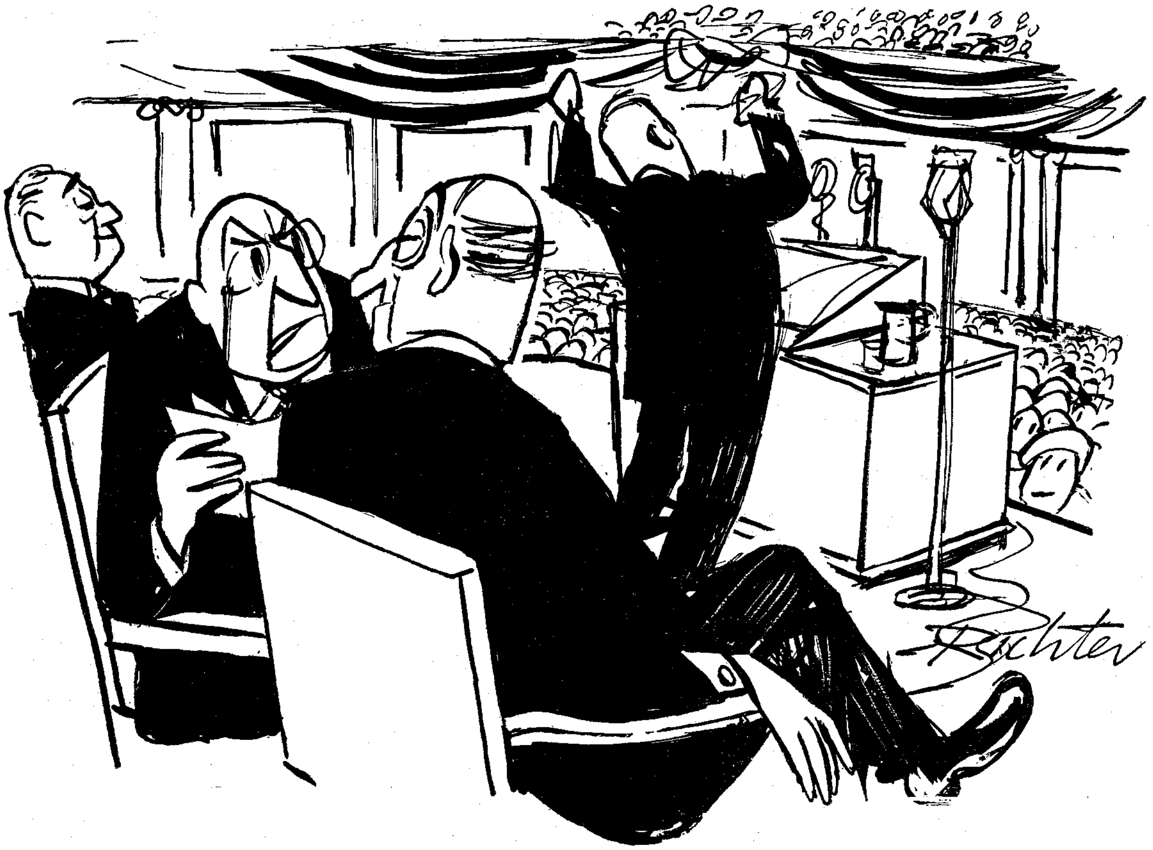
dinner in her honor and I had to talk to a colonel and two private secretaries before they let me talk to her. She's an official guest at the palace until she leaves for Addis Ababa."

HALF an hour later, Yvonne arrived, looking cool and flower-like in a print dress. "Was I glad when you called me up, Jean *chéri!*" she cried. "I thought I couldn't stand the boring crowd up there any longer. *Allons*, let's celebrate!" We had champagne and celebrated. After the fifth glass, I told Yvonne about my violin problem. She searched in her handbag and brought out a wrinkled envelope. "Rosie will help us," she said. "She used to work with me at the Casino de Paris and at the Folies before she got married and came to Djibouti with her husband. Rosie's wonderful. Always knew about special sales and where to get a sable coat second-hand." We all got up and went out.

The driver of the only visible taxicab, a scar-faced, black-bearded Italian, looked stunned when Yvonne gave him Rosie's address. "Are you sure you want to go there, Madame? Oh, it's all right for the *signori*, but you—" Yvonne told him impatiently to get going, and he shrugged and said, "Oh, *va bene*. As they say in Naples, 'Some people carry lava up to Vesuvio.' "

In a few minutes the car stopped in front of a big white house near the beach. Several automobiles were parked under the arched entrance. Two men came out of the entrance; we recognized them as the persistent characters who had promised us *les plaisirs de nirvana*. They were delighted to see us, though slightly taken aback at the sight of Yvonne. We walked in, Yvonne's high heels making clipped sounds on the flame-colored tile floors. There were dim, reddish lights under high, arched ceilings, and a large patio, with rows of small tables and a piano and a long bar. Six or eight couples were dancing to a tango played by a pale, bald-headed pianist. Nearly all the men were French colonial officers. The girls looked pretty and were better dressed than most girls in "bars" east of Suez. A luscious, plump, Rubens blonde, who was sitting behind a National cash register to the left of the bar, cried out and ran toward Yvonne. In the middle of the dance floor the two women fell into each other's arms, crying, laughing, and chatting all at once. We were presented to Rosie, who in turn introduced the pale piano player as her husband, Vuillaume. Rosie left one of the girls, a *petite apache* who spoke pure argot, in charge of the bar and led us upstairs to her apartment. Through the arched windows of the living room we looked out at the sea and the brightly illuminated silhouette of the Porthos. There was an immense, heavy wooden bed, a massive table, chairs, a bookcase, and a *chiffonnière*—all furniture from her parents' farm in Normandy, Rosie explained. On the wall above the bed hung framed oval pictures of her parents and a little crucifix. In a corner, lying on a rocking chair, was a wooden violin case.

Dimitrij and I saw the case at the same time and exclaimed together. There was a violin inside, all right. Only three-quarter size, covered with dust and colophony, the bridge broken, two pegs and three strings missing, but to me



"I wish they wouldn't put such big words in my speeches. I like to know what the hell I'm talking about."

• •

board, life without Yvonne being not worth while, and then he told me that the poems were not his. He had copied them from Leconte de Lisle's "Poèmes Barbares," which he had found in the ship's library. Only the line "Je t'aime, Yvonne" was original, and true.

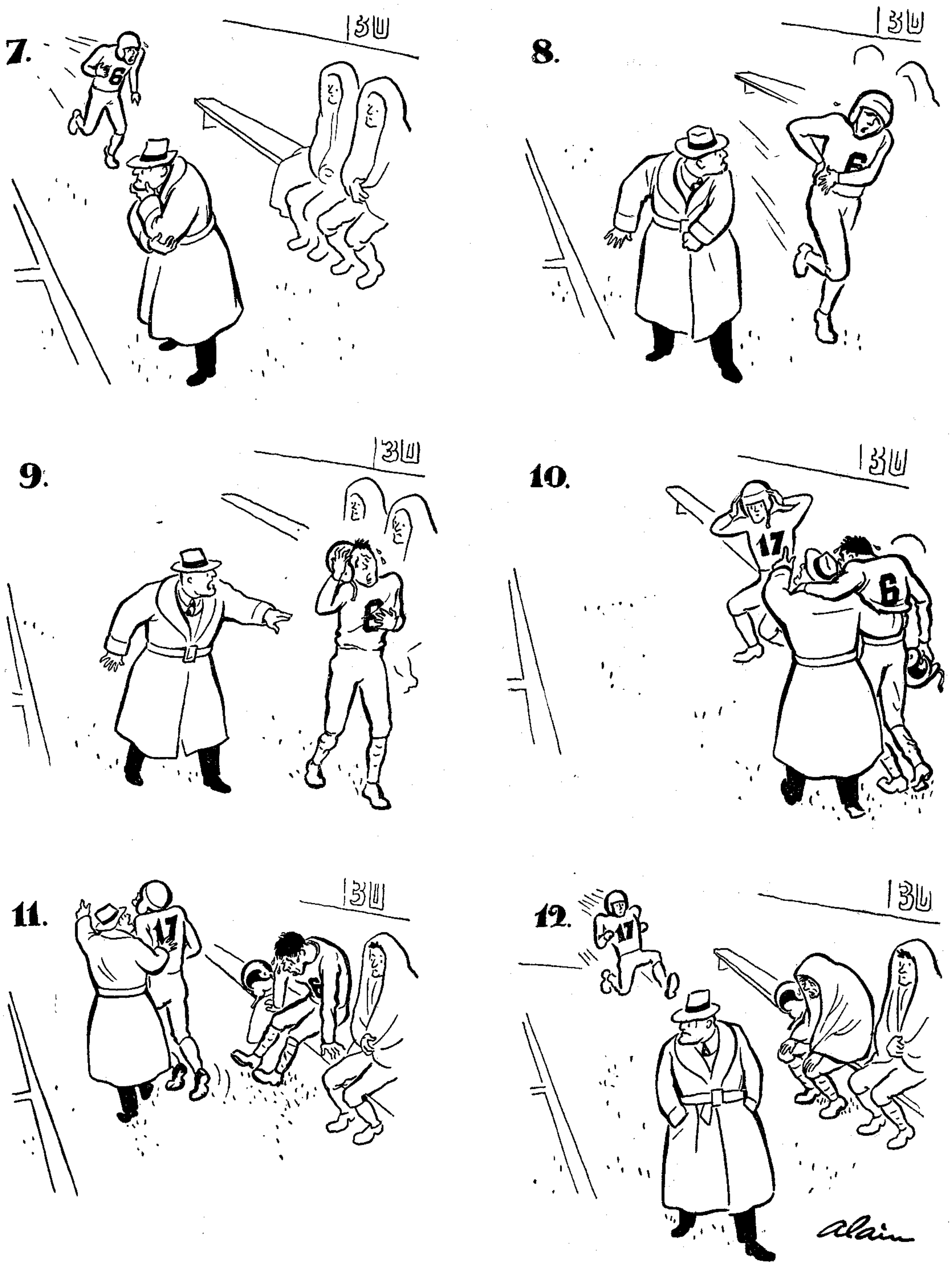
I told him to shut up, and we went belowdecks to look for another violin. In the crew's quarters we were offered two harmonicas, one guitar, one saxophone, two banjos, and one piccolo, but no violin. The *commissaire* told me to find a violin in Djibouti or not to come back to the ship.

THE Porthos dropped anchor off Djibouti shortly after dusk and a flotilla of launches assembled around her. The first to pull up to the gangway was a large, beautiful boat flying the tricolor, carrying the port authorities and two other figures—an officer smartly dressed in shirt and shorts and a distinguished-looking gentleman in a Palm Beach suit who held an enormous bouquet of red roses in his hands. He climbed aboard, was introduced as the Governor's secretary, and presented the roses to Yvonne with the compliments of her fiancé, *M. le Conseilleur*, who unfortunately was unable to come to Djibouti and was awaiting her in Addis Ababa. One of the Saïgon matrons whispered, "Probably Persian roses, brought this morning by special plane in an ice-filled box," her voice dripping with venom. Yvonne kissed us goodbye and was whisked off in the official launch. An hour later the rank-and-file passengers were allowed to go ashore, and we musicians followed them.

The moon shone grayish through the heavy, moist air and the hot sand on the causeway into town radiated the day's heat. We walked past the salt mines and little Danakil *gamins* sleeping in the sand. Behind Dimitrij, Jean-Jacques, and myself walked Müllenhoff, in splendid isolation, carrying a cane with an ivory knob, wearing a high, old-fashioned tropical helmet. He'd bought it in a port which, he remarked grimly, would sometime again be in Deutsch-Ostafrika. In the French district of the town two dim, barefooted figures wearing white trousers and torn shirts came out of the darkness and, in seven languages, promised us *les plaisirs de nirvana* if we consented to follow them. It was hard to get rid of them, so I asked them if they had seen anybody with a violin in Djibouti. They muttered a few choice maledictions and departed.

Place Ménélik was a ghost square, as always—a disorderly conglomeration of tall, dead, blind buildings and phantomlike silhouettes moving silently under the arched colonnades. The lights of Pierre's cavernous shop were on. At Pierre's you could get Scotch whiskey, French brandy, American gin, and Spanish sherry at fantastically low prices, Djibouti being a free port. The trouble was to get the bottles aboard ship, which was forbidden, but this was hardly a problem to a man like myself, who had been born in Central Europe, where smuggling across the myriad international boundaries was common practice. I happened to know that our cabin steward was a *copain* of the harbor customs man. We bought a dozen bottles of cognac and whiskey. Then I asked Pierre where I could get a violin. He gave me a quizzical look. "Did you drop your helmet while walking across the square in the sunshine?" he asked. He shrugged and sighed in deep disgust. "*Tout le monde est cinglé à Djibouti!*"

At a nearby café I inquired again, but nobody there knew where I could find a violin. The nearest violin east of Suez, I was told, was at Addis Ababa, where there was a night club, but the next train would not leave for two days. Dimitrij, Jean-Jacques, and I left Müllenhoff at the café and went to the Cercle des Officiers, the railroad station, and half a dozen other places. Finally we came back to the café, exhausted and still without a violin. Müllenhoff was sitting behind a battery of Munich Löwenbräu beer bottles, lecturing to two men at the next table about Germany's frustrated colonial ambitions. The listeners were staring dully into space, their apathetic faces showing a third-degree *cafard*, like characters out of a Somerset Maugham story. A badly battered phonograph was playing "Valencia." We sat down and ordered drinks. Even the ice in the whiskey-and-sodas seemed warm that night. Jean-Jacques went to make a phone call. He came back in excitement. "Yvonne's coming. I called her up at the Governor's palace. They're giving a gala



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a lovelier sight than Heifetz's Stradivarius. Rosie said casually that a few months ago, when business was booming, there had been a violin player working with Vuillaume, but he got a bad attack of the *cafard* and had had to be shipped back to Paris. She sighed as she said "Paris." "The pieces of the violin are held together by small nails, so the instrument won't fall apart in the heat," Rosie went on. "It sounds terrible. Like a drunken parrot whistling in a Turkish bath. Please, take it away, so we won't have to look at it any longer."

We had a great time in Rosie's apartment. Vuillaume brought two bottles of champagne and we had another celebration. Rosie and Yvonne reminisced about the *galerie* at the Folies-Bergère and Yvonne, holding Jean-Jacques's hand, told Rosie about her *très soigné* fiancé at Addis Ababa. Then she took out of her handbag the poems Jean-Jacques had composed for her and read them, and both women cried softly while Jean-Jacques kissed Yvonne's fingers, one by one.

THE siren of the Porthos reminded us that it was time to go aboard. Everybody kissed everybody goodbye. Rosie refused to take any money for the violin. "It was such a wonderful night," she said. "I wish you'd all come back when the Porthos passes through again. I want you to feel at home here."

Dawn broke as we left the house. We picked up our whiskey and cognac bottles at Pierre's, and at the pier gave them to our cabin steward, the *copain* of the customs man. The *douanier* got them through without difficulty. Müllenhoff arrived, three bottles of Löwenbräu clumsily concealed in his pockets. We watched him coolly as the *douanier* confiscated the beer and made him pay a fine of fifty francs. The siren of the Porthos wailed three times, urgent and forbidding, and we jumped into the ship's launch. I clasped the violin case in my hands as carefully as if it were a baby. Jean-Jacques cried and Yvonne kissed him and said she would come down to Djibouti to meet us on our way back to France and that Jean-Jacques should stop crying and act like a grown-up man.

The launch sped away and Yvonne waved to us, while Dimitrij held Jean-Jacques by one arm, just in case the boy should try to fling himself into the sea and swim back. The launch leaped up and down and the whiskey and cognac bottles, which the steward and the *douanier* had put under the seats, rolled all over the place. Müllenhoff shook an angry fist at receding Djibouti and started to sing "Die Wacht am Rhein." Jean-Jacques jumped up, seized Müllenhoff's helmet, and threw it into the water, and "Die Wacht am Rhein" came to an abrupt end. Dimitrij gently patted Jean-Jacques's shoulder and said, "Fine, *mon petit*. You've acted like a real man. Too bad Yvonne couldn't see that." Jean-Jacques nodded, his eyes still wet, but now there was a faint smile on his face.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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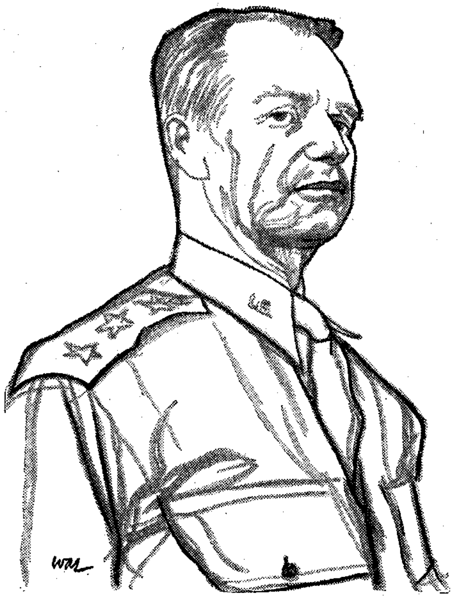
We ran into much of our armor moving to new positions and ran into convoy after convoy moving Hitler and Yon.—*Toronto Star*.

Göring and Coming?

PROFILES

EDUCATION OF AN ARMY—II



THE death in Normandy of Lieutenant General Lesley James McNair, our highest-ranking casualty of the war, evoked eulogies that would have caused considerable embarrassment to the General, an exceptionally modest man. From General John J. Pershing, who said that "his untimely death will be a great loss to the Army and the nation," to Ed Sullivan, the columnist, who, after recalling that McNair's favorite song was "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," said, "No soldier did more to hurry that sunrise for the world than slain General McNair," tributes were paid to him in a volume that indicated wholehearted, if belated, appreciation of his war effort. Newspapers hastily tried to endow him with the stuff on which legends are made. But the General was not a legendary figure. He was simply a skilled and gifted soldier who did a hard job well.

During a war, the habits and idiosyncrasies of high military leaders inevitably become public property, much as if these men were radio comedians or criminals. Officers who for perhaps thirty years have gone about their business conscientiously and anonymously suddenly discover that there is a disquieting popular interest in their private lives. In nearly every recent biography of an American general, it has been admiringly stated that the subject under scrutiny was atypical in that he was remarkably democratic, since he was well, if not precisely intimately, acquainted with many enlisted men, that he played a spirited game of poker (or sometimes bridge, with a Wac as a partner), that he cracked jokes, some just a gentlemanly trifle off color, and that he puttered around in a garden in his spare time. These supposedly odd traits have by now been attributed to so many generals that an officer of that exalted rank who does not exhibit at least some of them is apt to be regarded as a rather eccentric fellow.

General McNair, who commanded the Army Ground Forces until he was succeeded by Lieutenant General Ben Lear last July, less than two weeks before McNair was killed by an American bomb in Normandy, did not play cards, was indifferent to Wacs to the extent that only one, a lieutenant colonel, was on duty at Army Ground Forces headquarters, in Washington, and, although he was regarded by his friends as quite congenial, was so far from being aggressively democratic that some of the soldiers at headquarters never even saw him, much less exchanged pleasantries with him. While he held his Ground Forces job, he always commanded at least a million and a half soldiers, among them two hundred generals, but he was so self-effacing that some of his subordinates didn't even know he existed. In the past four years, many soldiers and civilians who were hazy about who McNair was have had cause to be very grateful to him. As head of the Army Ground Forces, he had the job of training the armies we now have fighting overseas—the infantry, field artillery, coast and anti-aircraft artillery, cavalry, armored, and other soldiers who make up our ground forces. His position was somewhat like that of a high-school football coach who gets little or no credit for the exploits of his protégés in college. McNair's jurisdiction over his troops ended the day they sailed for a theatre of operations.

McNair was a permanent major general, and on both a permanent and temporary basis he outranked practically every other general in the Army, including Lieutenant General William S. Knudsen, who is himself entitled to a salute from such relatively junior officers as Lieutenant Generals Bradley, Clark, Devers, Doolittle, Eaker, Patton, and Spaatz. While so many leaders were rising, amid bursts of publicity, from comparative military obscurity to high rank and splendor, McNair quietly continued to do the same job he had been doing when some of those leaders were merely lieutenant colonels, majors, or corporation presidents. While innumerable other officers accumulated promotions and decorations, he received no advancement and—until he was posthumously awarded two oak-leaf clusters to the Distinguished Service Medal a week after his death—only one award, the Purple Heart (a perquisite of any man, officer or private, who has been wounded in enemy action), which he was given for being hit by two artillery-shell fragments while on a Tunisian battlefield in April, 1943. In due course, his widow will receive an oak-leaf cluster in lieu of a second Purple Heart, which everybody killed in action earns at the instant he dies.

At the time of his death, McNair was an ordinary-looking man of sixty-one with hair so blond that it had gained him, many years before, the nickname of Whitey. *Time*, which usually contrives to devise colorful, hyphenated adjectives for the most sedate of individuals, once triumphantly—and to the bewilderment of his acquaintances—described him as "cave-eyed," but on other occasions its feverish philologists were able to think of no more dazzling concoctions for him than "sandy-haired" and "soft-spoken." McNair's staff at A.G.F. several times attempted, without success, to make him a public figure. Urged, once, to let himself be seen around more often, McNair, after weighing the matter, acquiesced. He went to the theatre one night. Again, an assistant sent him a memorandum suggesting that he speak before a gathering of important civilians who were particularly eager to hear him. "I do not warm up to this proposition," replied McNair in a memo, using one of his favorite expressions. He went on to point out that he thought he would probably have to give a talk thirty-five days after the proposed address and implied that two such engagements so close together were too much to ask of anyone.

It didn't make him self-conscious to see his name in print. He was simply indifferent, even when his name was misspelled, as it was a good deal of the time. He was called "Leslie" as often as "Lesley" in the press (the *Army and Navy Journal* used both in his obituary), and even the *Howitzer*, the West Point class annual, misspelled his first name when he was graduated from the Academy in 1904. In the Army War College library, in Washington, the periodical card file contains twenty-seven references to him, thirteen of which misspell "Lesley." The General used to say, "Well, one way is as good as another."

MANY members of McNair's Ground Forces staff got to see him only at one of the formal receptions he held at headquarters four times a year, at which newly arrived officers were introduced to him. McNair, however, did not avoid his subordinates. Once a captain who had retreated unobtrusively to a corner of a room into which McNair had come to attend a conference was startled when the General strode up to him, hand outstretched, and said "McNair." At the quarterly get-togethers, he shook hands with everybody, beginning with the senior colonel and going down through the junior warrant officer, and the ceremonies were arranged so efficiently that the officers had scarcely finished clasping the boss's hand before they found themselves out in the corridor and headed back toward their desks. Before they lined up to pass by him, he addressed them briefly. He would point out with pride that of the fourteen thousand Army officers on duty in Washington, less than two per cent were assigned to A.G.F. headquarters, though it had charge of about a third of the troops in the United States. (There were only eight generals on McNair's staff; more can be found at most Washington cocktail parties.) He would tell his listeners that it was up to them to see that the best possible ground army was trained. "If you're in the field and you spot a regimental commander who ought to be relieved," he would say, "do something about it." At such remarks, the warrant officers would shift nervously in their seats.

McNair's staff was not only small but had a rapid turnover. His allusion to this turnover, in his speech of welcome, made more than one officer who had just brought his family to Washington, in anticipation of a long and comfortable stay, wonder if his furniture might not arrive after he had been transferred to New Guinea. "We have no thought of getting men into the Army except to go overseas," McNair once said. He was convinced of the undesirability of keeping in Washington soldiers qualified for more active tasks. Three years ago he made one of his few bad guesses when he said that one reason for curtailing the personnel at General Headquarters, of which he was then chief of staff, was that he doubted that the city could hold another large headquarters in addition to that of the War Department. Not long afterward, the Pentagon Building opened up, providing work room for the equivalent, in numbers, of two infantry divisions.

General McNair refused to join the flow to the Pentagon, perhaps the greatest mass movement of executives since the opening of Radio City. He preferred to stay on at the Army War College, in southwest Washington, where his staff could function in relative seclusion. As a result, A.G.F. remained a fairly intimate headquarters. Even romance flourished there; two sons of one of McNair's generals married the daughters of two of his other generals. McNair also liked the War College because, for Washington, it has a rather military atmosphere. There are barracks and quarters on the post, saluting is practiced assiduously, the enlisted men march to work, the colors are paraded on Saturday, and, unlike the Pentagon, it contains no soft-drink bars. The name "Army War College," which once was applied to one large, red-brick institution of higher military learning, is now applied to the entire post. It was established in 1797, and it is perhaps the most beautiful Army post in the country, with a broad, grassy parade ground (also used as a golf course) flanked by handsome officers' and non-commissioned officers' quarters designed by Stanford White, with rows of huge elm

"Turn around!"

CROLMONDELEY COURT

The peacock, herald in the dappled park
Where ladies strolled to greet the hierarch,
The noble house, half ivy and half stone,
Where scores could gather and yet seem alone,
The lord, the guest, the punctual servitor
Who brought the bath at eight, the tea at four,
Tutors and children, youths in tennis togs,
Gamekeepers, horses, solemn-wagging dogs—
These, living once, are now but picturesque;
Forgotten diaries in a long-locked desk.
Here, where the poet walked to meet the matron
Who had induced her lord to be his patron,
The yews that made neat couplets of the border
Sprawl like free verse in metreless disorder.
Within the bell tower of the chapel, Time
Evokes no answer from the rusty chime.
No visitors regard with bated breath
The bed where slept the great Elizabeth,
Or read the masques in manuscript, whose names
Failed to outlive their lesser subject, James.
Here in this court the Master of the Rolls,
Falling to dust, crumples the crested scrolls,
While lord and lady into memory melt,
One with the Saxon, Roman, and the Celt.

—Robert Hillyer

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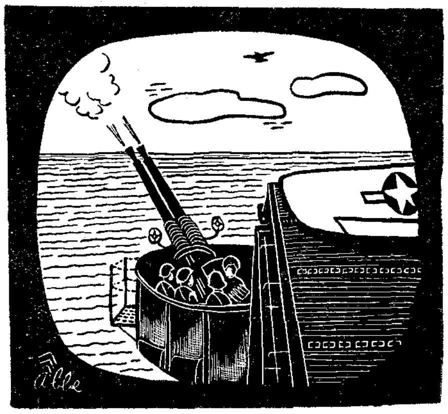
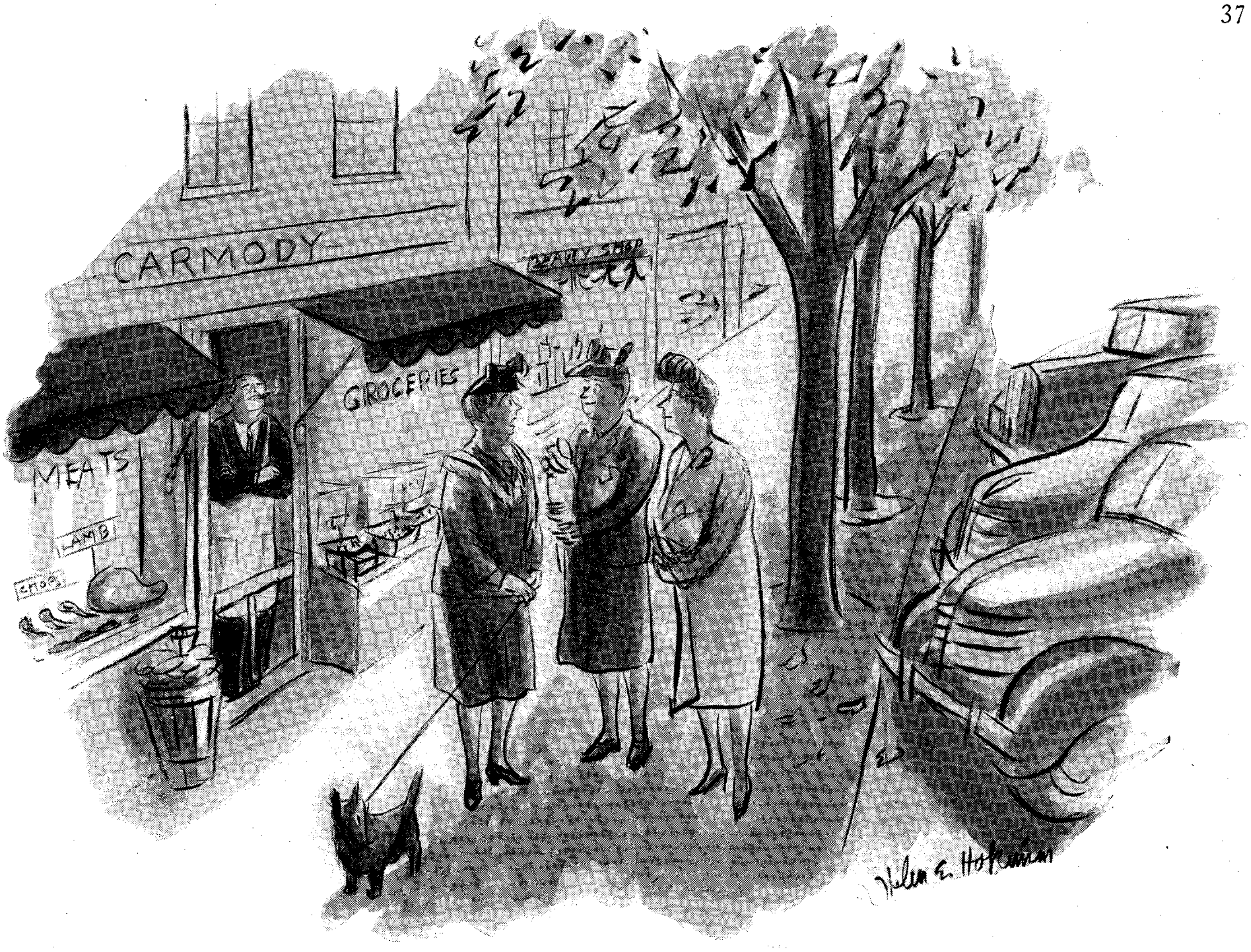
trees, tennis courts, old cannon, a floodlighted swimming pool, and a bulky statue of Frederick the Great, which was patriotically torn down during the last war and not restored to its position in front of the main college building until November, 1927. At the start of this war, some residents of Washington wanted to have the statue removed once more, but General McNair was unable to perceive that it was having a notably seditious effect upon his staff, and the statue, as well as the full-length portrait of Marshal Pétain on one of the walls of the commanding general's outer office, are still where they were.

McNair wasn't much in evidence around his headquarters, because, for one thing, he spent more than half of his time in the field, visiting the seventy-one installations in this country at which ground forces are stationed. He did nearly all his travelling in a transport plane. In four years at the War College he flew more than two hundred thousand miles. His arrival at a training camp invariably caused a good deal of scurrying by its public-relations officers and photographers, but he discouraged local commanders from organizing ceremonies in his honor and made it plain that he wished only to observe men actually in the process of training. Usually accompanied by half a dozen staff officers, the General would move through an installation at a rapid pace, and sometimes he was several hundred miles away, headed home or toward another post, before all the troops at the camp he had visited were aware that he had even arrived there. McNair was no martinet, but he was not too easily satisfied, either. On one inspection trip, he came upon some combat engineers who confessed to considerable pride in their ability to construct a particular kind of pontoon bridge in an hour flat. The General watched attentively as they performed this feat, then delivered himself of a few pointed criticisms of their technique, plus a couple of suggestions. Not long afterward the same engineers built the same kind of bridge in twenty-nine minutes. McNair displayed great curiosity while watching his men at work and frequently asked to fire new types of weapons that were brought to his attention. He was never accompanied by an aide on his inspection trips. He had no aides, appendages some generals would no more think of relinquishing than their stars. He had once had aides, but he dispensed with them a few years ago on the ground that he was able to take care of himself.

In the past couple of years, many of McNair's trips took him to ports of embarkation, to bid an unreluctant farewell to outfits he had created and nurtured. He would walk up and down past the lines of waiting soldiers, and every now and then would stop and ask a man if he felt ready for battle. "Nowadays they always say 'Yes,' " the General observed happily a few weeks before his death. It was as close as he ever came to allowing himself to pat himself even lightly on the back. With grave concern, he watched, from afar, the baptism in fire of each new division, since the actions of our ground forces overseas were the only true gauge of the success of his tutelage at home. He was elated at the exploits of our untested troops in the invasion of Normandy. "You know," he told a friend shortly after D Day, "some of those divisions went smack bang into heavy combat with no preliminaries. *We* thought they were all right, but we found great satisfaction and relief in knowing that the methods of our training system had been supported by combat results."



Before his last trip abroad, McNair had made only one first-hand investigation of combat results, when he flew to Tunisia at the start of the fighting there. He explained to the press that he had made the journey to check on certain matters about which his Ground Forces overseas observers, who continually patrol the battlefronts, had disagreed. "You get dizzy from trying to reconcile divergent views," he said. "I went there not from a sense of getting into the fray and swinging a club but from a sense of duty to these young men in training back home." On his first day at the Tunisian front, his sense of duty lured him fairly far forward in the fray, to an advanced artillery observation post, and presently a German shell whistled along and wounded him. "I miscalculated my defilade," he said apologetically some time later, after he had been flown back to this country with an Army nurse in attendance. One fragment of the shell tore through the back of his steel helmet, to which he gave credit for saving his life, cut into his head, and came to rest within a quarter of an inch of his



"I'll be so glad when I can talk up to Mr. Carmody again."

• •

brain; another ripped an eight-inch gash in his neck and right shoulder, severing an artery. He remained conscious and walked calmly to a jeep, in which he rode three miles to a field hospital, where he was operated on twice. Three days later, he hopped out of bed, a Purple Heart pinned to his chest, and flew back to this country. The press of the United States, which had almost completely ignored him in health, congratulated him profusely on his escape. Winston Churchill dispatched a solicitous cable to General Marshall, and Harry, of Harry's Liquor Store, a Washington retailer patronized by many Ground Forces officers, sent the General a bottle of rare old brandy he had been saving in his cellar for some such occasion. McNair refused to be hospitalized when he got back to the United States. Instead, he went to his quarters, where he held so many conferences that the orderly routines of both his headquarters and home were grievously upset. After a week of it, Mrs. McNair decided that life would be simpler if the General returned to full duty. General Marshall, whose permission was necessary for McNair's return to his office, first directed him to take a physical examination, which he passed with startling ease.

McNair was strongly in favor of having troops in training properly orientated by becoming accustomed to having live ammunition shot off around them. He instructed A.G.F. umpires to discontinue the traditional Army practice of keeping maneuvering men as far away as possible from all loaded weapons. An umpire now waves trainees to one side only when they are standing right in front of a loaded piece that appears to be about to go off. Altogether, McNair organized and conducted twenty-seven large-scale domestic maneuvers in five large areas. In 1941, aided by Mark Clark, then a brigadier general and his chief assistant, he supervised maneuvers in which a million and a half men participated and which cost twenty-four million dollars—by far the greatest peacetime exercises in which our Army had ever engaged. The earlier maneuvers of our civilian Army were, to the realistic McNair, rather pathetic. There were periodic armistices, everybody knew just about what was going to happen, and nobody benefited very much. After an umpire had declared a bridge demolished, the troops, instead of building a substitute one, would merely rest the length of time it should have taken to put it up and would then saunter across the "demolished" bridge. McNair stopped that. Bridges declared down, he said, would not be used again. He put into effect the principle of "free" maneuvers, in which commanders of opposing forces were given only the most general of directives and were required to solve tactical problems as they developed. He condemned such unwarlike practices as soldiers' stopping at farmhouses to get drinks of ice water and make telephone calls.

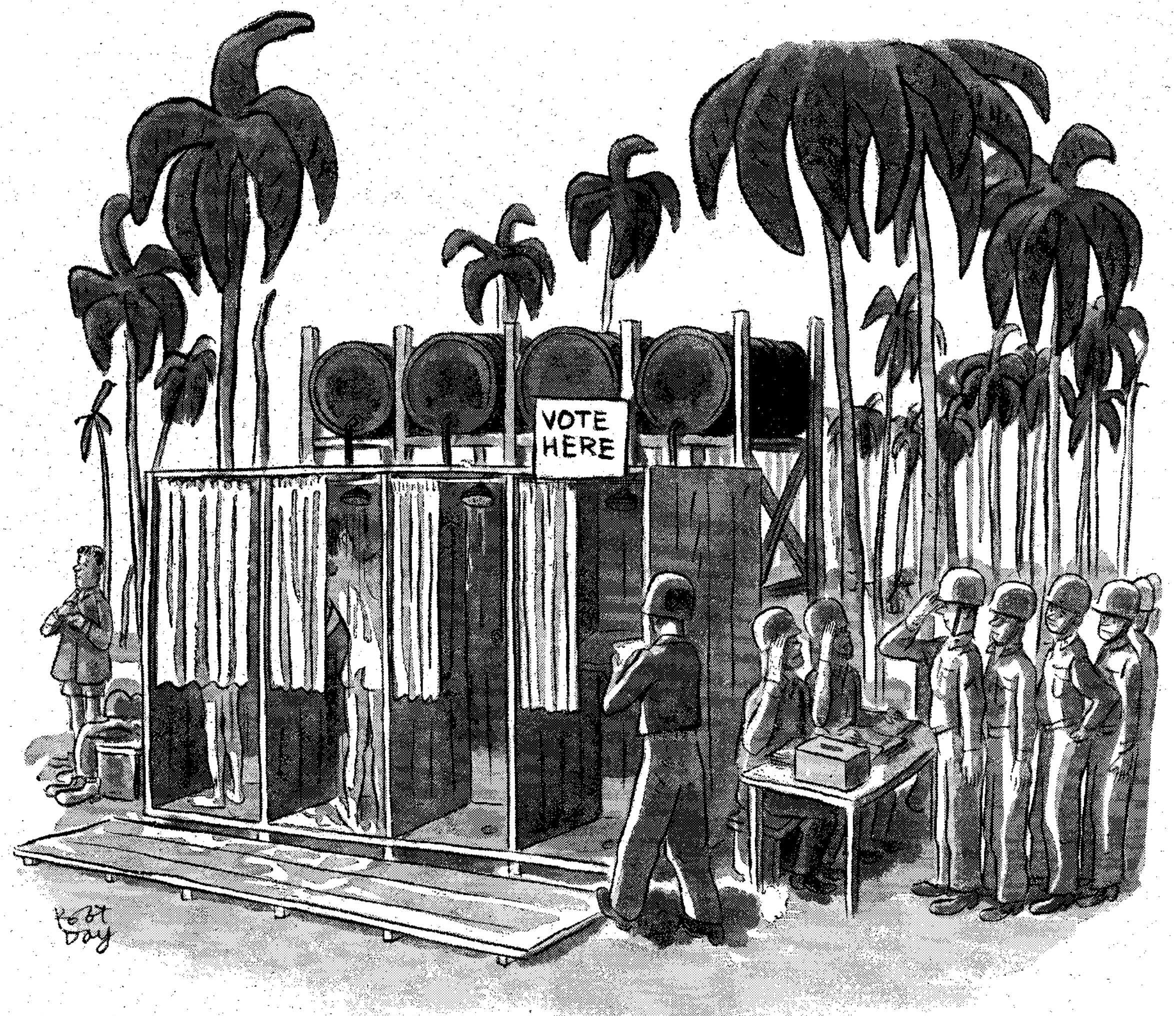
The largest maneuver area our country has ever had was the Desert

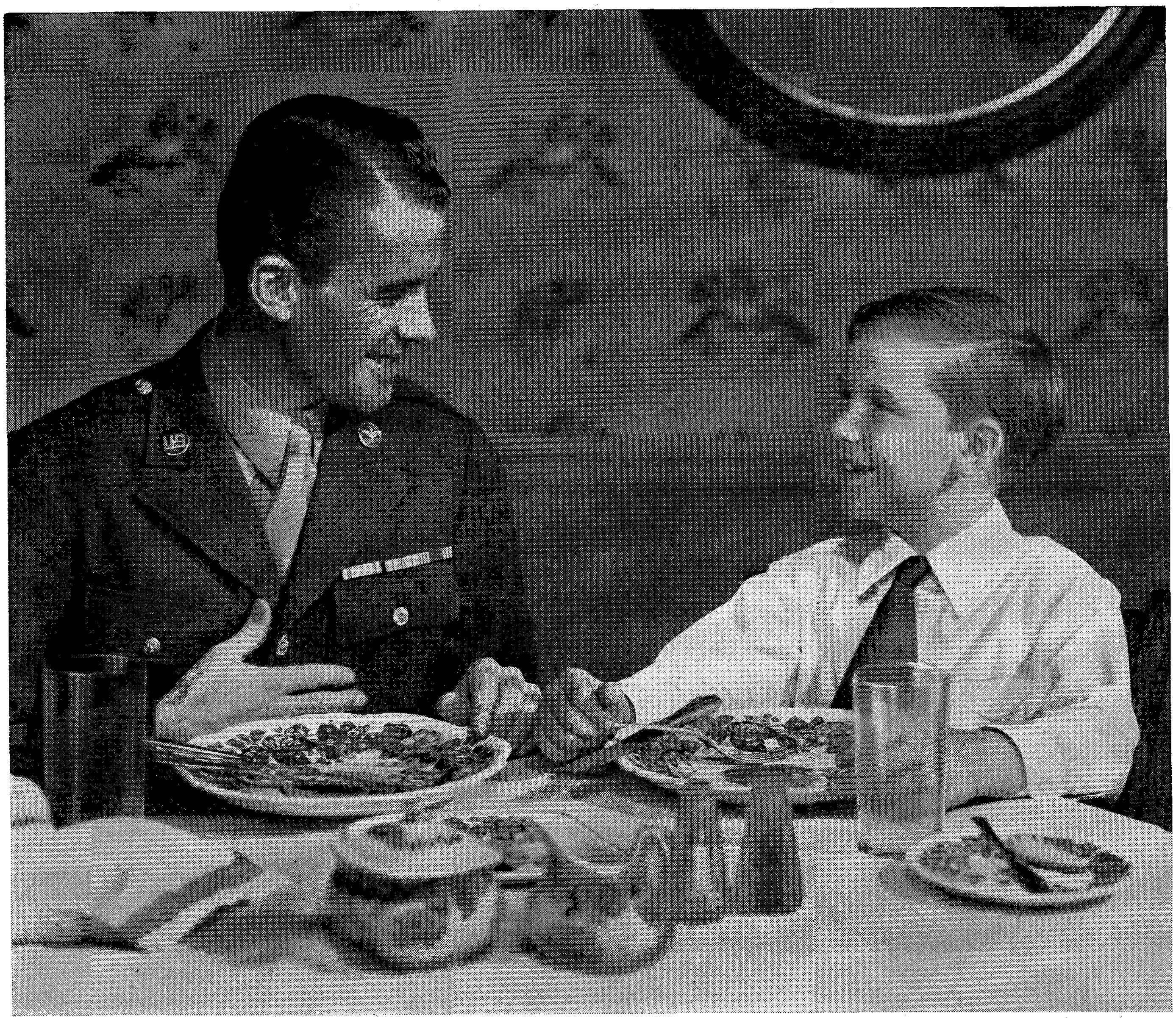
Training Center, later known as the California-Arizona Maneuver Area, covering eighteen thousand square miles, approximately the size of New Hampshire and Vermont combined. The Center was established as a proving ground for ground forces earmarked for the North African campaigns, when it was wrongly thought that desert tactics might have to be radically different from those for greener terrain, and was later converted into a gigantic experimental laboratory where, for the first time in our military history, an entire theatre of operations could be set up, complete to mobile bakeries, laundries, shoe-repair companies, and delousing units. Thus, everyone who might conceivably take part in a combat operation had a chance to train under approximately battle conditions. The area was abandoned early this year. Army officers who sometimes feel constrained by the reduced acreage allotted to them for training look back sentimentally on the Center's wide, inviting expanses of American desert. "It was wonderful," one colonel said a few weeks ago. "Why, you could put several divisions out there and let them fire their artillery in all directions at the same time and never even hit anybody's cow."

When A.G.F. was established, in 1942, the offices of the Chiefs of Cavalry, Coast Artillery, Field Artillery, and Infantry, who had supervised the separate training and schooling of men assigned to their respective arms, were abolished and their functions were bequeathed to the Ground Forces. This trend against segregation for a while rather offended old cavalrymen, who were proud of their exclusiveness and dismayed at having to associate so fraternally with pedestrians, but it delighted McNair, a firm believer in teamwork. He felt that coördinated training of the various elements of ground troops was essential for smoothness and sureness in performance, and he said just before he left A.G.F. to go to France that its most creditable accomplishment was that it had produced a well-balanced fighting force. "You cannot use men against Hitler," he once said. "You must use fighting units."

Pressure was frequently brought on McNair by other Army men to get back to more specialization in training, but he stoutly held out first for teaching everyone in the ground forces, regardless of the arm or branch of service, the same elementals of combat, then teaching everyone the fundamentals of his particular arm or branch, and finally teaching collaboration among the various types of ground forces. In 1941, writing to the commander of a division engaged in amphibious practice, McNair warned him not to concentrate on that at the expense of other training. He did not think that fighting in a jungle differed materially from fighting anywhere else. It was not so much a question, he held, of having different tactics for different types of terrain as of adapting standard tactics to all terrains. Accordingly, he discouraged all attempts to have the ground forces consist of voluminous categories of specialists. He wanted each of his soldiers to be simply a specialist in killing. "Victories are won in the forward areas," he said once in a speech, "by men with brains and fighting hearts, not by machines." From time to time, patriotic civilians, as well as inventive military men, would turn up at his headquarters with ingenious schemes of their own devising, every one guaranteed to have a profound effect on the outcome of the war. One man would put forth the notion that what we really needed to ensure immediate victory was a division of troops transported in Cub planes, and not long ago a wrestler dropped in to announce that what the Army needed most was a course in wrestling, preferably conducted by himself. McNair and his staff greeted such offers with polite but firm refusals. "Usually these people want their ideas adopted for only one reason," an A.G.F. officer recently said. "They all want to be in charge of them, as major generals."

McNair always held that the first essential of good training, "as of battle itself," was leadership. Two years ago he said in a memo, "We have verified the inevitable—that inadequately trained officers cannot train troops effectively." He was aware all along, too, that the type of army





BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Good soldiers clean their plates!

For G.I.'s or generals, the rule is the same, "Eat all you take on your plate." And here's a true story to prove it:

Not long ago, General Eisenhower found himself facing a huge mountain of pork, potatoes and spinach. A cafeteria serving woman, awed by his four stars, had given him double helpings! So the Supreme Commander of the Allied Invasion Forces, remembering his own rule, gallantly ate it all.

This simple rule has helped the Army save enormous amounts of food. *Can civilians do any less?*

The next few months will be the testing time. Food production has held up well — thanks to the fine job done all along the line from plow to plate. But because our armies and allies overseas must have *more* food, *less* will be left for us at home. There'll be *enough.* No one need go hungry. But there won't be any to *waste!*

We know something about food, here at National Dairy. We've been working for years with nature's most nearly perfect food — milk. We've made many nutritious products from it for war purposes and our laboratories will have interesting new developments for peace.

Meantime, we'd like to pledge with all America, "to be good food soldiers — to put on our plates only as much as we can eat and eat it *all!*"

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

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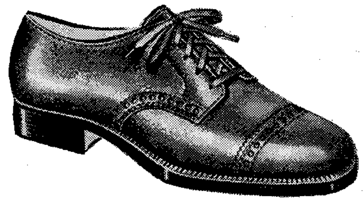
NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

Walk well!

Not only in comfort but with all the lasting smartness that can be built into good shoes. Here are two styles that we recommend with full confidence.

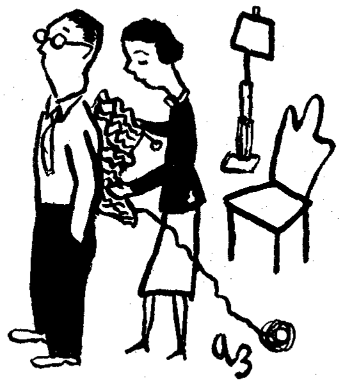
Custom Last Oxford . $16.50
Tan highland grain calfskin on custom last. Heavy sole.



Brogue Oxford . . . $14.50
Tan Clyde grain calfskin. Blucher cut. Heavy sole.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

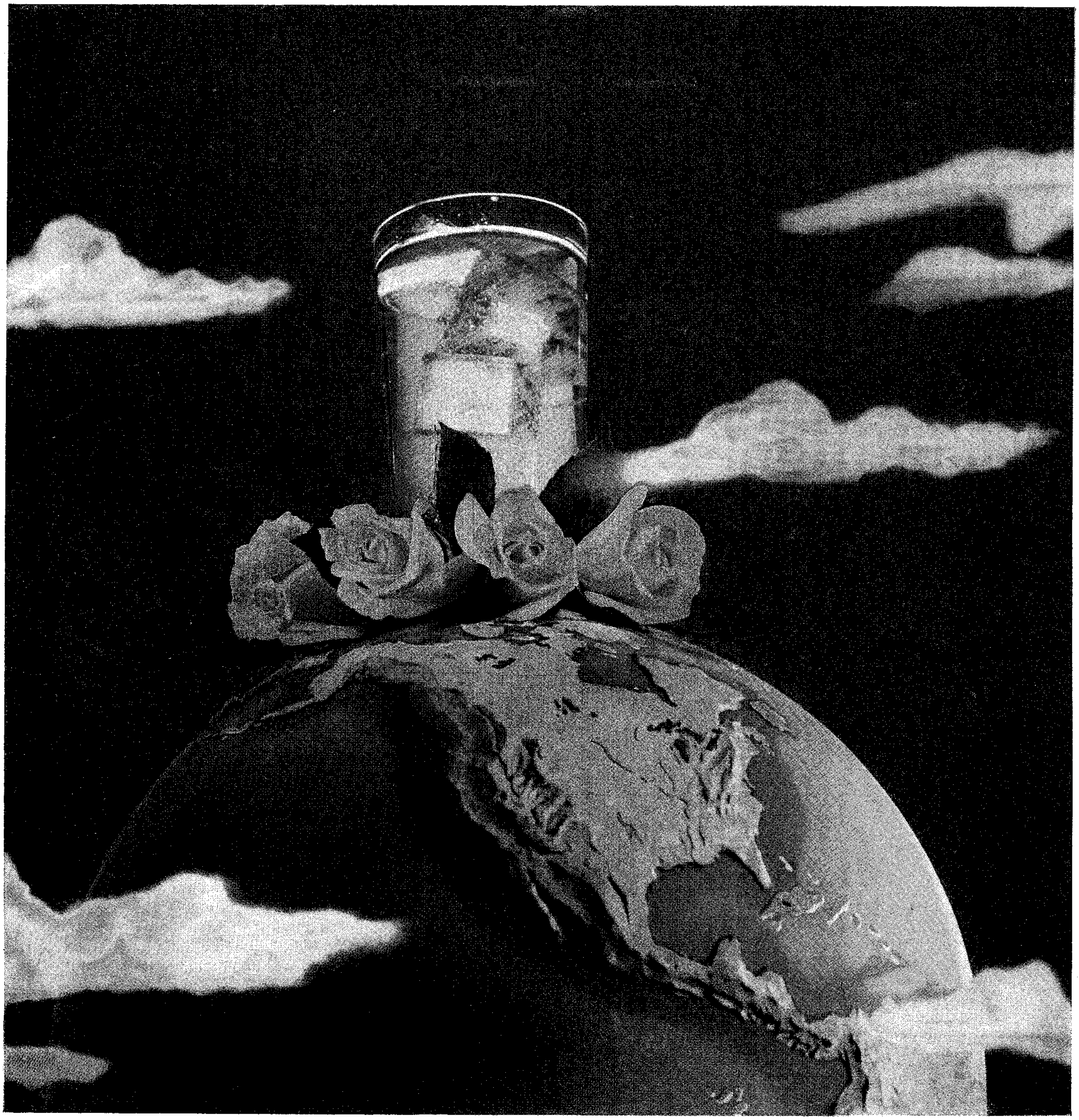
he had to train could not be handled in the brutal Prussian fashion. “The art is in leading men, not driving them,” he said, addressing one group of graduates of an officer-candidate school. “Free men respond to leading but resent driving.” To another graduating class, he said, “Even in these days of staggering figures, it is something to acquire four hundred and forty new officers at one place at one time. I should be glad to go farther for a smaller prize.” At this well-turned compliment, the new officers beamed. “However,” the General added, “lest you develop an exaggerated sense of your own indispensability, I may add that you are graduating into a corps of Army officers which numbers two hundred thousand already.”



GENERAL McNAIR was born on May 25, 1883, at Verndale, Minnesota, the son of a Scotsman who came to this country and opened a general store in the lumber country in the northwestern part of that state. McNair entered West Point at the comparatively young age of seventeen, and at his graduation stood eleventh in a class of a hundred and twenty-four. Another distinguished member of the class was General Joseph W. Stilwell, one of the most practical missionaries we have ever sent to China. McNair, who had been an excellent mathematics student, was commissioned a second lieutenant of field artillery upon graduating, in 1904, and a year later married Clare Huster, whom he had met and courted while she was staying with some friends at Cornwall-on-Hudson, which is only five miles from the Academy. Mrs. McNair, like her husband, came from a non-military family. Their one son, Douglas, who was graduated from West Point in 1929 and attained the rank of colonel, died on Guam less than two weeks after his father was killed in Normandy. He was fatally shot in a gun fight with three Japs who had been hiding in a hut near which he was about to establish a command post of the 77th Infantry Division, of which he was chief of staff.

The first thirty-five years or so of McNair’s military career were not unlike the career of most professional soldiers. He served in a great many places, including Mexico and Hawaii, received a permanent promotion on an average of once every five years, attended a number of service schools, and established himself as a smart young staff officer. Once, however, while still only a captain, he attracted considerable notice in artillery circles by leading a pack train on an eight-hundred-mile march across the Rockies and, when fourteen thousand feet up, firing a few shells, thus setting a rather special record for altitudinous shooting. Like many professional soldiers without independent means, he never accumulated the wealth which people equally influential in other fields usually amass as a by-product of success. His estate amounted to only twenty-two hundred dollars in securities and a car valued at five hundred dollars. During the last war, he reached France, a permanent major, in June of 1917, with the First Infantry Division, of which he was operations officer. Two months later, he was promoted to a temporary lieutenant-colonelcy and transferred to General Headquarters of the A.E.F., where he remained for nearly two years. His abilities as a staff officer were recognized by General Pershing, who promoted him twice, finally making him, when he was only thirty-five, a temporary brigadier general, the youngest in France, and awarded him the Distinguished Service Medal.

Even though the Army’s fortunes declined after the war, McNair remained an important figure in military life. He took a conspicuous part in several matters which, then of no interest to the country at large, later turned out to have great significance. He was an ardent champion of the tank destroyer, arguing determinedly for it at a time when many of his colleagues were sure that the only way to stop a tank was to have a bigger tank. “It doesn’t take a tank to knock out a tank,” McNair kept saying. “It takes a gun.” The Army today has plenty of tank destroyers. He was one of the pioneers in experimenting with the triangular infantry division, designed to replace the old, unwieldy square division. All our infantry divisions today are triangular, which means that they have three infantry regiments instead of the square division’s four. McNair had a good deal to do with triangular-division tests as far back as 1937, when he astonished other military men by moving one such trial division three hundred miles in a



Still up there!

If you've tasted Four Roses recently, you know it's still on top of the world. The quality of Four Roses has not been changed in the slightest. It's the same magnificent whiskey it was before the war.

And if you *haven't* tasted Four Roses lately, make it a point to ask for it at your favorite bar or package store today.

Its full, rounded flavor, and its gloriously mellow richness will tell you instantly why so many men call it America's top whiskey.

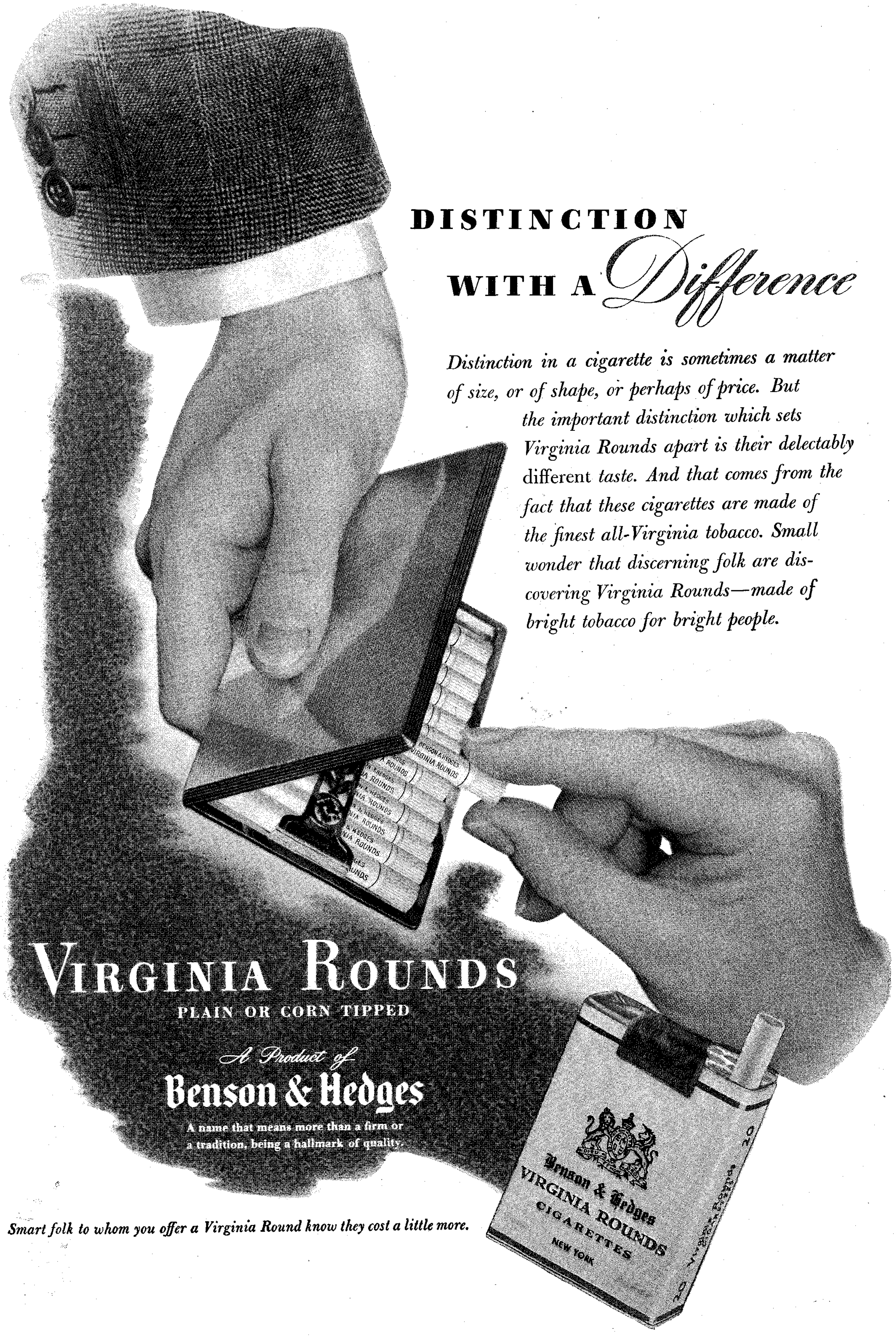
A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

DISTINCTION WITH A *Difference*

Distinction in a cigarette is sometimes a matter of size, or of shape, or perhaps of price. But the important distinction which sets Virginia Rounds apart is their delectably different taste. And that comes from the fact that these cigarettes are made of the finest all-Virginia tobacco. Small wonder that discerning folk are discovering Virginia Rounds—made of bright tobacco for bright people.


BENSON & HEDGES VIRGINIA ROUNDS
Benson & Hedges
VIRGINIA ROUNDS
CIGARETTES
NEW YORK
20

VIRGINIA ROUNDS

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED

A Product of

Benson & Hedges

A name that means more than a firm or a tradition, being a hallmark of quality.

Smart folk to whom you offer a Virginia Round know they cost a little more.

day. He also revamped the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, of which he was commandant in 1939 and 1940. His chief civilian recognition came from Purdue University, which in 1941 awarded him an honorary LL.D. Purdue, where for a time between the two World Wars he had charge of training reserve officers, cited him as an "inspiring leader of men and skillful teacher of the art of the defense of a free nation," the appropriateness of which appreciation was shortly to become evident in nonacademic circumstances.

IN Washington, the Army's leading exponent of the art of defense, not to mention offense, kept long teaching hours. He invariably got to work at eight in the morning, after a half-mile walk from his quarters, and, except for a brief luncheon, stayed in his office till six-thirty in the evening, when he packed some papers into a briefcase, went home, and settled down, after dinner, in his study to work some more. There he wrote memoranda, edited training directives, and composed his occasional speeches. His office hours were the longest of anyone at A.G.F. headquarters, where, as the clocks touch five, a homeward stampede resounds through the corridors. Most A.G.F. officers are allowed fifteen days' annual leave. McNair did not take even one Sunday off during his four years at the War College. He devoted most of his office time to consulting with a few high staff members and studying documents. He was celebrated among his fellow-officers for the brevity of his informal comments and was fond of pencilling notes on the margins of papers, such as "What think?" or "Speak of." He was distressed by any wording that did not come up to his exacting standards, and he personally rephrased many of the directives that emanated from headquarters. He enjoyed thinking of himself as a man who attended to details while others took care of the planning and scheming, a self-analysis others regarded as unduly modest for a general who spent much of his time making decisions that involved a couple of million men. He liked telephoning, and he did most of his conferring with Generals Arnold and Somervell on the phone. When the Army was largely in the training stage, he saw General Marshall several times a week. When the Army's activities became principally operational, they met less frequently. The two generals had known each other since they were in France during the last war with

LISTEN: OCTOBER 21, 1944

That old refrain you heard the other Tuesday night on CBS' *Salute to China* was a Buddhist chant sung by Chih Meng, 76th in the line of direct descent from Mencius, or Mang-tsze, a 3rd Century disciple of Confucius. In honoring his ancestor, Chih Meng sang one of the world's oldest liturgies.

The program celebrated, to the day, the 33rd birthday of the founding of the Chinese Republic and brought before the CBS microphone a gifted young Chinese-American soprano, Donaldina Lew. Not long ago Miss Lew walked unheralded into a CBS singing audition and captivated her examiners. You'll hear more of her before you'll hear less, and, incidentally, you'll hear some remarkable Chinese music if you keep tuned to CBS sustaining musical programs.

★

Do you know:

Why the floor of a radio studio "floats" on felt pads?

Why a dog can hear sounds that you can't?

Why a radio tower must be a certain height to broadcast on a specific wave length?

Why the ionosphere is to the radio wave as the table cushion is to the pool ball, and that a good engineer can multibank his wave into the right pocket every time?

Why a sound effects man sometimes ducks his head into a pail of water and calls for help?

Why a television camera seems to make a standing-still train move?

These and hundreds of other items about radio and television come clean in Kingdon Tyler's new book *Modern Radio.* Tyler is a CBS engineer. He's now written in his spare time *the* model handbook on technical broadcasting. On the job itself he's invented and designed a great many of radio's newest devices, as well as a gadget for controlling ice conditions on airplanes.

So the thing to do is run (not walk) to Harcourt, Brace & Co. (or any convenient bookstore) and pick up a copy. You'll be a richer man for it; Tyler, will too.

★

Bob Hawk opens the door to the express man and in came 73 portions of ice cream, the tribute of a Uniontown (Pa.) ice cream company to his interview program *Thanks to the Yanks* (CBS, Mondays, 7:30 p.m. EWT). Hawk had matched jokes with Navy *Radioman,* first class, Johnny McMullen, veteran of the Sicily and Salerno invasions, former drug store soda jerk and employee of the Uniontown ice cream concern. The jokes were all about ice cream. McMullen said he had been fired by the drug store because every day he'd give his kid brother a banana split and a check for a coke. Uniontown folks who tuned in on WMBS (the CBS affiliate) got so excited about the program that the local paper put the story on the front page.

The message on top of the ice cream said: "We are sending...two cartons of ice cream packed in dry ice. The larger carton will contain 72 portions of ice cream for members of the *Thanks to the Yanks* program. The smaller carton contains ice cream for the Bob Hawk family ...We are sending Jack McMullen some ice cream which we know he will enjoy eating as he did when he worked for us."

Radio generates friendliness in lots of ways...

★

According to the National Education Association:

More than 60% of Americans 25 years old and over haven't completed the first year of high school.

More than 25% never get beyond the Sixth Grade; their total number exceeds the population of 29 states.

Half the voting population have not finished the Eighth Grade.

That stresses again the importance of the job being done by CBS *American School of the Air* to educate for responsible citizenship, and to supplement the work of America's schools and colleges.

★

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTIONS
MAE WEST
IN PERSON
Catherine was Great
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
ROYALE THEATRE, 45th St. West of Broadway
Every Eve. (ex. Mon.) 8:40: Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:40

BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
Book by
HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S.J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH
Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46TH ST. Theatre, West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"Hilarious, Irresistible."
—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with SIDNEY BLACKMER - LOIS WILSON
PLYMOUTH Theatre, 45th St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday at 2:40

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"
Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH
BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with ONSLOW STEVENS
2nd YEAR!
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

"Most important American comedy-drama in 20 years."—*RASCOE, World-Telegram*
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD, 47 St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9056
Eves. 8:40. Matinees WED. & SAT. 2:40

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

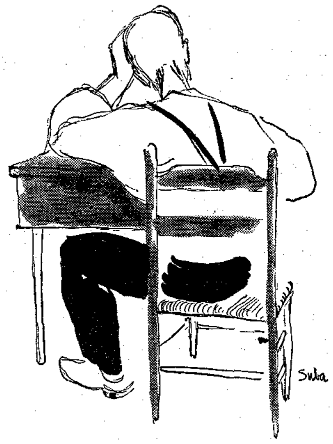
"A gay comedy has come to town."
—*Barnes, Her. Trib.*
MAX GORDON presents The Hilarious Comedy Hit
WHILE THE SUN SHINES
by TERENCE RATTIGAN
with MELVILLE COOPER
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

the First Division—nearly all Regular Army officers of many years' service are acquainted—and occasionally went horseback riding together before this war. Last fall, when it was rumored that Marshall would become Supreme Commander of the A.E.F. in Europe, McNair was often mentioned as his logical successor as the Army's Chief of Staff. These rumors persisted until it was announced that General Eisenhower would get the post abroad and that General Marshall would stay where he was. General McNair stayed where he was, too. When he finally went abroad for an assignment the nature of which has not yet been officially disclosed by the War Department—correspondents in London have, however, been permitted by the censors to say that he was to have had command of all American field forces in France—his appointment was a surprise to almost all military men except those who profess never to be surprised by anything.

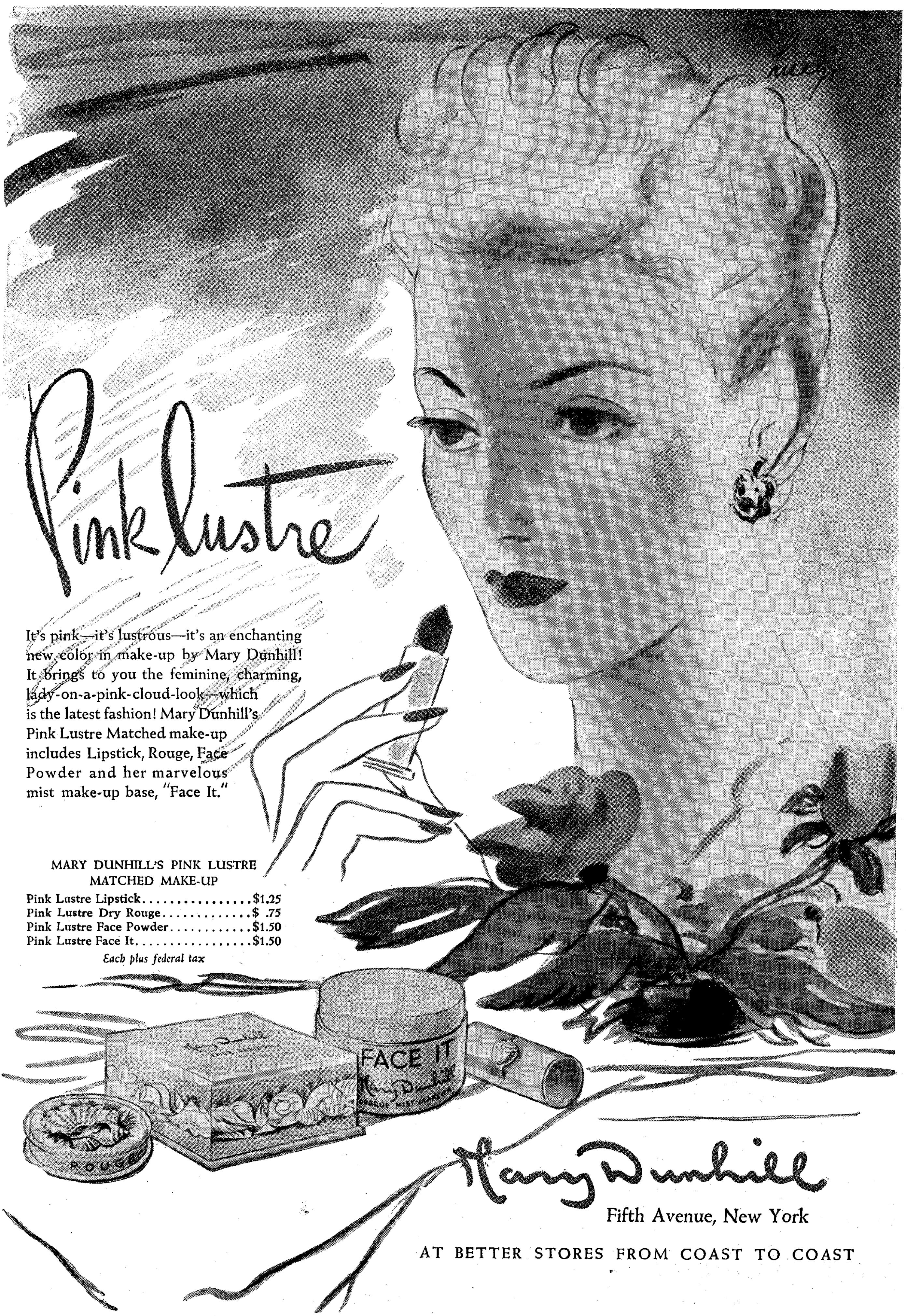
Mrs. McNair, a slight, energetic lady who complemented her husband's diligence by working at the Personal Affairs Division of the War Department General Staff, at the Red Cross, and at the Washington Stage Door Canteen, and occasionally engaging in some additional activity, such as selling bonds or broadcasting a plea for blood donations or christening a troopship, enjoyed riding as much as her husband did. Before we entered the war, they followed the hunts together, and kept their horses at Fort Myer, in Virginia, across the Potomac from the District of Columbia. McNair was always an enthusiastic carpenter, and during his boyhood he constructed a series of elaborate playhouses in the back yard of his parents' house in Minnesota. He built himself the wooden stand on which the typewriter in his study at home stood. His published works include "Artillery Ammunition and Fuses," written in 1920, which has enjoyed success in its limited field. (Since his death, artillerymen have honored him by naming the administration building of the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, the Lesley J. McNair Hall.) He practically never went out at night. On one of Prime Minister Churchill's trips to this country, the visiting party and a group of prominent Americans were to leave Washington one evening on a special train to inspect troops at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. General Marshall invited General McNair to go along. McNair horrified his wife by declining to board the train and join the festivities on it, explaining that he could get in a night's work, arise at dawn, and fly South to meet the party at its destination.

McNair regulated his life strictly. He was an inveterate pipe smoker until three and a half years ago, when, without saying anything to anyone about it, he stopped, just because he didn't want the habit to get the better of him. He never smoked again. The only relaxation he would permit himself in Washington was a Sunday-morning round of golf. He had played on and off for years, but he took up the game in earnest shortly after his evacuation from Tunisia, when his chief of staff, Major General James G. Christiansen, proposed an outing. McNair decided that it might be good for his healing shoulder. He felt so fine afterward that, except when he was on a trip of inspection, he hardly missed a Sunday, usually playing with General Christiansen and a couple of other generals.

The McNairs lived in a stately, colonnaded house on the edge of the combined parade ground and golf course at the War College. In front of the house was a bandstand, which distinguished it from similar quarters belonging to mere one- and two-star generals. Their home was furnished with a great many Oriental tapestries, which they had been buying for years, partly because hangings are portable, an important consideration in a peripatetic Army life. Now and then the General, who liked to dance, would drop in at a Saturday-night function at the War College officers' club. One evening two years ago, when he walked into the building, he came upon a large oil portrait of himself hung conspicuously in the drawing room. He requested that it be removed at once. "They can put it up when I'm dead if they want to," he said. The portrait is back on the wall again.



DURING an era in which the American citizenry outdid itself both in ennobling its martial leaders and in wanting to hear speeches by practically anyone who could sip a glass of



It's pink—it's lustrous—it's an enchanting new color in make-up by Mary Dunhill! It brings to you the feminine, charming, lady-on-a-pink-cloud-look—which is the latest fashion! Mary Dunhill's Pink Lustre Matched make-up includes Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder and her marvelous mist make-up base, "Face It."

MARY DUNHILL'S PINK LUSTRE
MATCHED MAKE-UP

Pink Lustre Lipstick	$1.25
Pink Lustre Dry Rouge	$ .75
Pink Lustre Face Powder	$1.50
Pink Lustre Face It	$1.50

Each plus federal tax

Mary Dunhill
Fifth Avenue, New York

AT BETTER STORES FROM COAST TO COAST

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE NOW to NOV. 5
S. HUROK'S
Fall Victory Season
RUSSIAN BALLET
BY THE Ballet Theatre
TICKETS NOW FOR ALL PERF.
Eves. $1.20 to $4.20. Mats. October 21, 22, 28, 29, Nov. 4, 5, $1.20 to $3.00 (tax incl.) Mail orders filled
2000 SEATS $1 to 1.50 (plus tax) AT ALL PERFS.

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret Elliott
SULLAVAN & NUGENT
in
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with
AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

"No. 1 on the Hit Parade." Winchell, Mirror
EDWIN LESTER presents
The new operetta triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. Evgs 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
IN
The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT — 2nd YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS • Royal BEAL
BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ROSE FRANKEN'S New Comedy
"SOLDIER'S WIFE
is this Season's
Voice of the Turtle"
COLEMAN, Mirror
GOLDEN Theatre, 45th St. W. of B'way.

"THRILLS, LAUGHS, SUSPENSE, EXCITEMENT." Rascoe, World-Tel.
10
AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
Mystery Comedy
LITTLE INDIANS
BROADHURST THEA. • W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

water without spilling it down his front, it was inevitable that a general of McNair's stature should be called upon from time to time to make an address. He did not like speaking to large, civilian crowds, and he turned down bids to talk to women's societies, Rotary Clubs, and the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. He could be prevailed upon to make a speech anywhere only when he was convinced that such a move would serve some military purpose. Once, asked why he felt that way, he replied, "I would rather listen to someone else." He was, as it happened, an accomplished speaker.

Whenever McNair made a speech, the words his audience heard were his own. Unlike some generals, to whom it would never occur to compose their published or spoken works, McNair had no use for ghost writers, especially the ones who feel that anything to be credited to a general must average at least a syllable more per word than something credited to a colonel. McNair indicated his stand on the matter when he was drafted to take General Marshall's place as a speaker on Christmas Eve of 1941, when the Chief of Staff was too occupied with the grave situation in the Philippines to spread Yuletide cheer, or even, as would have been more fitting on that particular holiday, Yuletide alarm. McNair filled in for him over the radio. A military ghost, called in by someone on McNair's staff to give McNair a helping hand he did not need, whipped up a flowery oration. It began, "The spirit of Christmas Eve softly rests upon the nation. Our enemies in their mad lust for power have rejected both the spirit and beauty of Christmas. In their hearts, this beauty has been warped and twisted by the fires of hatred and aggression, to be remolded into a fantastic belief that they were destined to conquer and enslave the entire world to supplant the Divine Power which created this world." McNair took this mouthful home and studied it thoughtfully. Then he laid it aside and began pecking at his typewriter. When he went on the air, he had a slightly less elaborate introduction. It began, "General Marshall had intended to speak to the Army this evening, but has been prevented from being here by his official duties."

General McNair's death was publicly announced at 1 P.M. on July 27th. Just before lunch that day, Mrs. McNair, who had celebrated her thirty-ninth wedding anniversary with the General shortly before he left the country, was sitting at the War College officers' club, rolling bandages for the Red Cross. The wife of an A.G.F. general came in, sat down next to her, and talked to her for a moment; then they went out together. Two days later a colonel in Walter Reed General Hospital in Washington, where he was recuperating from a leg wound received in Normandy, was surprised to receive a basket of fruit from Mrs. McNair, and a note which made no mention of her loss but merely said how sorry she was to hear that he had been hurt. Even after the shock of losing both her husband and her only son within a fortnight, Mrs. McNair maintained her composure and was able to handle many of the arrangements herself for moving out of her home at the War College. She is now living in a small apartment in Washington.

The General died as he had been taught at West Point, forty years before, he might logically expect to die. "His presence on the firing line with the leading element in the great assault which has just been launched on the American front in Normandy," General Marshall said in a tribute to him after his death, "was indicative of his aggressive and fearless spirit and should be an inspiring example to the forces of our great ground army which he organized and trained." He was buried in an American military cemetery near St. Lô, and one of his dogtags is tied, in the customary fashion, to the standard and otherwise unmarked white wooden cross. Mrs. McNair contributed what might serve as a fitting epitaph when, in answering a friend's note of condolence, she said, "He never asked a soldier to do what he would not do." McNair lived long enough to see the citizens whom he had shaped into soldiers prove themselves. He never got the chance to lead them into battle, but before he died he saw that they were ready for the final drive toward which all his efforts had been directed. He must have known that their victory, and his, was not too many months away.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

(This is the second of two articles on General McNair.)

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[From an advertisement in Fortune]

She listened . . . almost unbelieving . . . as a great symphonic orchestra painted a mighty panorama of sound. All too soon, it seemed, the needle reached its final groove. And, as the last brilliant notes still echoed, the automatic record-changer deftly took charge.

THIS is what big boys and girls were made for . . .

Blum's
originals
Fruit Cake
dates
Fruit Cake
Hey'ya Blum-derful
Coffeeteens and cinnamon bumps
Glace Fruit
Li'l Darkies

BLUM'S FRUIT CAKE for fifty years acclaimed the world's finest by connoisseurs. *In 1944, finer than ever!* Individually boxed and gift-wrapped. 1, 2, 3 and 5 pound sizes. $1.50 per pound.

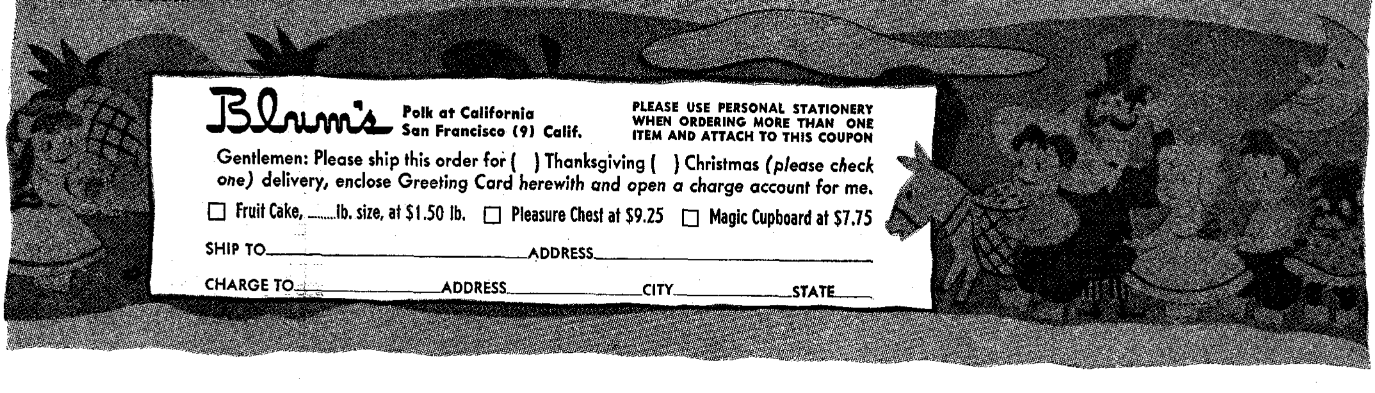
Because of war-time conditions, our usually varied Gift-selections are limited this season to our famous Fruit Cake, an out-of-this-world "Magic Cupboard" and "Pleasure Chest." Latter includes most of Blum's "originals" . . . our incomparable Almondettes, Chocolate Specials, Coffeeteens, Li'l Darkies, Cinnamon Bumps . . . an assortment of America's finest Glace Fruits and the second crop in 17 years of "Deglet Noors," *the world's most delicious Fresh Date.* For Thanksgiving and Christmas, the gift in exquisite taste comes from

Blum's SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

*PLEASURE CHEST, an outstanding value in America's Most Distinguished Confections—Chocolates, Dates, Glace Fruits, Famous Fours, Fruit Cake (as illustrated), shipping weight 8 lbs., **$9.25.**

*MAGIC CUPBOARD—Chocolates, Caramels, Glace Fruits, Salted Nuts, Dates, Fruit Cake, Famous Fours, shipping weight 6 lbs., **$7.75.**

*Postage slightly extra. BLUM'S prepays shipping charges on orders sent to America's armed forces in the United States.



Blum's Polk at California
San Francisco (9) Calif.

PLEASE USE PERSONAL STATIONERY WHEN ORDERING MORE THAN ONE ITEM AND ATTACH TO THIS COUPON

Gentlemen: Please ship this order for ( ) Thanksgiving ( ) Christmas *(please check one)* delivery, *enclose Greeting Card herewith and open a charge account for me.*

☐ Fruit Cake, ...lb. size, at $1.50 lb. ☐ Pleasure Chest at $9.25 ☐ Magic Cupboard at $7.75

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Timeless is our Young-Timers Reefer
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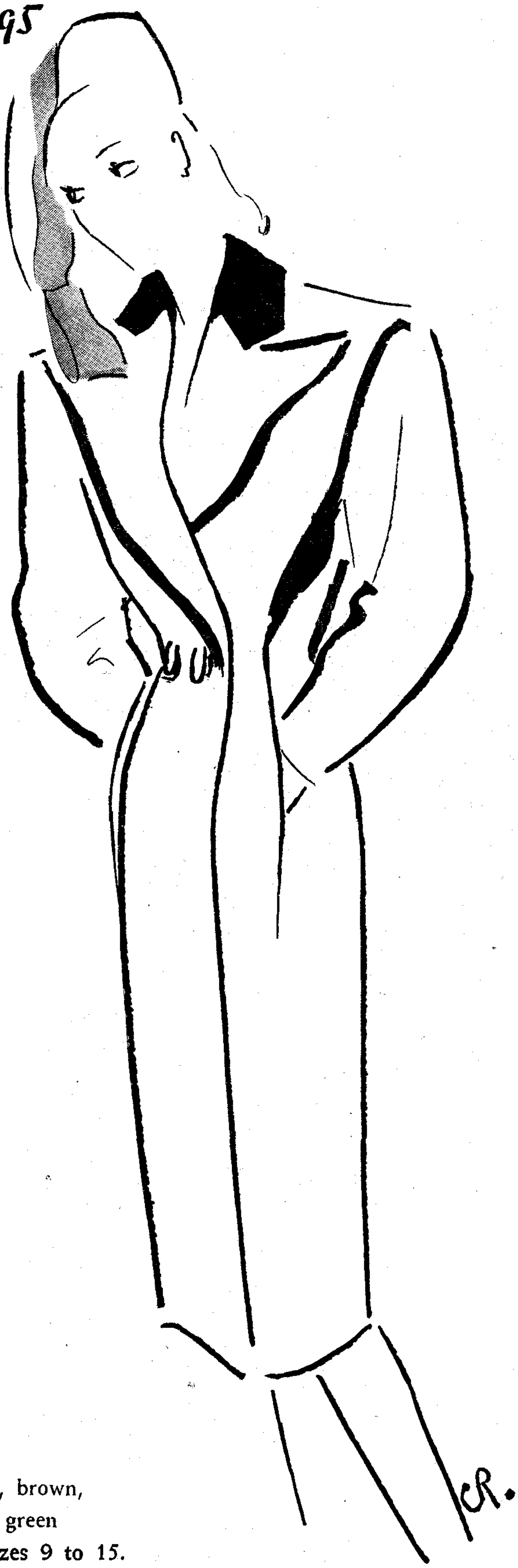

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OF ALL THINGS

THE German Army's new, short interior lines of communication are making things easy for the Nazi high command. It is now no problem at all for it to shift a few divisions out of the frying pan and drop them into the fire.

•

Records found in Paris reveal that $700,000 worth of Persian rugs were bought for Adolf Hitler. We assume that the Führer is using them for decoration, not for mastication.

•

The President says that he has no plans for a meeting with Churchill and Stalin this year. Whether he ever meets them again professionally will, of course, depend upon certain current events.

•

Reports indicate that registration is at or near a record high in many cities. There is reason to hope that the forces of General Apathy are in for a bad beating at this election.

•

Clare Luce declares that history will never forgive Roosevelt for getting us into the war. It would be just like the New Deal to try now to make history believe that the Japs and Germans were the villains of the piece.

•

The New York Children's Aid Society is happy to report that most boys and girls who had summer jobs returned to school with great zest. After a few months of farm work, a kid is only too glad to sit down.

•

According to the *Tribune*, the farmers of North Dakota are rolling in money and are strong for Dewey. That is what Roosevelt gets for giving the toiling masses a new deal.

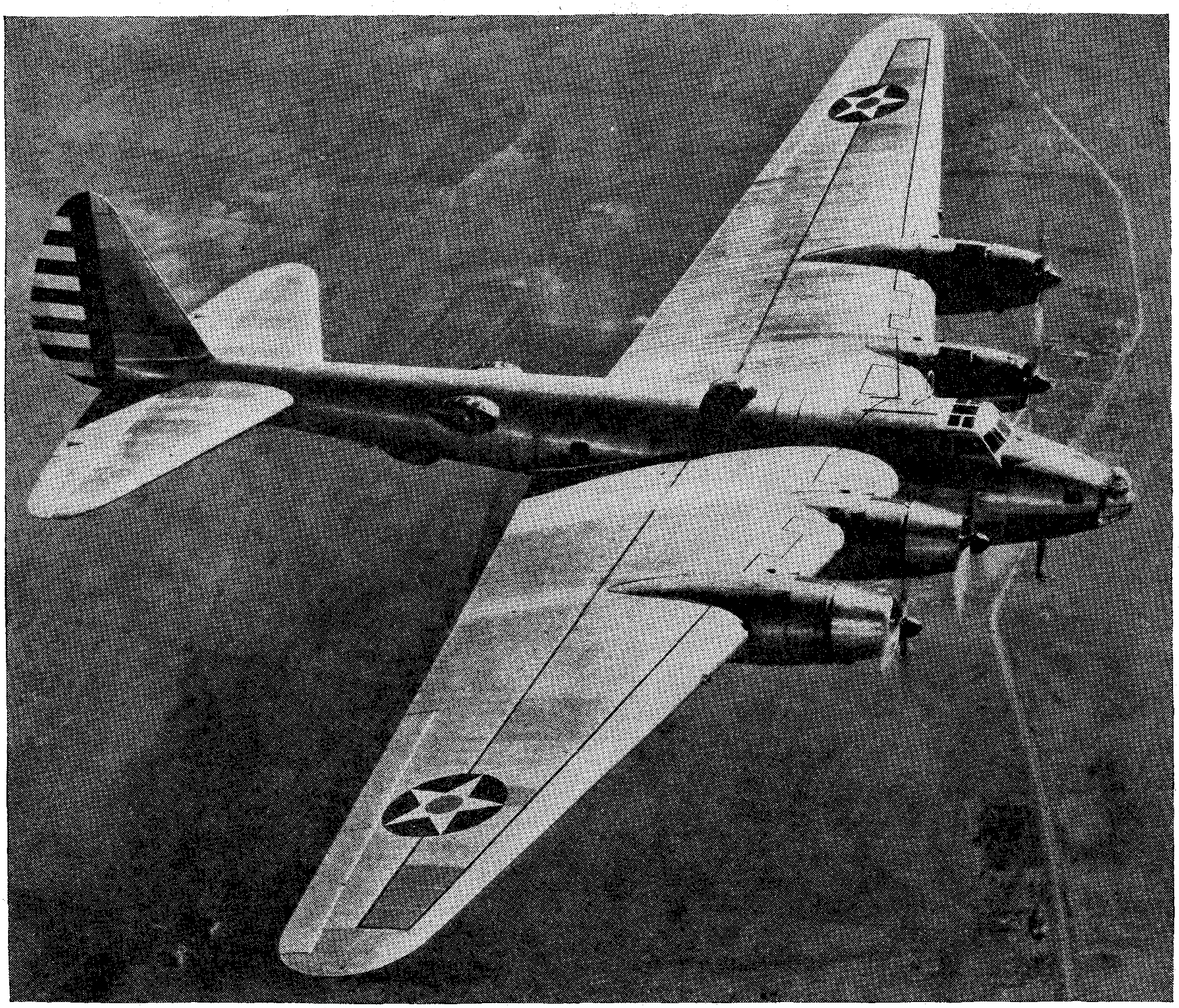
•

Maxwell Anderson has suggested that the sixteen American Berlins change their names to Distomo, but so far he has had no takers. The residents of these places do not seem to care for outlandish foreign names.

•

John Foster Dulles says that if Roosevelt is reëlected most Republican senators probably will refuse to coöperate in the formation of a world peace league. It is not that they hate war less but that they hate Roosevelt more.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



Boeing B-15 . . . first of the Superbombers

"Grandpappy"

Today's history-making bomber is the Boeing B-29 Superfortress. But there is another huge plane still in service that years ago laid the groundwork for the B-29. It is the one airplane never spoken of in the feminine gender: "Grandpappy," they call the Boeing B-15 . . . *first of the superbombers.*

Even by today's standards, "Grandpappy's" long range and load-carrying ability were phenomenal. But back in 1937, when he made his test flights, the most powerful engines available gave him a top speed of only 200 miles an hour. So he was passed by in favor of the lighter, swifter Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress, then undergoing tests.

Though never in combat, "Grandpappy" has led an adventurous life. In 1939 the huge plane carried serum to earthquake victims in Chile, covering 3000 miles non-stop on the return trip. Today, thundering over the Caribbean, he's flying 15-ton cargoes to Army bases. He can go out for 24 hours at a stretch without landing to refuel.

The walls of his crew's living quarters are covered with thousands of autographs scrawled by generals, admirals, senators and buck privates.

But "Grandpappy's" greatest satisfaction is in knowing he helped make possible the building of the great Boeing B-29 Superfortress.

For more than any other aircraft manufacturer, Boeing has pioneered in the problems of long-range bombardment through development of the B-15 and B-17. In addition to this, the Stratoliners and Transocean Clippers have given Boeing unequaled experience in 4-engine aircraft, making it the company which could design, produce in quantity and get into action during wartime the world's greatest bombing weapon — the Boeing B-29 Superfortress.

Tomorrow, as today, Boeing principles of research, design, engineering and manufacture will be an assurance that any product . . . "Built by Boeing" . . . is bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Hearts and Finance

THE heroine of "Mrs. Parkington" is working in a boarding house in a Western mining town when in walks Major Augustus Parkington, popular, up-and-coming young robber baron. His silver mine, which he jovially concedes to be unsafe, blows up with the girl's mother in it, and several days elapse before shock ripens into love and gratitude and she marries him. The newlyweds then hop the iron horse for New York, where they set to work founding a dynasty in a Louvre-type cottage handy to Wall Street. As interpreted by Hollywood from the *Cosmopolitan*-serial English of Louis Bromfield, the Major is ruthless but cute. When he draws up a list of fifty financiers with bad manners whom he proposes to drive to suicide, his wife cannot bring herself to blame him, though she does persuade him to cut down somewhat on a program which is clearly too rich for even the Major's blood. Meanwhile, the dynasty grows, and this—as the film's authors, and Mr. Bromfield before them, have taken care to point out—is where the Parkingtons make their mistake. No good comes of dynasties. The children and grandchildren of a rugged individualist, inheriting the scratch instead of getting out there and hustling it for themselves the hard way, with an excitable mine or two, become selfish, corrupt, and evil. The heirs of the Parkingtons are all of that. You would back any one of them against a hydrophobic ferret, best two bites out of three. The picture enjoys a rich and plushy mounting and is full of nice period touches. Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon are skillfully disarming in the leading rôles, especially Mr. Pidgeon.

I SAW "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" at the height of the 1944 Sinatra riots at the Paramount. These were good riots as riots go, cleaner than the Haymarket affair or the storming of the Bastille and more dignified than the Sinatra riots of '43. Still, they tended to leave a critic a little hazy about the film which spaced Sinatra's concerts. Wearing saddle shoes and carrying a lunch pail, by way of camouflage, you felt pretty safe once you had ditched your cigar and got inside the enemy lines, but there were moments when the cries from the first twenty rows, reminiscent of a party of Iroquois putting an Algonquin village to the torch, sent your heart skipping into your throat. The picture, as I remember, is a pleasant one, and it was adapted from the pleasant book by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough. Two young and pretty girls (the Misses Skinner and Kimbrough), played by Gail Russell and Diana Lynn, go to London and Paris on their summer vacation in 1923. The mood is light and nostalgic, the girls are nitwitted enough to get into many jams, of a wholesome nature, and I'd say that all in all "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay" will give you your money's worth if you stalk it to some quiet rendezvous far from the madding stage show. Incidentally, it's a lie that Sinatra fans sleep through the picture. During the early part of the day, at least, they just sit back and take each other's pulse.

SOME folks who have seen "Laura" contend that it is more than an ordinary detective or mystery film. They say it has overtones of social satire, the object of same being New York café life. I mention this theory for the record, but my own apologetic belief is that "Laura's" background and characters are no more true or significant than those of most detective pictures and rather less interesting than those of several I recall. It is unusual and briefly stimulating to hear Clifton Webb's smooth delivery of acid lines of the kind associated with the late Alexander Woollcott, but these particular lines would have been discarded by Woollcott as soon as he thought of them. As for the rest of the dialogue, the detective is asked at one point, "Whom do you suspect?" "I suspect nobody and everybody," he replies. At these words, I shot a swift, searching look at the fellow's face to see if he was kidding, but he wasn't, and that's about the size of it.

—JOHN LARDNER

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Fulton Lewis, Jr., in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer*]

All of the 100 federal judges appointed before Mr. Roosevelt came into office now are at least 12 years older than they were when appointed.

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SINCE 1661 when Jamaica's parliament passed its first measure regulating the quality of its Rums, there has never been any compromise where quality is concerned. Today, when demand far exceeds supply and temptations to "cut corners" are great, this rigid centralized control is still effective—still complete assurance that Jamaica Rums, regardless of brand or type, remain the same smooth, mellow favourites that have established their preeminent position as the world's finest. So, when rum is called for, call for

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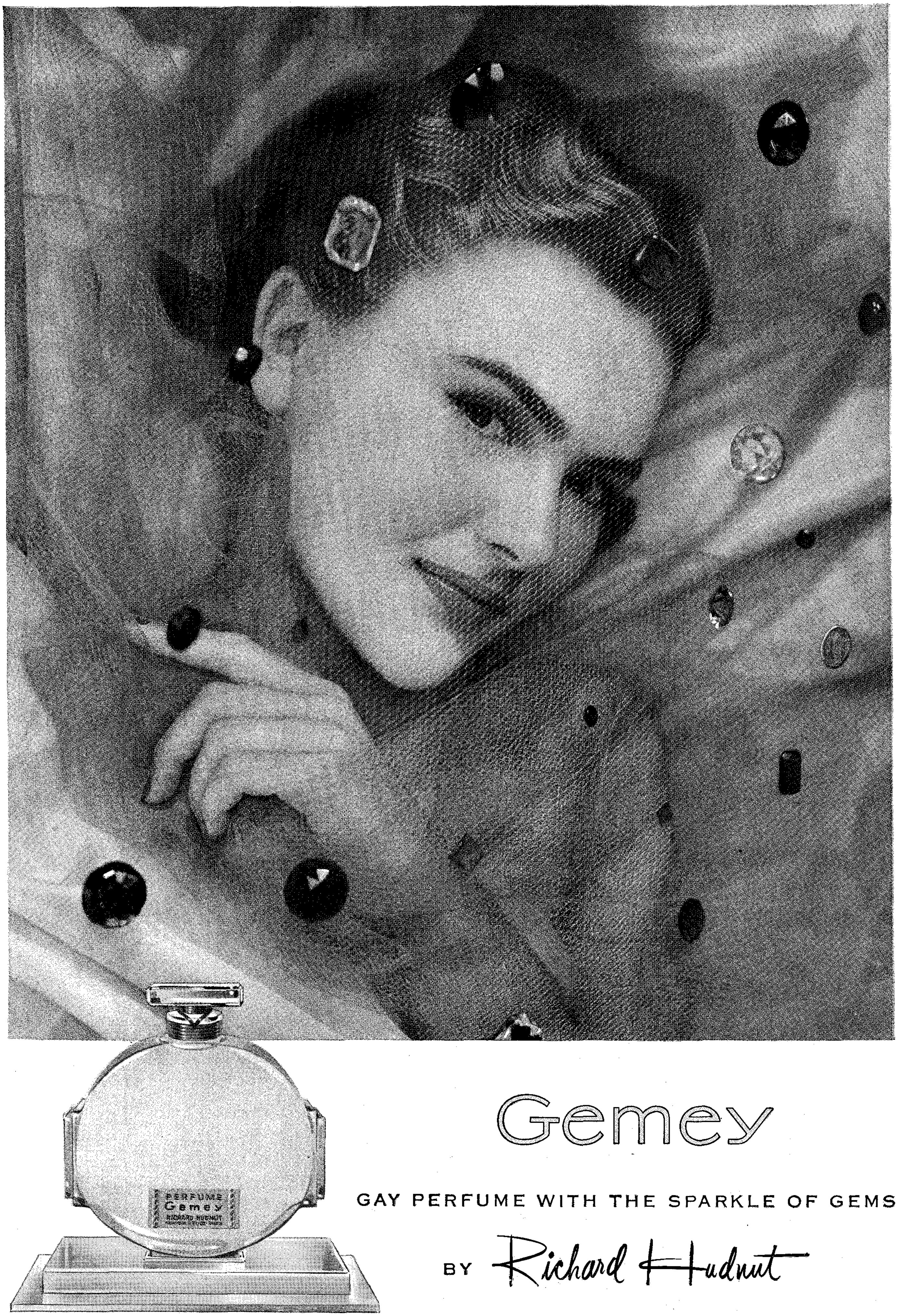
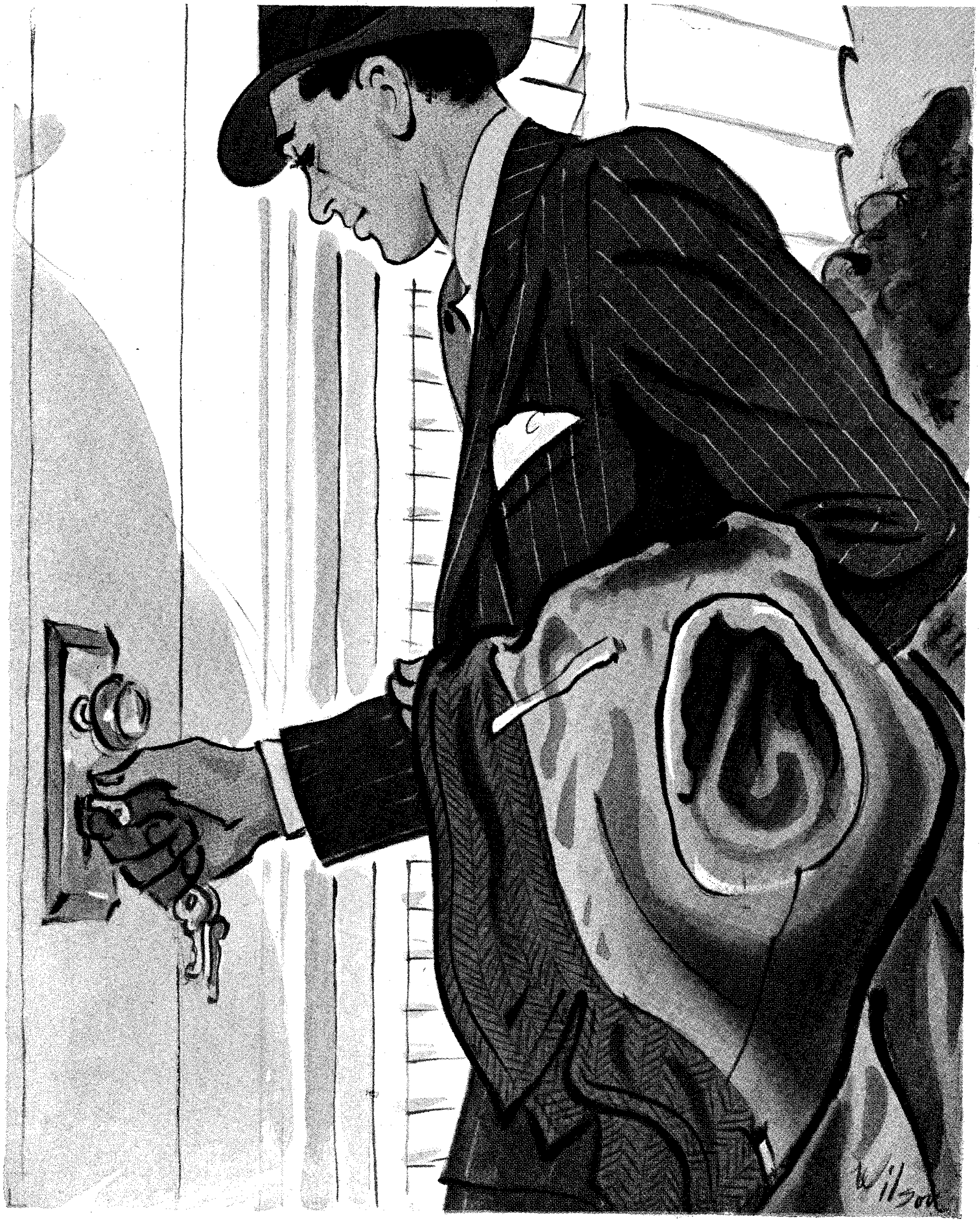

PERFUME
Gemey
RICHARD HUDNUT

Gemey

GAY PERFUME WITH THE SPARKLE OF GEMS

BY Richard Hudnut



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MEN'S WEAR LININGS OF ALL-SYNTHETIC YARN

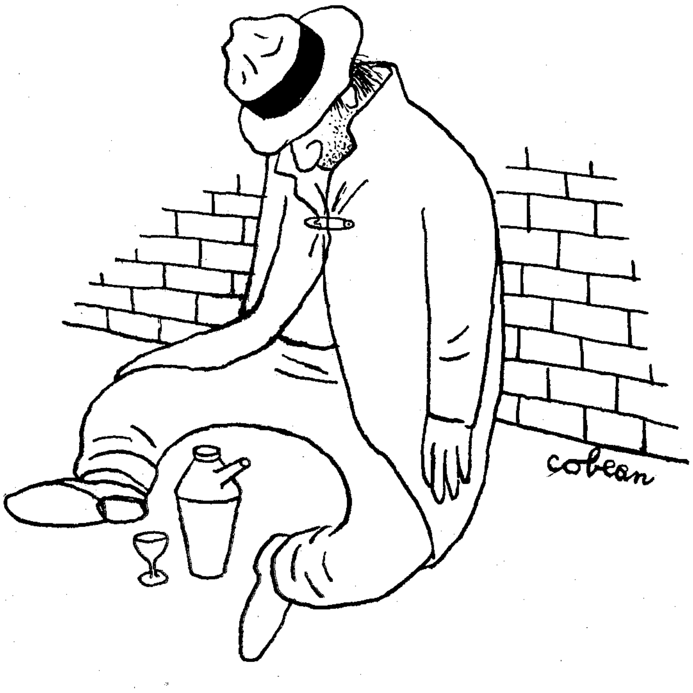
LETTER FROM CANNES

October 13 (by wireless)

THESE days no lemon, chocolate, or raspberry Hispano-Suizas or Mercédès are being driven along the Boulevard de la Croisette here, and the chauffeurs, dutifully sitting in rumble seats in their white dusters, are missing. The casinos are shut and the Cap is bereft of its lavish, very agreeable beach parties. Still, Cannes is having a season of sorts. At present its clientele, increasing steadily as the facilities become better organized, consists of American Seventh Army and Allied air force officers. Cannes has been made, just as it was in the first World War, a leave centre for Allied personnel. Nice, farther to the east along the coast, is the enlisted men's haven. One advantage of this separation is that the men are spared the ritual of saluting and the officers are spared the strain of being exemplary. So far, only one hotel in Cannes, the Martinez, is in operation. Eventually, the Carlton, the Miramar, the Californie, and eleven other first-class hotels will be opened for the relaxation of British, French, and American officers.

The season's gaiety is of an uncomplicated, modest sort. The jeeps and their cargoes of officers, both dusty after the long rides from the forward areas, come up the Martinez's circular driveway and draw up before the entrance. The porters, who have handled plenty of Louis Vuitton luggage in their time, trot out and unload the musette bags, Valpaks, gas masks, and helmets. (The guests never give up their pistols.) In the lobby, the officers register and plunk down a hundred and twenty-five francs, the equivalent of two dollars and a half, good for a day's lodging and three meals. Then there is the billet, with its welcome sheets and private bathroom, and possibly even a sea view, and there is the chambermaid, begging the monsieur's pardon that there is only one towel a day to a customer. "Just so long as the towel isn't khaki-colored," one of the officers told his chambermaid. Then there is a little time to be put in on perfume shopping, a report having reached here that a pinch has developed in the States. And there is the beach on which to stretch out and sun oneself, and, in the late afternoon, the bar, where some fair stuff is to be had. After that comes the dining room, with its tablecloths and waiters and ceiling-high windows. There is no menu card, however. The fare is simply unembellished C rations. But C rations almost take on a lustre at the Martinez.

Evenings, a four-piece band, led by an accordionist, plays prewar songs and there is dancing. Most of the officers' partners are salesgirls, still unemployed, from the elegant local Lanvin, Hermès, and Coty shops. The salesgirls seem far more interested in the dancing than in their commissioned escorts or in the fact that they are having an evening at the Martinez, a pleasure which in the old days was reserved for the ladies on the other side of their counters. Pétain forbade dancing four years ago, and the girls are now trying to make up for lost time. They dance rather desperately. Occasionally two of them, spotting each other on the floor, will disengage themselves from the officers, embrace joyously, and exchange congratulations on the freedom to dance which the liberation has brought them. Their partners, as they wait, puzzled, for the girls to return, wonder if they are witnessing some strange French custom. Now and then the firing of automatic rifles can be heard somewhere outside. Everyone casually assumes that the Maquis have caught some collaborationists or trapped some German soldiers, a number of whom, left behind in the retreat, have dressed themselves in mufti to try to pass themselves off as Cannois. The dancing goes on blithely until the orchestra stops, at eleven.

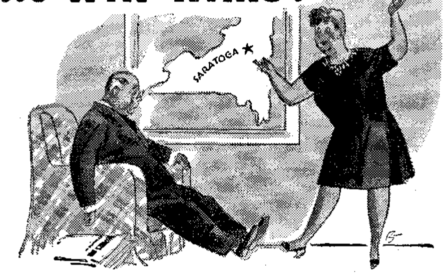


When the boys leave Cannes, at the end of their few days of freedom, they look better and seem happier. Almost every day some departed pilot demonstrates his gratitude by flying back and buzzing the hotel with his Boston or Marauder and nearly chipping a piece of the roof off.

CANNES, compared to some liberated communities, is fairly intact. The Germans built cement tank blocks along the highway through the town and also at the foot of each street leading from the sea, but they aren't too difficult to tear down. Extensive barbed-wire entanglements were put up in La Croisette, and dislodging them has entailed, in many places, breaking the pavement. There are small mounds of rubble beneath the boulevard's palms, but some shovelling and repaving will restore it to its former state. The area from the Carlton west as far as La Bocca is still heavily mined, and so is the land around the Palm Beach Casino and Antibes. Dozens of yachts and small fishing craft are sunk in the harbor. Both of the town's casinos were damaged, although not irreparably, by the Allied bombardment. Some handsome villas near La Napoule, the scene of a particularly bloody fight, were hit by shells. All in all, however, by the time the glamour boys and girls start drifting back again, they will find their old stage set in usable enough shape.

At the moment, the local civil-affairs officer and the mayor are chiefly concerned with importing food, which is badly needed. Some shipments of flour, canned meats, and sugar are expected soon from the States. In the meantime, the Cannois are making trips into the country, in the limited number of vehicles at their disposal, to pick up what they can in the way of vegetables. Fishing, an important source of food here, will get under way as soon as minesweepers have cleared the harbor. Only bread and perfume are on display in the shop windows.

AS might be expected, Cannes had its share of adventures in the past four years. They were probably somewhat different from those of other French communities, however. Normally, nearly all



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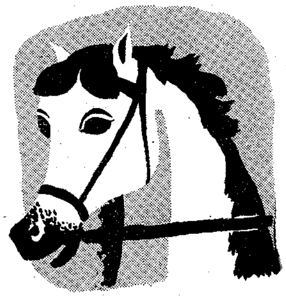
the town's income comes from the thousands of wealthy vacationers and the more permanent group who buy villas or settle themselves in hotel suites. During the off season there isn't much doing, but by that time the Cannois have earned enough money as bellhops, croupiers, waiters, and clerks in luxury shops to keep going until the start of the new season. The amount of agriculture in the Alpes-Maritimes, the *département* in which Cannes is situated, is negligible, and so is the amount of industry. As one Cannois said to me, "We had the sun and the sea and the flowers with which to face the war." Fortunately, after the armistice was signed, the resort found itself in the so-called free zone, which meant that at least it would have no foreign troops on its hands. Nevertheless, its situation was bad. In the confusion of the debacle, the transportation system throughout the country broke down and it became more and more difficult for any non-agricultural region to obtain food. This disruption turned Cannes, which is off in a corner of France, into one of the country's most inaccessible places. Oddly, while the townspeople couldn't count on food getting through, impressive numbers of the old holiday crowd seemed to have little difficulty in finding their way to the resort. This created a queer dilemma for the Cannois: they could go on earning money, but it didn't mean anything, simply because they didn't have enough money to outbid their visitors for whatever necessities were still around. It was as if the whole thing were an auction rigged so that the Cannois would go away empty-handed every day.



What food there was came for the most part from the peasants in the Haute Savoie. They drove hard bargains. Butter, which had cost fifteen francs a pound before the war, went up to a thousand; a chicken cost six hundred francs, as against thirty-six; olive oil rose to twelve hundred francs a litre, sixty times its peacetime price. The peasants were reluctant, or unable, to bring their products to market, so the customers had to go to them, which meant finding transportation. Many of the wealthier residents, particularly members of the French nobility, had farms of their own not too far from Cannes, and that helped them and their friends to eat continuously and well. An American heiress, who many years ago migrated to Cannes and married a Balkan prince, explained to me why she hadn't encountered much difficulty in getting food. "It was simply and grandly the miracle of France," she said. "People said there were no chickens to be had, but I tried and there was a chicken. Once I was able to get a goose as big as a suckling pig. Only France could have made that possible."

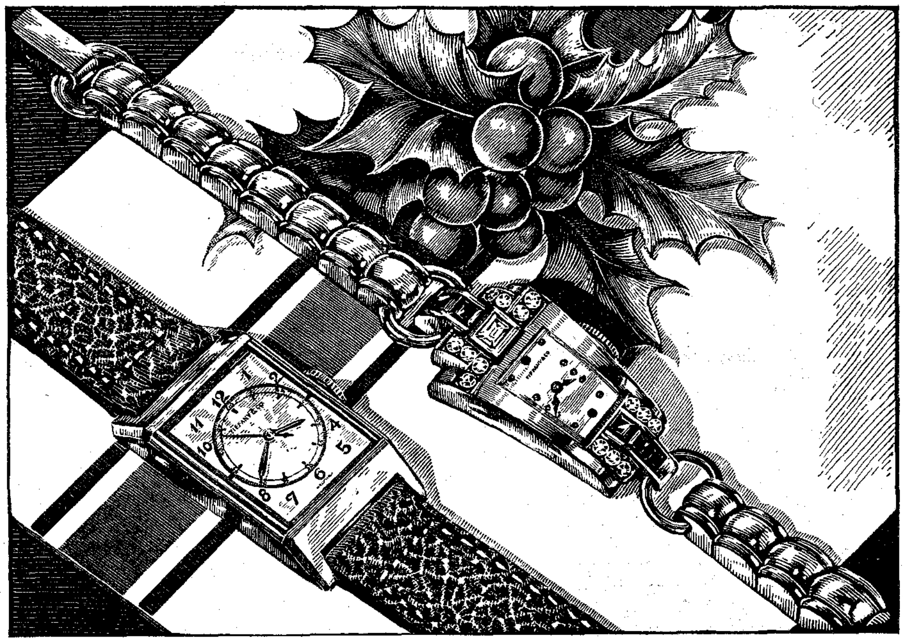
By 1941 the economic dislocation in the city had become sufficiently acute to produce some fairly unusual events. Droves of newly-rich who had made their pile in the black market arrived in Cannes, the promised land. A Grenoble butcher's wife was seen walking down La Croisette in a fine sable coat, undaunted by the summer heat. The daughter of a Lyon clothier told anyone within earshot the price her father had paid for the beautiful hand-tooled purse hanging from her wrist. The stakes at the casinos grew higher than they had ever been. If one of these newcomers ran out of money, he disappeared for a few weeks and then returned, mysteriously, or not so mysteriously, well heeled again. They went to the best hotels or rented villas. One of the old-timers in Cannes, a French count, was invited to lunch by his former valet. "He now had a villa of his own," the count said recently. "He had seen the way I'd arranged mine and he had done an excellent job of copying. The flowers just so and the right wines. Clever boy. He was in fine humor. Said he'd just made a big killing in fountain pens."

The majority of the veteran rich insulated themselves against the newcomers and, as far as possible, against the war. There were exceptions, of course. Helen Vagliano, a wealthy Greek girl, helped the Maquis with her money and her courage and was eventually killed for it by the Gestapo. Mrs. Henry Clews, Jr., the New York sculptor's widow, spent all her time resisting attempts to put her out of her villa, where she was guarding two hundred of her husband's works, which were stored there. Others of the well-to-do group had a hard time, but apparently not many of them. In the main, they played a good deal of bridge, visited back and forth, and wondered when the missing members of their set, serving in either the Allied or the Axis armies, would turn up again. They were French, Italians, Hungarians, White Russians, and Rumanians, and American and English girls who had married them. The biggest nuisance for them was the gasoline shortage, which even they couldn't get around. Most of them bought bicycles (black-market price $250), which were poor substitutes for the cars in their garages. Still, by fitting the bikes with bright-blue or green leather seats and having large monogrammed leather pockets attached for carrying parcels, they could make them look rather smart.

The adjustment of the screwball elements among them was more animated. These people found in the war what they hadn't always been able to find in peacetime—a thrill. Viewing a bombardment was considered a fascinating diversion and provided a topic worth several days' discussion. Sometimes, during an air raid, when bombs were dropping in the distance, they would rashly gather outdoors and sing songs. When they heard that the townspeople were picking up cigarette butts in the streets—cigarettes were a dime apiece—they joined in the fun. Some of the shops obligingly produced handsome wood-and-leather boxes in which they could save their butts. To give a sumptuous banquet in the old style, with caviar and good wines and liqueurs, was to demonstrate a magnificent defiance of the hard times the war had brought with it.

Perhaps the gayest manifestation of this group's attitude was the Zazou movement, a kind of Riviera zoot-suit affair. Groups of men, most of them young Parisians, who had let their hair grow almost to their shoulders, swarmed through the streets wearing skin-tight trousers, high collars, and jackets which hung to their knees. The soles of their shoes were an inch thick and over their heads they waved varicolored parasols. They crowded into hotel bars and stores or just milled around in the streets. If anyone asked them what was up, or even if anyone didn't, they would cheerfully announce, "We have nothing to do with the war, nothing at all. We are the Zazous, the Zazous!"

The ordinary Cannois continued to go hungry. Transportation became more disorganized than ever after the Allied bombings of rail junctions commenced. Also, the Germans' systematic expropriation of foodstuffs was working far too smoothly. La Soupe Populaire, a soup kitchen started by the mayor, offered anyone who came for it a bowl of watery vegetable soup once a day, at noon. Families would save up to make



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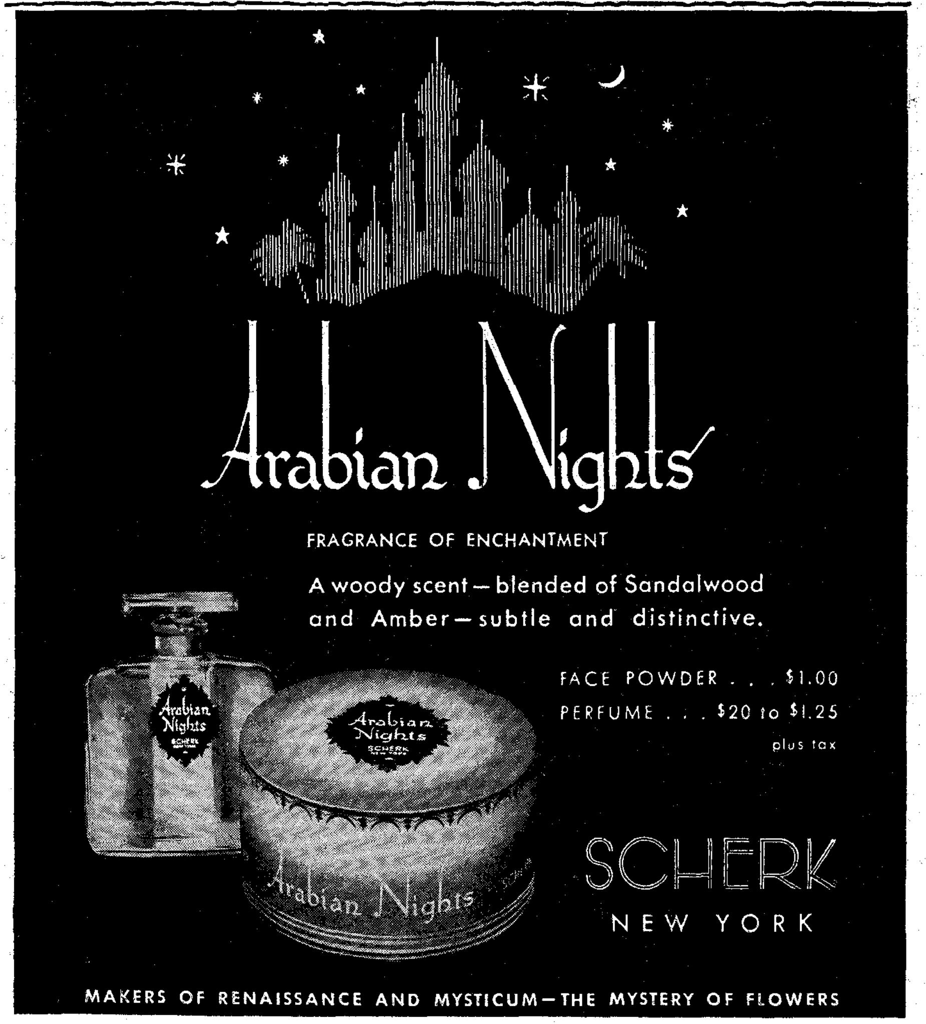

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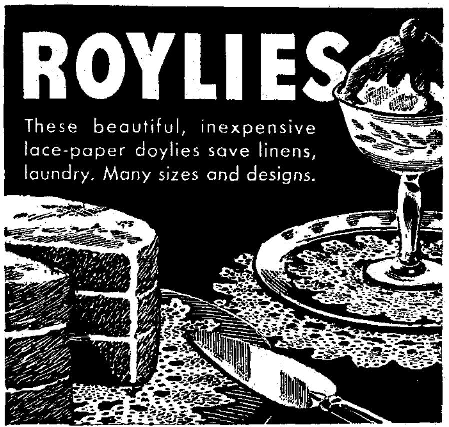

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a single, desperate purchase of some necessity for their children—a litre of milk, say, at sixteen hundred francs. Tuberculosis increased sharply. Today many Cannois are wearing oversized clothing—plain evidence, they point out, of the weight they have lost.

IN November, 1942, immediately after the landings in North Africa, the Germans ordered the Italians to enter Cannes. The O.V.R.A., the Fascist secret police, did some nasty things, but in general the soldiers exhibited a fairly sunny disposition. "They helped old mothers shell peas and made eyes at their young daughters," a clerk at the Martinez told me. They also grabbed several of the more attractive yachts and sailed them off to Leghorn, and they brought silk stockings from Milan and swapped them for bottles of perfume, which they gallantly sent home to their girls as war trophies. When the Italians surrendered, in September, 1943, the Germans themselves arrived in Cannes. According to the highest estimate, there were never more than two thousand of them in the town. One of their first acts was to arrest two hundred Italians who hadn't got away in time. Cannes being a difficult place in which to find a suitable concentration camp, the Germans had to put them up at the Martinez. As it happened, some paying guests were also staying there. It was probably the first time that the internees of a Nazi concentration camp found themselves provided with sheets, hot and cold running water, and chambermaid service. After several weeks, the Italians were transferred to a place in the Vosges, where, presumably, the Germans were better able to arrange for their discomfort.

The Zazous soon learned that they had something to do with the war, after all. Many of them were sent to Germany to become factory hands. The Germans converted the casinos into arsenals. The black-market bunch met this situation in a logical fashion; they moved on to neutral Monte Carlo, where they could continue their gambling in peace. The hotels were shut, except for a few that were reserved for German officers and distinguished visitors. The Mont-Fleury was taken over by the Gestapo, and the shrieks of the tortured Maquis and de Gaullists could be heard outside that once agreeable establishment. All non-Germans living on the sea front were ordered to move at least one block inland to minimize spying on the coastal defenses, which the Nazis lost no time in getting started. Males between the ages of fifteen and sixty-five who hadn't been sent to Germany were pressed into service for this work. When the fortifications program was finished, these men, and boys, were put to work as ditch diggers and truck drivers, for which they received ten francs an hour. German crews boarded the largest remaining yachts and sailed away to Marseille or Toulon. The Germans searched the garages and made off with the fancy limousines, leaving behind only ancient *coucous*. Villas were robbed of any antique furniture. When the trucks in which the furniture was piled rolled through the streets on their way out of town, they bore huge placards which read, "FROM THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE TO THE BOMBED-OUT FAMILIES OF GERMANY."

The villas were used as arsenals or barracks. Mrs. Clews suddenly found that she had a hundred and fifty German soldiers as house guests. One evening a German officer came into the small section of the house that she and her maid were trying to retain for themselves and announced that he would like to dine with Mrs. Clews. "I'm armed," he told her. "I'm not," she replied. In a gesture of friendship, he took two revolvers out of his pockets and placed them on the table. "He stayed until eleven," Mrs. Clews recalls. "We spent the evening discussing Chicago gangsters."

WHEN General Patch's men entered Cannes this summer, everybody turned out to give them a rousing welcome, but after a few days devoted largely to greeting the Americans, most people went about their business again. Others, with more time on their hands, have continued to try to make us feel welcome. I was recently introduced to one such person, a distinguished-looking lady of about fifty-five, by the manager of the Martinez. She was a Rumanian, the manager had told me, who had lived in Cannes for many years, in the course of which she had made friends with various important people and achieved a wide reputation as a wit. She was eager to meet as many Americans as she could, the manager had said. When I was introduced to her in the lobby, she beamed at me. "America and Rumania," she said. "We are allies, you and I." She opened her purse and fished out a small Rumanian-English dictionary. "Take it," she said. "I am sure that if you were called on to do something for Rumania, you would not hesitate. . . . It is too bad the casinos were ever closed," she went on. "It used to be so nice before the war. There we used to have gambling, music, ballet, Winston Churchill, and a huge theatre." She wondered what Jimmy Walker was doing these days. I replied that I was uncertain. "Ah, but Winston—we have all heard of what he's up to," she said. "Please tell him I'm all right. I'm sure he'll want to know."

The Americans consider Cannes one of the most attractive places they have taken. Their reactions to it are occasionally unexpected. There are the inevitable two Brooklynites, for example, who discovered each other at a bar and became amiably potted together. Finally, one of them raised his glass in a toast. "*Pour retourner*," he said in boys'-high French, "*à bientôt à* Brooklyn." And there are the two enlisted men who were set to cleaning up rubble on La Croisette, as the result of some small lapse from regulations. One of them, a Tennessee boy, stopped long enough to tell me that he didn't mind shovelling but that what got him were the three spots he had been stationed in since he had come overseas ten months ago. "Capri, Nice, and now Cannes," he said. "What a deal! Just ain't nothing to do." Finally, there is the Mustang pilot with whom I breakfasted the other day. When we had finished, we walked toward the beach to have a cigarette. The sea was unusually placid. A thin screen of cloud obscured the sun and a pleasing haze lay over the water. We could see the Esterel, to the west, and the Pointe de la Croisette, to the east, jutting out to form graceful boundaries for the bay. The pilot made a sweeping gesture with his hand and nodded his head. "It's a nice place," he said. Perhaps that is all that Cannes was ever meant to be.

—Daniel Lang

•

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—*Bulletin of a Cambridge (Mass.) church.*

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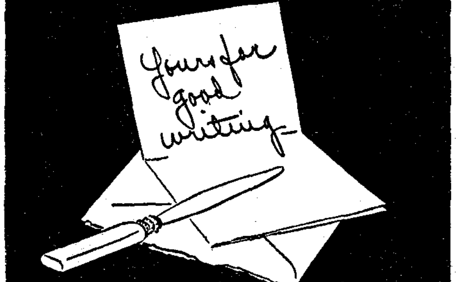

HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS

THERE'S ALWAYS THE RITZ

I HAD always heard of the Gold Coast boys at Harvard. I had heard, too, that I should not see many of them in these iron days, when two-thirds of Cambridge is in uniform and the social clubs are almost if not quite in abeyance.

Certainly among the very serious, very young men, civilians and Naval V-12, whom I found in my classes there last spring, I saw very few of the gilded set. Legend has it that when the college house plan was introduced, these snobs of wealth and position preferred to live among their own kind in the "rat houses" on Mount Auburn Street rather than in the Houses, with their miscellaneous and democratic inhabitants, including Negroes and boys from East Boston. I found very earnest youths, thoroughly aware of the crisis of our time and its responsibilities. They were very gentlemanly, but they were not "gentlemen."

There were, of course, even in these days of acceleration, leisurely poets and aesthetes, lovers of Proust, explainers of Joyce, expounders of Eliot. I thought I had identified one of these one day early in the term. He was a tall, serious, slim youth with wavy brown hair, his face transparent, it seemed, to every nuance in his feeling and thought. We would meet in the corridors of the college house where we both lived. We bowed silently and rather formally, as two people do who are anonymously neighbors. There was something appealing about this young man despite the stiffness of his manner. I sometimes ventured a diffidently cordial "Good morning." He would bow formally from the waist of his double-breasted suit and very politely and a little icily say, "Good morning." A shy young man, I decided. I would have been willing to bet that he read Shelley. I was sure that he read Yeats and Eliot, though I had never once seen him carrying a book.

It was not until months later, toward the end of May, that we actually talked to each other. We met at the mailboxes one evening. "Good evening," he said.

"Good evening," I said, surprised at his making the first move.

For the first time he smiled. "Are you busy, sir?" he said. "I've been wanting to talk with you for some time."

"Why don't you come with me now?" I said. "I live right up one flight in this entry."

Over a glass of sherry I asked him the usual question a college teacher asks an unknown undergraduate: Where had he gone to school? Because of the elegance of his accent, which I would have identified as that of some fashionable Eastern prep school, I was surprised to learn that he had prepared in Ohio. Indeed, I said as much to him.

He replied quite gravely, "I took special tutoring here in Cambridge. A Middle Western accent is such a liability socially, don't you think?"

"Elmer Davis hasn't done so badly," I said. My young friend did not seem impressed.

"I suppose you are majoring in English," I asked, for I was still convinced that I was in the presence of a sensitive plant, the perennial aesthete.

"No, sir," he said. "I do very badly in English." There was a definite touch of asperity in the way he said it. Shelley wouldn't have done well in English either, I said to myself, and he, too, would have had contempt for formal courses in literature. This was a gentle-looking boy, but apparently a revolutionary spirit and a solitary thinker.

"I haven't seen you in the dining hall much lately," I said.

The young man shuddered. "I never eat in the dining hall," he said. "Perhaps it's a little haughty of me, but I find the company almost intolerable. And the food is very dull, don't you think, really?"

"Where do you eat in Cambridge, then?" I asked. "Where is the food interesting—the Hayes-Bickford Cafeteria?"

"Oh, not *Cambridge*," he said, and his face was full of horror. "Boston."

"Well, even Boston," I said.

"There's always the Ritz," he said simply.

THERE was one question I had refrained from asking this young man, who was obviously over eighteen, even over nineteen, and in college as a civilian. It soon came out that some minor but definite ailment had kept him out of the Army. It was deplorable, he said, to be at college now. There were so few to choose from socially. He had inherited an oil fortune from his father and mother, both recently dead. He had been at college two years. No, he was not doing well in anything. As a matter of fact, last term he had been on probation.

"But it was not for courses I came

here," he added hastily. "I managed to get off probation because I want to stay here. Frankly, I have but one purpose here."

"How nice to be that clear and definite," I said. "Most people at college have such a hard time finding themselves."

"My purpose," he said with great firmness, "is to make a club. It's not so easy if you're from the Middle West. But I shall make one by the fall—a good one, too."

"It must be pleasant to have no problems," I said.

"Oh, but I do, especially this summer," he said with sudden intensity. "In fact, I thought you might be able to give me some advice. You see, I don't know what to do. I really don't know whether to open my house this summer. My guardian isn't the least helpful. He says I can do as I please. It's about thirty miles out of Cleveland, a lovely place, acres and acres of rolling and wooded country. But there's the problem of getting enough gas. And it's a large place—twenty-seven rooms."

"Wouldn't you be rather lonesome in it?" I said.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I suppose I would. Of course, normally one can get loads of people to come down. But so many are in the Army now—people one *would* have. And there's the servant problem. You know what *that* is these days. Or do you? One has to keep four or five servants hopping even to keep a place like that open. Servants are very hard to get." He looked at me to be sure I understood.

"Yes, of course," I agreed.

"Have you any suggestions?" he said, putting the tips of his fingers together and looking off as if into infinite distance.

"About servants?" I asked.

"No, about opening the house," he said, leaning forward.

"You might open part of the house," I said. He looked at me in apparent mystification.

"Just seven or eight rooms," I explained.

"You can't do that," he said. "It simply isn't that kind of house. Perhaps I'd just better not open it at all. But then what shall I do this summer?"

"There's always the Ritz," I said.

—IRWIN EDMAN

•

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—*Headline in the El Paso Herald-Post.*

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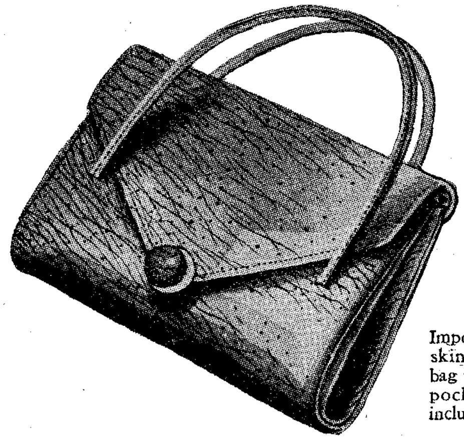

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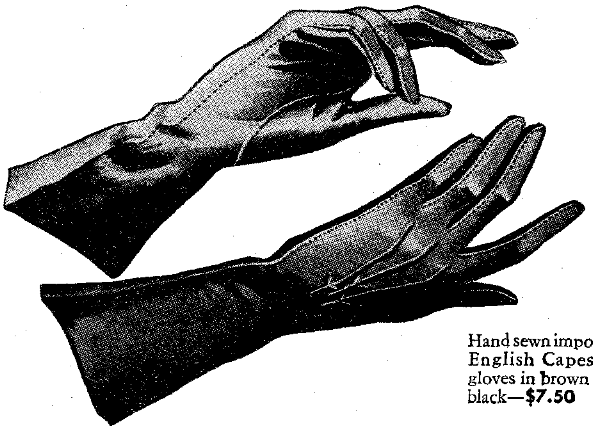

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LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 15 (BY CABLE)

THE news that Mr. Churchill had journeyed to Moscow again seemed to excite even those Englishmen who had about decided that all the novelty had been rubbed off meetings between Allied leaders. The explanation, apparently, is that the mere name of the Russian capital still has a curious fascination for people here and that the stock compliments which are now cheerfully taken for granted when they are exchanged at an Anglo-American conference sound new and significant when they are tossed across an Anglo-Soviet meeting table. People who believe that Russia's friendship is as desirable in peace as in war hope that Premier Stalin and his guest manage to get down, at least in private, to the humdrum brass tacks that hold an alliance together. For one thing, they would like to see the Polish problem, which has put so many friends of Poland here in a nasty quandary of divided sympathies, settled. The general pleasure over what appeared to be indications that the Prime Minister's latest trip was turning out fine has been plainly evident in Londoners' conversations this past week. Moreover, the new sortie, coming so soon after Churchill's return from Quebec, has impressed people again with the inexhaustibility of his energy, and the prophets who once forecast his postwar retreat to the traditional book of memoirs are now saying nothing.

A week before Mr. Churchill went to Moscow, he had to act rather vigorously to ward off a Government crisis over the town-and-country planning bill. Since housing is both the Government's obvious weak spot and bombed Britain's most urgent concern, the trouble looked at one time as if it might huff and puff and blow the Coalition down. A dispute arose when it was announced that the rate of compensation to be paid to owners of bomb-damaged houses or of houses or land requisitioned for wartime use would be based on 1939 real-estate values. An adjustment made on such a basis, property owners complained, would not, at the present high prices of labor and materials, cover the cost of rehabilitation. Labor, in turn, attacked the advocates of a higher compensation rate, declaring that the whole thing was a neat racket that the speculators—who had shrewdly gone around with their checkbooks almost before the dust had settled and bought up blitzed property at blitzed prices—were trying to get away with. Mr. Churchill was able to quiet everyone down a bit before his departure, and a compromise, which, nevertheless, still fixes 1939 as the base year, has been reached in the House of Commons. Any further wrangling, however, will not be popular with the patient citizens of bombed towns, whose interest in ceilings is, for the most part, limited to the genuine, weathertight article.

In this and other parliamentary debates lately, the Coalition varnish has seemed to be wearing a little thin. Both the Liberal and Labour Parties have announced their intention of fighting the next election, the date of which has not yet been set, on their own platforms, and the Common Wealth Party, which many saw as the young hopeful in British politics, has just rung the Labour Party's doorbell and made a request to be taken in. Now that several uncertainties about the future are beginning to clear up, many people have started wondering whether the emergency coalition will end with the war in Europe or not until Japan has been defeated. That decision, of course, will be made by Mr. Churchill. In a recent newspaper poll, half the voters plumped for party government after victory in Europe.

PEOPLE here are watching the American election campaigns with deep interest. In their eagerness not to tread on any sensitive American toes, the papers are inclined to limit themselves rigorously to objective reporting, and often have the agonized appearance of somebody watching a world championship with his arms in a strait jacket and a towel in his mouth. There was no restraint, however, about the unanimous regret over Wendell Willkie's death. Londoners have had a soft spot in their hearts for Willkie ever since he came over in 1941 to see the blitz for himself. A good deal of the comment, both written and spoken, on his death sounded as though the British felt that they had lost a man who belonged to them and the world almost as much as to his own country. Though Willkie frequently told the British Commonwealth that it had owned too much for too long, it is possible that this latest sample of British

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possessiveness would have pleased him.

Naturally, the Dumbarton Oaks proposals have come in for much interested and on the whole highly hopeful discussion. Britons, who, like Americans, had never heard the names before, can often be heard talking earnestly about Dumbarton Woods and Bretton Oaks. Another, and more baffling, topic which someone is sure to bring up during an evening's conversation is the old one of what to do with the Germans. Now that the problem is obviously not so far off, it is once more being argued everywhere, although, ever since the flying bombs, people are noticeably more united in wanting the sort of peace which would make Germany incapable of launching robots on them, their children, or their children's children.

The sixth bitter war winter is just ahead, and there is a feeling that some of the strain of the difficult last stretch might well be lightened for the willing horse at home. Many are convinced that nothing would lighten the strain more than a little light. London's murky dimout is still a major depressant, and Londoners joke bitterly that it seems, if anything, a trifle darker than the blackout.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

(SOLID SENDING DIVISION)

[*From "The Sea Eagle," by James Aldridge*]

They could even see the pouring splash of lead, the hot-solidity of lead, hitting the sea around them. —*Page 212.*

The mess of lead in hot-solidity came flat on them. —*Page 215.*

. . . more important than the hot-solidity pouring into them. —*Page 215.*

. . . beating around like the hot-solidity. —*Page 216.*

. . . hearing the roar of hot-solidity. —*Page 216.*

. . . because the inaccurate hot-solidity came zipping in . . . —*Page 217.*

The hot-solidity could pick them off. —*Page 217.*

. . . dodging the hot-solidity from the machine gun. —*Page 217.*

They heard the hot-solidity slamming into the boat. —*Page 217.*

That's where the hot-solidity came from. —*Page 218.*

Then the machine gun came right back at them with an angry burst of hot-solidity. —*Page 219.*

The fort, the machine gun, the hot-solidity it fired . . . —*Page 219.*

Coming back at them now with hot-solidity . . . —*Page 220.*

But he waited for the hot-solidity. —*Page 221.*

. . . expecting the hot-solidity to come at him. —*Page 224.*

. . . and saw the hot-solidity clipping . . . —*Page 225.*

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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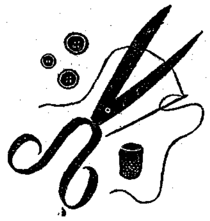
Recommended reading: "Nor Death Dismay," *by Samuel Duff McCoy (MacMillan, $2.50), the thrilling adventures of American merchant vessels on the seas of war.*

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

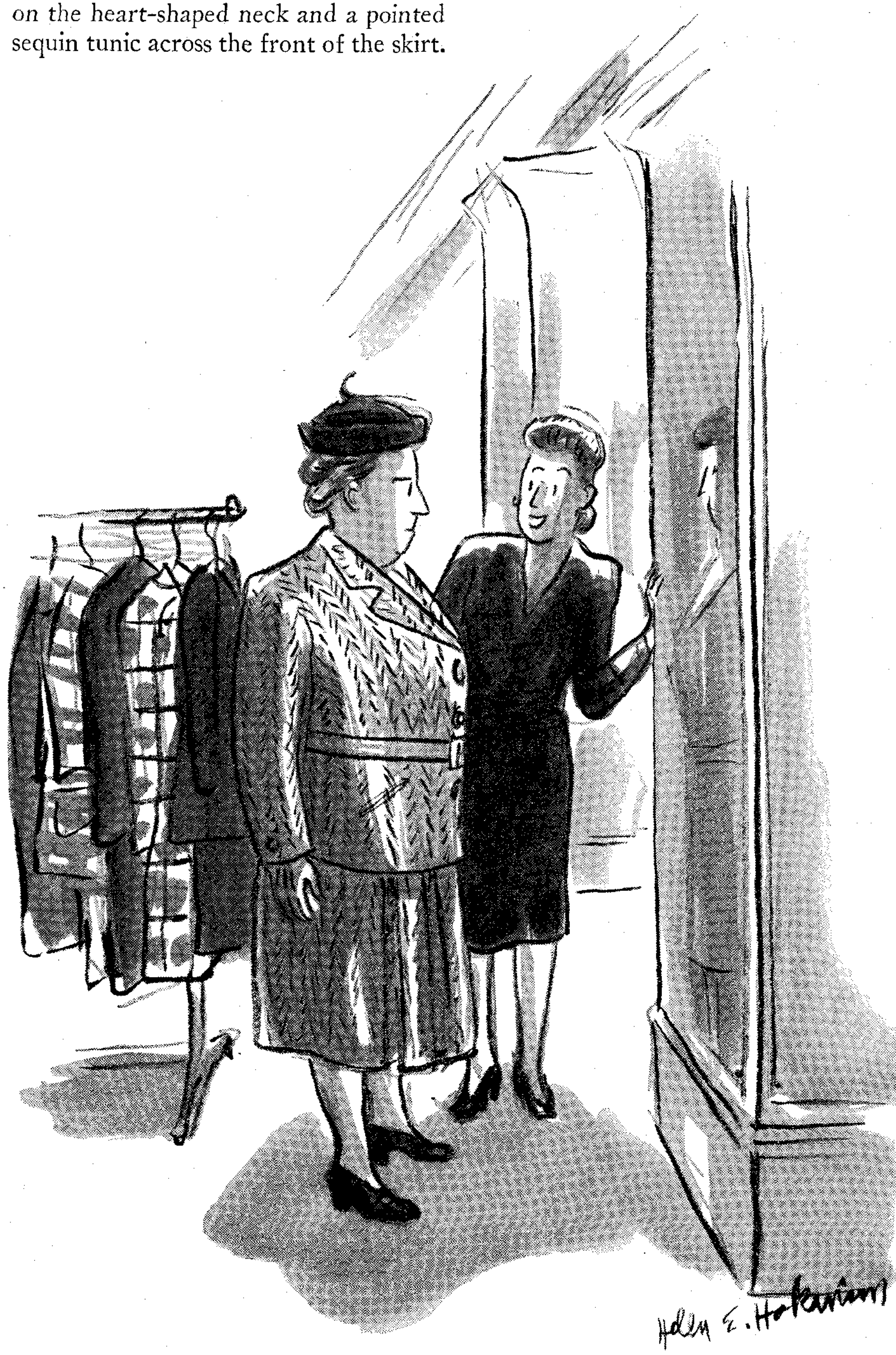
FEMININE FASHIONS



CERTAIN reliable signs and portents indicate that women's clothes are apt to have at least a *look* of luxury about them this winter. For one thing, I notice that long evening dresses are once more beginning to froth about the theatre lobbies at intermission time. Most women have not yet plucked up enough courage to go a step further and start wearing anything really regal and naked again, perhaps because they realize that they can't hope to compete with the magnificence of a Marine in full-dress uniform. Bare-backed splendor may as well wait until the men start looking for their white ties and tails, but evening skirts, it seems to me, ought to start getting down to earth again. Besides, women's hips being what they are, long skirts are infinitely more becoming than short ones.

Bergdorf Goodman have some beautiful things in their collection of evening clothes, at prices which come almost as low as their skirts—around $30, in a word. One beige rayon crêpe affair with a high back has shirrings and gathers down each side of the V neck and a jabot down the front of the slit skirt; another, of an Oriental cast, has an orange-red lamé top, which resembles a tunic, and a black rayon crêpe skirt, slit on each side and bound with metal cloth. You would do well to look, too, at a bottle-green rayon crêpe with a square, shirred neckline in front, a deep V back, and draped shoulders tied with Shocking-pink bows to match the pink velvet bow above the knee-high ruffle at the back. This one is $80. Bergdorf is certainly bow-crazy. Bows appear on cocktail and short dinner dresses, such as one of a gold-shot coffee-colored rayon jersey that resembles a lamé. This has a hip-length overblouse, bow tie at the V neck, which can be as high or as low as the time of day or night warrants, and a slim skirt; $50. Next, we have some brown rayon crêpe princesse numbers, good for all day long and well into the evening, trimmed with occasional bows from the collarless neckline to the knees. Bergdorf even puts bows on woollen day dresses, usually on one side of the bateau neckline and on the opposite hip of the narrow, wrap-around skirt.

Hattie Carnegie's Jeune Fille department (lots of women who are no longer so *jeune*, except in figure and spirit, dote on this place, and with reason) has wonderful cocktail and short dinner costumes, among them a superlative notion made of black brocaded rayon satin. It goes like this: There is a short, fitted jacket with a prim turnover collar, peaked shoulders above three-quarter sleeves, "diamond"-studded buttons, a bow in back of the waistline, and a slim skirt. It's $50. Then there is a black rayon crêpe dress with long, tight sleeves and jet paillettes on the heart-shaped neck and a pointed sequin tunic across the front of the skirt. A red wool suit, consisting of a simple dress with short sleeves, has a collarless fitted jacket with large black sequin flowers and leaves embroidered on each side of the bosom. It's a jacket that you could wear over all kinds of things—say, that black dinner dress you were getting tired of. Finally, you can have simple, one-piece black or brown rayon crêpes that are made elaborate by sequin scrolls on the fabric. Women of every age love all of these. On the other hand, young girls love the one-piece dresses with a black rayon crêpe



"If you don't mind my saying so, Madam looks very Peck & Peckish."

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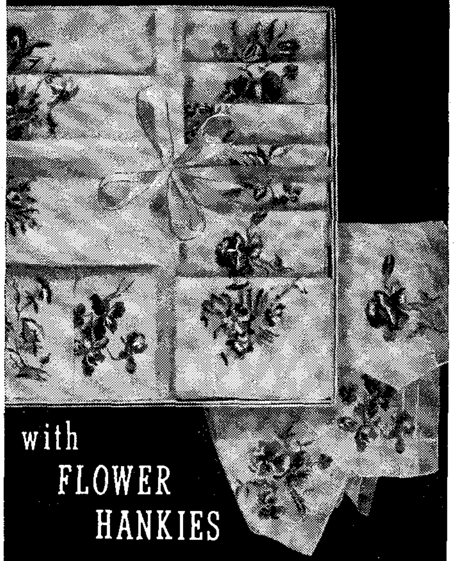

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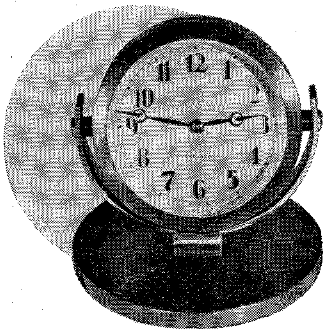

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high-necked bodice and a dirndl skirt of black-and-pink or black-and-blue striped rayon satin; they evidently aren't going to give up dirndls without an outcry. Everything I have talked about here is, by the way, somewhere between $35 and $70.

Altman has quantities of fine long evening dresses, one of them a black rayon crêpe with a slashed skirt and wide, elongated shoulders ending in cap sleeves. This has tabs on the skirt to give an overblouse effect and costs $45. You can spend considerably more than that on a handsome dress that is just a black rayon crêpe sheath sprinkled with electric-blue paillettes to make it look like a starry sky. Altman's evening wraps look fine, too, especially if you are tired of wearing the same fur jacket day in, day out. A rather grand three-quarter black wool box coat with a collar and wide lapels of white ermine and a lining of quilted rayon satin could be worn, from cocktail time onward, over either a short or a long dress. There are also things that are perfect for all day long as well as evening. One of them is a street-length red wool cape with black wool bandings, slightly Chinese in effect; another is a green wool mandarin jacket bound with black rayon satin; $29.95 and $49.95 respectively. Women who adore pajama costumes for dinner at home should look at the two-piece tailored green rayon crêpe pajamas with standing collars. There is a sleeveless, multi-colored striped wool jacket to wear with them if your home is chilly; pajamas and jackets are each $32.50. Where was I? Oh, yes. We now come to some quite effective black-and-white striped wool coats, a bit longer than street length (they cover the calf, in fact), that have cardigan necks and patch pockets trimmed with sequins. They could be worn over short dinner dresses in public or with black rayon crêpe trousers at home; $110. And, for ladies who must have such things, there are elaborate rayon satin brocade tunics with tasselled belts. You're supposed to wear black velveteen slacks with them. I have always believed that women who need long tunics to flatter their hips oughtn't to wear slacks at all, but they tell me severely that I am completely wrong about that.

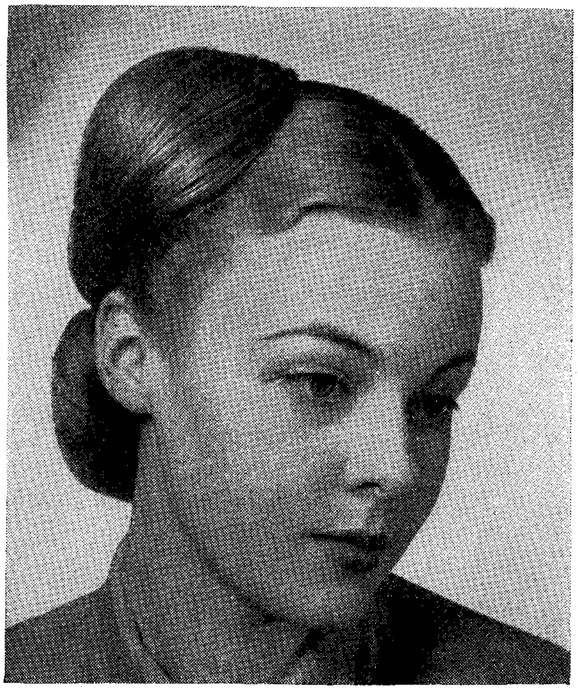
The Young-Timers Shop, at Bendel, is really intended for young people and no one else. It has recently added to its stock of ready-to-wear clothes a small group of original Bendel designs, at from around $25 to $40, that are very attractive. My eye fixed at once on a brown rayon taffeta afternoon dress with tiny buttons in a horizontal row across each shoulder and a brown, rose, and green taffeta bow at one side of the high V neckline. Very impudent, this. Among the other nice things are a black rayon crepe afternoon dress, whose three-quarter sleeves are faced with the same pink or blue rayon satin that makes the high cowl collar, and a very smart two-piece wool dress that has the look of a suit, thanks to a short, fitted surplice top with two carved buttons at the waistline.

JAY THORPE's new Casual Shop, for sports clothes, is at 20 West 57th Street, next door to the rest of the establishment. It has a notable collection of careful copies of Izod of London clothes in which both his designs *and* his fabrics have been duplicated. There are dresses at $35, suits at $49.95, and coats at $55, all geared to switch around into various combinations. For instance, take a tailored dress with a long-sleeved black wool jersey top and an attached blue, black, and white checked skirt with a high waistline and a ridiculous pocket practically at the centre back of the skirt. There is a suit in the same check, with a jacket having slanting pockets and a skirt which has a high, notched waistband. A three-quarter-length topcoat with a high, turnover collar is also in the same check and can go with the dress or the suit. It has two square leather buttons and is to be worn either hanging open or belted. There are ensembles in Glenurquhart plaid in the same colors, to carry the idea further, if you like. Other ensembles are in striped wool—one with a gray ground with soft red and green stripes, for instance—with dresses of plain green wool to accompany them. There are hats to match, too. Besides the Izod stuff, you'll find good Shetland tweed suits, such as a coffee-colored affair, with high lapels and nice detail, at $39.95. And there are raincoats that can double as topcoats, as all proper raincoats should these days. One is a double-breasted gabardine with raglan sleeves and a Lord Byron collar, and it appears in sand, black, navy, white, and gold; $35.

The British Sportswear department, at Best, goes in for imported Shetlands and other wools in checks, plaids, and herringbone patterns, made up by Best in the classic fashion, which never goes out of style (fortunate, I should say, for addicts tell me that the fabrics never collapse, either). The skirts are gored or have inverted pleats; the jackets have slanting pockets with military flaps; the topcoats are box or reefer. Prices run from $65 to $85. This place will even whip up matching hats, or handbags on Bermuda cedar frames, if you want to go the whole hog. Best also has a group of tailored wool dresses designed for late afternoon—brown or black collarless ones with short sleeves and white, beaded snowflakes down the front of the bodice; pastel ones with oval necks embroidered with bronze and pearl bead flowers; $39.95.

ONE of the rarest creatures in this careless country of ours is a female who has taste and the patience to devote her talent to alterations and remodelling. If you have clothes of good material (it is silly to spend the money on shoddy fabrics or ones that are ready to cave in), Lita, at 431 Park Avenue (56th), can do remarkable things, such as turning a bouffant black evening dress into a sleek dinner suit. And Anne Gemerd, at 677 Madison (61st), can do anything from shortening a slip or changing a neckline to converting a size-forty-four coat into a size fourteen. Oh, you may have to wait to get things back, but you might put these places in your address book just the same.

BEAUTY NONSENSE: Scandia has opened a salon at 44 East Fifty-second Street, and a charming little place it is. There is a Makeup Bar, where you get a quick makeup for $1.50, and a treatment room, done up in rosebudded wallpaper, where facials take an hour (they include a deep massage of the back, shoulders, neck, and face) and cost $5. You already know about the cosmetics here, I should think. There is a mask lotion, called Champagne Scandia, which looks and feels marvellous, and there's the Crème Rose, which smells like fresh strawberries, and Pour le Bain, which you smooth on your body *before* your bath and erases every trace of roughness or chapping. Scandia also has a new lipstick, named Coq Rouge, a good plain red in a season that has gone very pink and blue indeed. . . . Speaking of lipsticks, Jacqueline Cochran has a new one in a color called Sizzling Red, a fine, rich hue. At Franklin Simon and Bloomingdale. . . . And Revlon has some new cosmetics, called Pink Lightning—a nail enamel and a lipstick which have a clear hint of fuchsia, and a face powder that is definitely pinkish. Nice colors for those who can wear them. —L. L.



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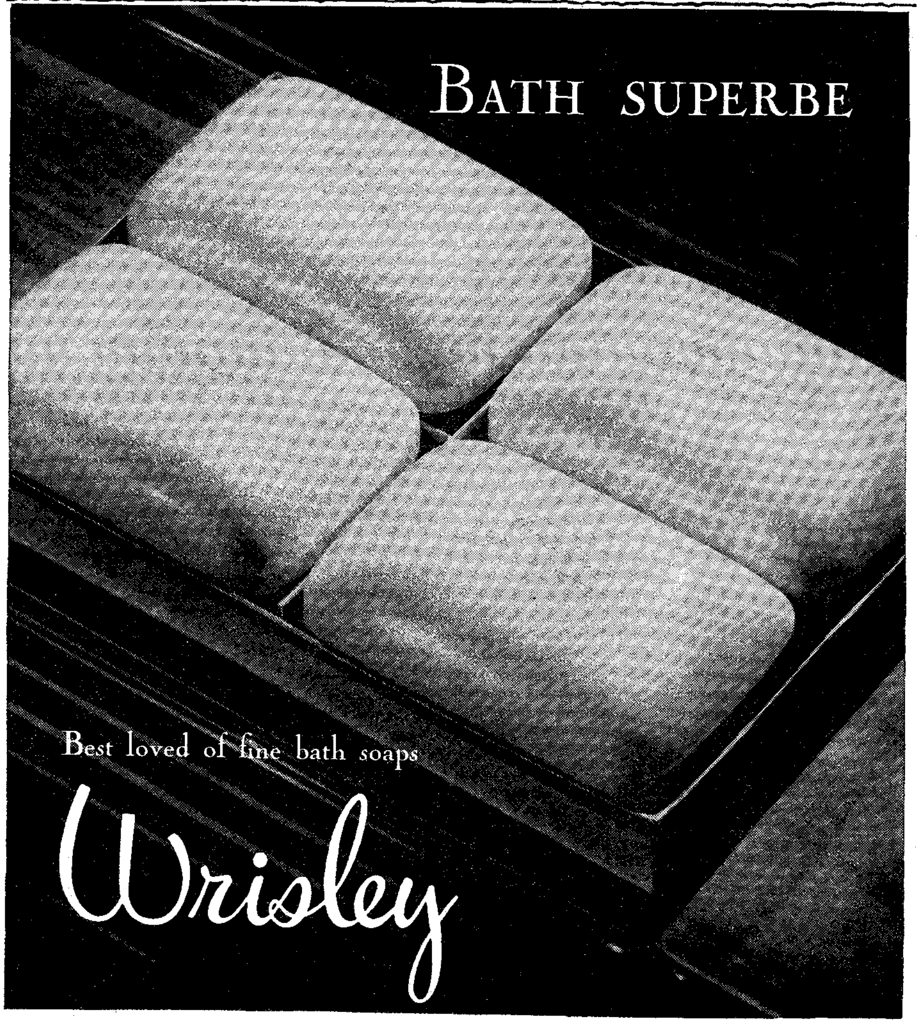

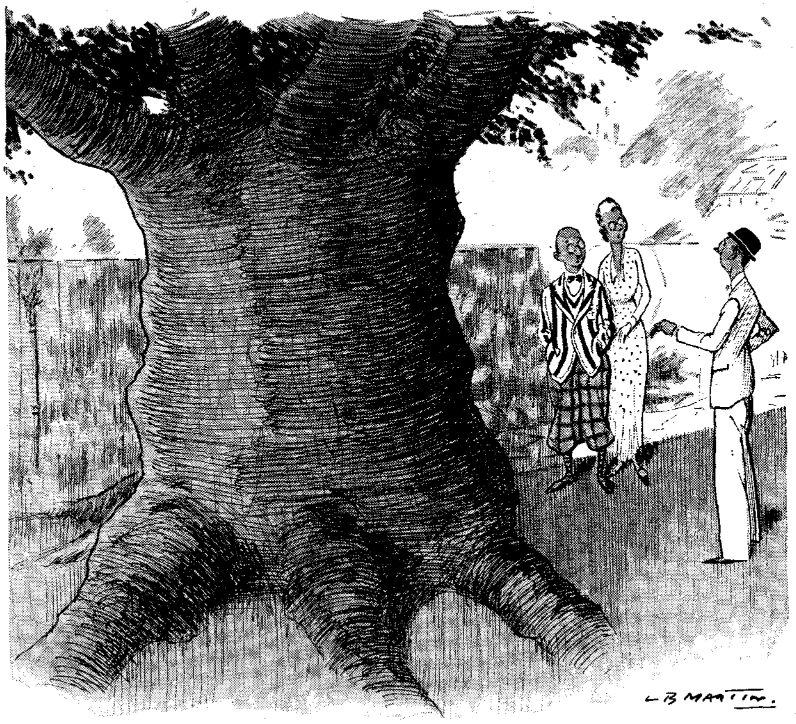

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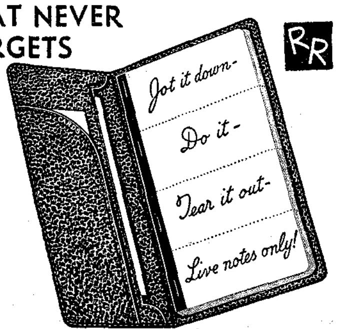

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A New Band and Some Ballets

THE New York City Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, gave its first concert of the season at the City Center last week to immediate and violently audible public approval. Although some of the musicians haven't had much practice with a large ensemble and some others were at times not entirely at ease in their assignments, the group appeared to have been worked by Mr. Stokowski into a musical unit that will supply plenty of good performances for the Center's patrons. The opening program would have been no pushover for any assembly of performers. It called for a Bach choral-prelude (orchestrated by the conductor), Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, novelties by Franz Bornschein and Joaquín Turina, and Ravel's second "Daphnis et Chloé" suite. While there were uncertainties in the playing here and there, the concert was a stimulating session. For those of us who are interested in the mechanics of conducting, it was fascinating to watch Mr. Stokowski's sure-handed, bare-handed direction, which was a technical achievement in itself in addition to being a means toward imaginative interpretations.

Of the novelties, "Moon Over Taos," by Mr. Bornschein, was a kind of flute solo against orchestral background, and it proved to be effective, moody writing. The Turina "Fantastic Dances" were brilliant in tone, but they sounded somewhat like Special Arrangements of nothing special. I might also arbitrarily list as a novelty a special stage setting, devised to project sound advantageously and painted blue to rest the listeners' eyes. I wouldn't bet that this structure is the perfect answer to acoustic problems, but it seemed to be a move in the right direction.

THE Ballet Theatre troupe, along with some guests, is at the Metropolitan Opera House for a season of dancing that will run through November 5th. The season opened up early last week with a big bill that included a revival of "Graduation Ball," created by David Lichine, to a quantity of Johann Strauss music deftly dovetailed and scored by Antal Dorati, the Ballet Theatre's musical director. "Graduation

Ball," first revealed hereabouts four years ago, is joyful business. It may be a hop, a skip, and a jump too long, but it is all good ballet and a good show. Later in the week, there was the première of "Waltz Academy," a series of waltz variations choreographed by George Balanchine, with music by Vittorio Rieti. The maneuvers in "Waltz Academy" have considerable interest of a specialized sort, and the score is bright, practical stuff which, I suspect, did not always sound at its best in the first performance. The orchestra, by way of providing an added attraction, played better most of the time than the groups you usually hear when ballet is on view.

"Waltz Academy" was not the first Balanchine novelty to be seen here this fall, since Mr. Balanchine had worked out two new productions for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo to use in its City Center run in September. One of these was "Danses Concertantes," with a skillful but rather brittle score by Igor Stravinsky. It was abstract ballet, a choreographic suite, and it received one of the most voluminous ovations I've ever heard at any ballet. That really means something, because ballet audiences are likely to be super-applauders. Nevertheless, the "Danses Concertantes" seemed to be an ingenious study rather than a great communicative creation. On the other hand, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Mr. Balanchine's other contribution to the Monte Carlo Ballet's season, did not draw so clamorous a welcome, but it struck me as a more entertaining invention and shrewd theatre. The presentation of this ballet, based on an episode from the Molière play and employing the incidental music of Richard Strauss, was not perfection, but it is sure to be better when it is done here again. Among its assets is the décor by Eugene Berman.

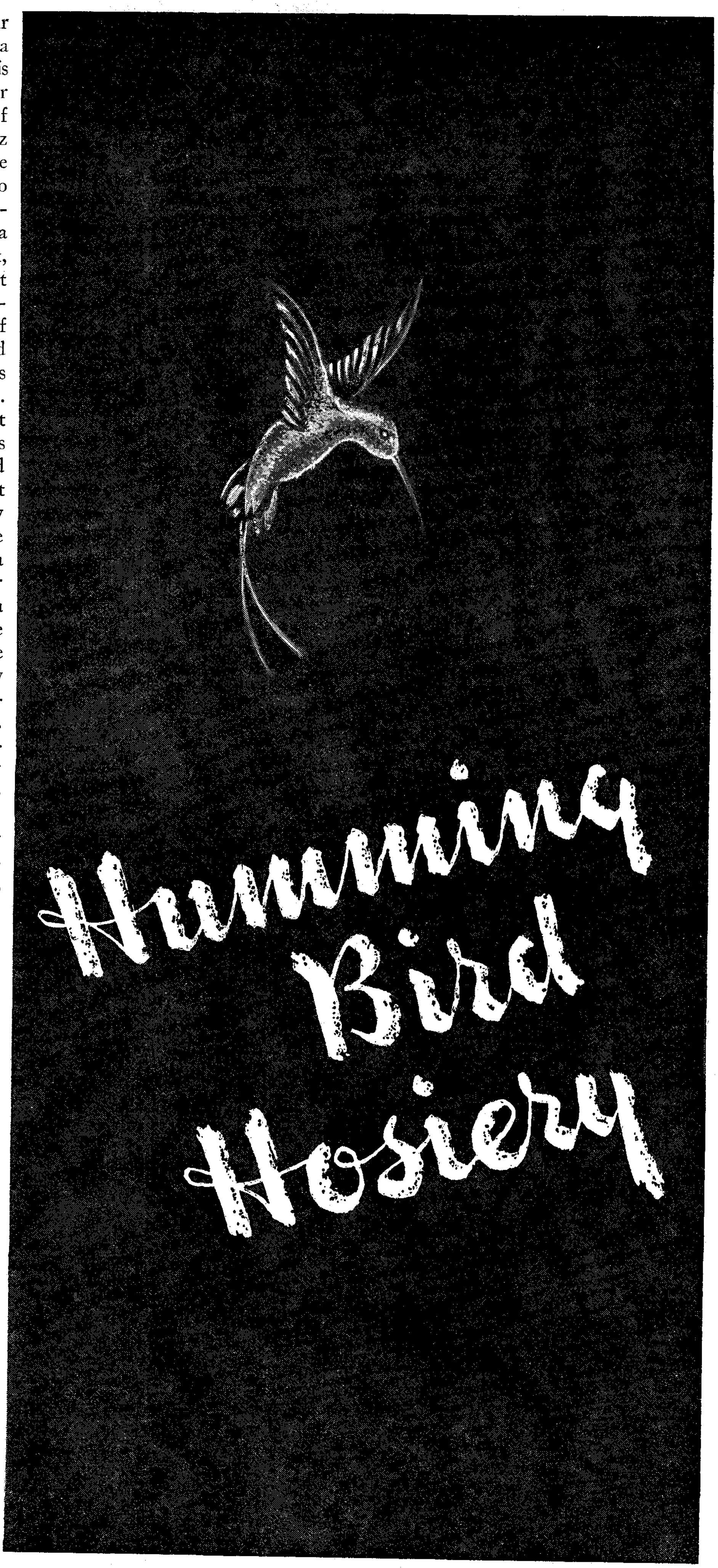
—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION

[*From the society column in the Mt. Vernon Daily Argus*]

Gail Eleanor Hermansen, born to First Lieutenant and Mrs. Truman Hermansen, Pelham, at Lawrence Hospital, Bronxville, March 4. Mrs. Hermansen is the former Eleanor Alles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pelham, where she is living while Henry Alles of 5 Poplar Avenue, her husband, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman C. Hermansen of 109 Fourth Avenue, Pelham, is serving in England as a member of the Eighth Bomber Command, first pilot on a B-17 bomber called the Werewolves.



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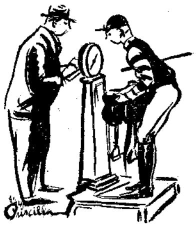
THE RACE TRACK

Back to Jamaica



ALTHOUGH racing was quite exciting at Jamaica last week and the customers came in droves, I had a suspicion that only a few of the horses we saw were worth remembering. One of them was Some Chance, who won the Continental Handicap the other afternoon. Three years ago, Warren Wright, then the owner of Some Chance, thought he had at least another Whirlaway in the horse. Some Chance, you will recall, had just won the Futurity, a race in which Whirlaway had let his stable down rather badly the year before. But the better colts always are so much more brittle than the others; the following spring something happened to Some Chance's legs, and he didn't run again until Abram Hewitt bought him in the autumn. Hewitt had intended to use the colt as a stock horse on his farm, but, since Some Chance was a bit young for that, he turned him over to Frank Christmas to train. Frank is one of the famous Christmas boys from Upper Marlboro, Maryland, whose skill at patching up unsound horses has become almost legendary. He patched up Some Chance so well that last season the horse won five races and more than $20,000 in prize money. This summer, Christmas began shipping Some Chance around again—from Maryland to New England, New York, and Chicago, and back to Maryland again. Christmas has a theory that travelling is good for racers with leg ailments. Once he carted a filly over cobblestone roads every day for weeks instead of giving her workouts at a track, and later she obligingly won a race for him at long odds. Riding in horse cars did Some Chance no harm, either. Last month he won the $15,000 Havre de Grace Handicap at Laurel, and last week he just missed bringing off a 30-to-1 chance in the $10,000 Interborough Handicap at Jamaica, coming in third, close behind Jack S. L. and the winner, Ariel Lad. So he was at his best for the Continental. It would be easy to say that Some Chance should go right on and become the Horse of the Year, or some such thing, but that would not be quite true. He isn't really that good. Nevertheless, you ought to keep him in mind for the handicaps to come, particularly if he gets in at fairly light weight. Speaking of weights, Paperboy, who was the favorite for the Continental, didn't go as well under 116 pounds as he did in the Saratoga Handicap, in which he carried only 103.

Another performance at Jamaica that I liked was Whirlabout's in the Correction Handicap. It was plain to see that she didn't like to run in the mud, but she got down to business in the stretch and beat Miss Drummond, to whom she gave eleven pounds. In case you haven't kept track, Whirlabout has won eight of her fourteen starts this season. I know a miserable fellow who had a bet on her every time she lost and never when she won.

AFTER Busher took the Matron Stakes at Belmont last month, I suggested, and not too timidly, either, that she was the best two-year-old filly of 1944. Winning the Selima, a longer race, as easily as she did down at Laurel last Saturday settles the whole thing so far as I am concerned. While I'm on the subject of Ladies' Week at Laurel, Twilight Tear won her thirteenth purse of the season, a little $10,000 affair called the Queen Isabella Handicap. I suppose there are people who won't admit that she is the best three-year-old, because she hasn't beaten By Jimminy. I have no patience with them. Everybody knows perfectly well that she would have beaten him if she had ever met him.

HORSEPLAYERS must have had a grand time of it at Rockingham, New Hampshire's race track, on Columbus Day. Lou Smith put on a program of fourteen races, six in the morning and eight in the afternoon, with *two* daily doubles, and gave the profits to war charities. A wandering observer reports that everybody arrived early, knocked off at noon for a picnic lunch, and remained until the last event was over. Betting totalled $1,697,467, a new high for New England. Just for the record, on Jamaica's War Charities Day last week, the betting on seven races was $3,053,471. It was a very profitable afternoon for those charities.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS DEPT.

[*Headline in the Los Angeles Daily Journal*]

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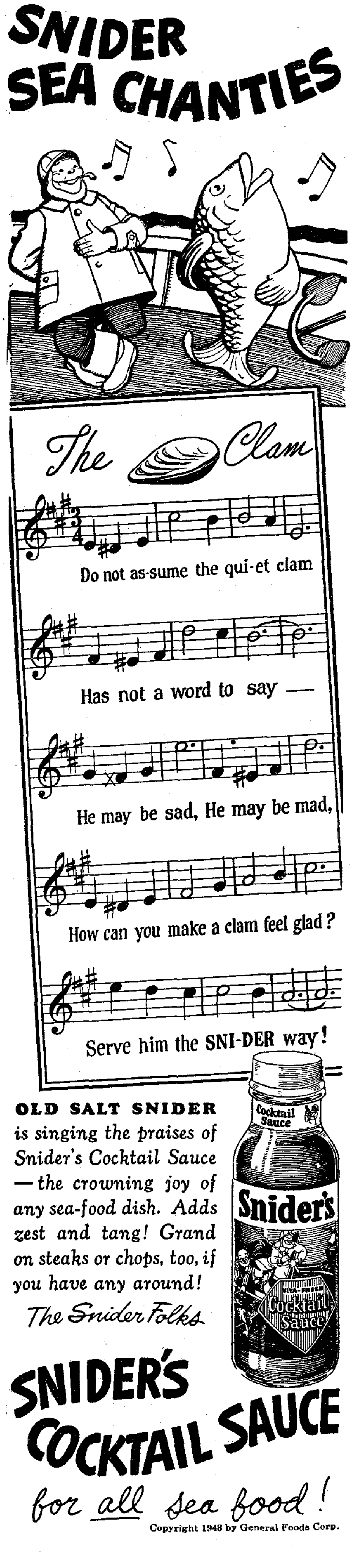

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FOOTBALL

Workout

A MATCH in which the home team (Army) beats the visitors (Pittsburgh) by a score of 69–7 may well sound like a pastime even more tiresome than curling up at home with a good book. Well, last Saturday, Army did beat Pittsburgh by a score of 69–7 in a match that was lively, and interesting, all the way. For one thing, the first, second, and third Army teams (all of which are worth looking at) had a good workout and, instead of sticking to a few orthodox plays, tried out a number of more elaborate maneuvers, the sort of stuff a less generous management might well have saved for the sterner opposition of the weeks to come. It is always a pleasure to see how a well-drilled team's trick plays go. Against the opposition afforded by Pittsburgh, most of Army's trick plays went, with fearsome directness, over the enemy goal line. Pittsburgh's spirit, in the face of all this disaster, remained willing. When, a minute or so before the game ended, Pittsburgh finally got a touchdown, the cheer that went up from an obviously Army crowd was as loud as any let loose during the afternoon. The score was made against the Army third team. Colonel Blaik, the Army coach, might have sent his regulars back in when Pittsburgh made threatening gestures, but he politely left the Army substitutes to their fate. It was an afternoon of forbearance all round. When Rickards, Pittsburgh's freshman quarterback, was taken out of the game after committing some remarkably ingenious errors, it was even money that Shaughnessy, his coach, would have him shot without a trial. But quarterbacks are scarce these days, and hearts, I guess, are mellower; Rickards, looking sad and pale, got a fairly graphic lecture from Shaughnessy before he was sent to the bench, but it wasn't long before he was back in the game. From then on, his passes worked much better, and more than once he had the Army backfield in a dither.

Just the same, the Army backfield is so good that the second-string one has Lombardo, one of the best quarterbacks I saw in action all last year, and Sensanbaugher, a ball-carrier who was famous out West before he ever came to West Point. In fact, there is so much backfield material around that Woods and Troxell, a pair of ball-carriers whom any other team you can think of would be happy to have, are merely coaching the junior varsity this fall. On the offense, it seems to be the most talented Army backfield in many years; on the defense, it seems, like other Army teams I can recall, less than perfect at breaking up passes. Rickards, it should be noted, completed almost two hundred yards' worth of them. The line, on the other hand, is not even as solid as it was last year. This is particularly true of the ends, on whom considerable work will have to be done. Thus, Army's hardest task this season falls, as it happens, not upon Colonel Blaik or Major Gustafson or any of the captains on the coaching staff but upon the varsity end coach, who is just Pvt. Stuart Holcomb. This must be what the boys around town mean when they talk about the old Army game.

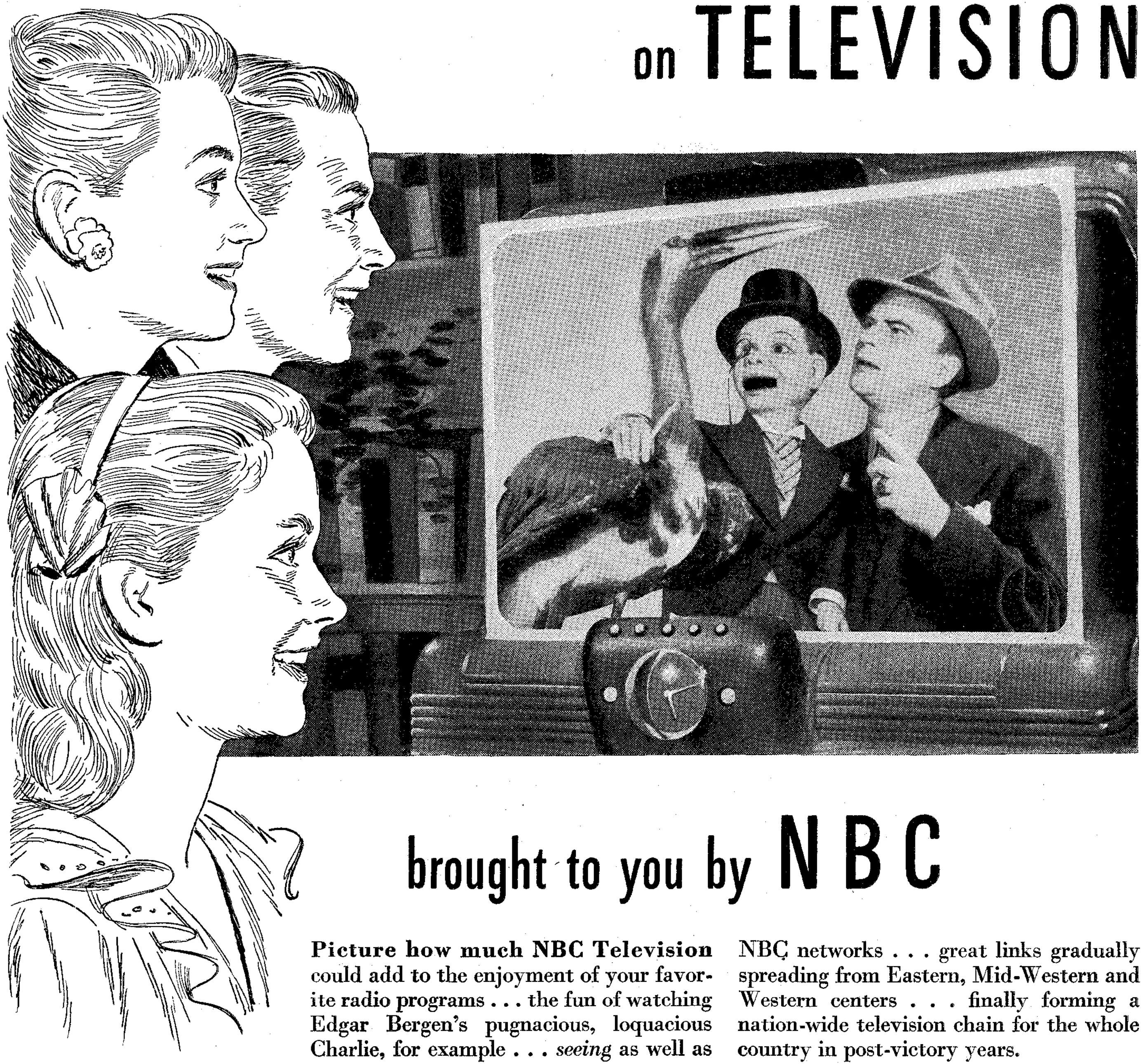
YALE, Princeton, and Harvard, institutions of learning which have always had a special approach to everything, have finally had a falling out. This year Harvard and Princeton both have what are called informal teams, because of what are called the times. (An informal team sometimes appears to be a team that plays a few lighthearted games with teams it has every right to think it can beat.) Yale has gone on, using what material it has, playing formally against standard teams, which are using what material *they* have. Yale has come out well so far—well enough to act fancy, like letting the other team get ahead and then coming from behind to win. Yale, like Pennsylvania, is using mostly local customers this fall; neither of these teams will travel this year. . . . Notre Dame, however, is still taking to the high road—last weekend, Boston, where it trounced a plainly overmatched Dartmouth team. A Dartmouth man I know insists that the naval trainees on the Notre Dame team have rewritten the old Navy slogan to read, "Join Notre Dame and see the world."—J. W. L.

•

Q. I am one of the many who have a flat bust. In a recent column you suggested the use of dumbbells, but you did not tell us what weight to use.—*The Post.*

Well, not too heavy, certainly.

Imagine Charlie McCarthy... on TELEVISION



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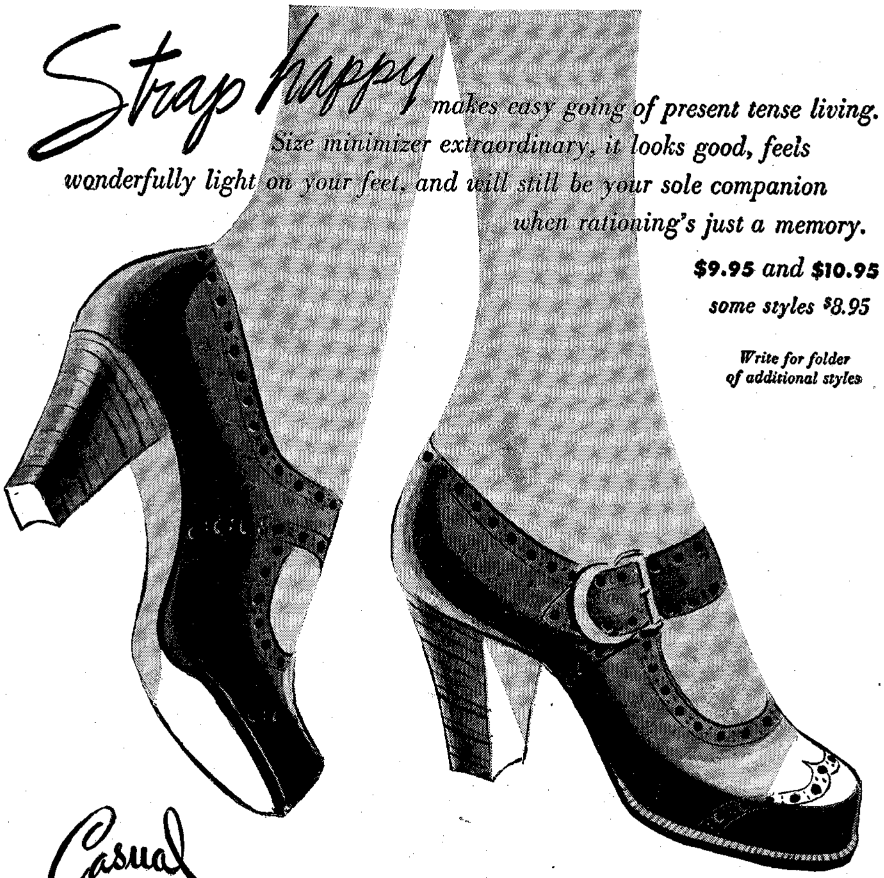
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BUMP

THE general and the major were the first passengers aboard the plane in Washington. As they bore down on the gate to the field, one of the civilian passengers half-unconsciously stepped out of the way, and then, because the general so obviously expected it, the others stepped out of the way, too. He was a rotund little general, with a single star on his shoulder and a brisk military air. The major, who appeared to be his aide, was small too, but slender and dyspeptic-looking.

The civilian passengers got on and the flight started.

"I want a cigarette," the general said to the major when the plane was well into the air. His voice was commanding and loud enough to be heard by all the passengers near him.

"Yes, sir," the major said, and drew a cigarette case from his pocket. He held a match to the general's cigarette until he was sure it was drawing. As he shook out the match, the general grunted something that could have been thanks.

He did not speak again for some minutes. When he did, it was to say, "I want a cup of coffee."

"Yes, sir," the major said. When the stewardess came by, he spoke to her.

"The general would like to have a cup of coffee."

"Yes, sir," said the stewardess in her turn. She brought the coffee promptly and the general accepted it with another grunt. The silence lasted until he had drunk it. The civilian passengers glanced at one another and then away, sheepishly.

At Pittsburgh the general, the major, and most of the civilian passengers got off to stretch their legs on solid ground.

"I want a *Post*," the general said when he and the major came in sight of the newsstand.

"Yes, sir," the major said, and, reaching into his pocket for some change, he walked over to the stand. The civilian passengers who were within hearing watched with interest as he bought the newspaper and delivered it, neatly folded, into the general's hands.

A few minutes out of Pittsburgh the stewardess, coming from the front of the plane, approached the two officers.

"We've just had a radio from Cleveland, sir, that these two places will be required there for someone else," she said.

The general glared at her, but when he spoke it was to the major. "Nonsense," he said. "This plane is full of civilians. If they need two places, why should they have those of the only Army officers on board?"

"You'd better suggest that they put off some civilians instead," the major said to the stewardess. His voice was not as loud as the general's, and the civilians, who were studiously engrossed in the contents of their briefcases, barely heard what he said.

"I'm very sorry, sir," the stewardess said smoothly, her color a little heightened. "We have nothing to say about it, of course. It's all arranged through the ticket office. They sent the radio because they thought it would be more convenient to give you a little warning. I expect they'll be able to put you on the next plane."

"Ask her why they don't put off some civilians," the general said.

"Why don't they put off some civilians?" the major repeated.

"I don't know, sir. Perhaps they have higher priorities." The stewardess's voice and manner were perfectly respectful, but she continued to speak directly to the general.

"It's a mistake," the general said to the major. "Get off at Cleveland and see that it's straightened out."

"Yes, sir," the major said, looking as if his digestion bothered him.

AT Cleveland a few passengers got off with the major. The rest preferred to sit still and see what would happen next. Those sitting on the right side of the plane were rewarded for their patience by seeing the major approach the plane in a couple of minutes, looking even more upset than before and accompanied by an agent of the airline. The man's intention was so obvious that the general, who was sitting on the right side himself, got to his feet abruptly and walked down the aisle to the exit. Two khaki-clad figures at the foot of the steps saluted him as he passed. He met the major and the agent near the gate, and they walked into the airport office together. The civilian passengers dropped their eyes to the contents of their briefcases again. None of them, however, was so engrossed in his reading that he failed to notice the two sergeants who got on the plane and sat down in the seats vacated by the general and the major. None of them said anything, but a warm, happy glow of fellowship spread perceptibly through the plane. —ANNA MARY WELLS

•

She came from a long line of seafaring ancestors and can only think clearly at sea.
—*Washington Post.*

Fog make any difference?

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Yep, plenty of whiskey on sale—and Carstairs White Seal *at that!* Nice, isn't it, to again have The Perfectly Balanced Blend available in generous quantities all around town? We're glad, too...because it was no fun, in that shortage period, trying to keep the supply with *our* inflexible standards. But today you don't *hope* for the best when you ask for Carstairs White Seal—the man hands it right over!

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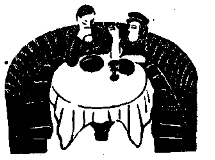
TABLES FOR TWO

Music, Music Everywhere

IN an autumn in which most of the establishments which the Mayor and I have on our probation lists have thriftily elected to confine their redecorating to posting one of those O.P.A. price lists in what is known as a conspicuous place, the Ruban Bleu has shut the door on its past. Gone are the Angel Street décor and the Rue Morgue lighting so dear to my, and probably your, childhood. Gone, thanks to a wolfish air-conditioning system, are the heady fumes of burning tobacco which once thickened an already cozy atmosphere. But perhaps it is all for the best. This is, as it happens, almost the only proof that we really are at the start of a new season. Most places have not bothered, either, to redecorate the entertainment they were offering us last spring—not that there is any reason they should. Thus, along Fifty-second Street the bands of Joe Marsala and Coleman Hawkins are still at work, Jimmy Savo and Hazel Scott are still at Café Society Uptown, Dr. Giovanni is again apologetically picking pockets at the Pierre, George and Gene Bernard are once more prancing about the Blue Angel and Hildegarde is prancing about the Plaza, Irwin Corey and Imogene Coca are again being funny at the Ruban Bleu. Well, you've got the idea.



Mr. Corey is still doing the same monologues, too, which is all right, I guess, because I don't see how they could be made any funnier, and he is still wearing the same disastrous dinner jacket, which is in as advanced a state of manic depression as the one which floats around Jimmy Savo, possibly because these two gentlemen have the same tailor, a fellow who went out of business in 1902. Miss Coca is mostly up to her old tricks, but she does have one pleasant new song, which she brings to an unexpected close by playing a hot chorus on a slide trombone. Her trombone is in turn hoarse and indecisive, which is as it should be, since the point her song is making is that a mother should not raise her daughter to be a musician in one of those all-girl orchestras. There are also Day, Dawn, and Dusk, likewise old familiars here, who really *are* song stylists, and painless ones, as well as Una Mae Carlisle, who, collaborating at the piano with the Cedric Wallace Trio, transports the Ruban Bleu from East Fifty-sixth to West Fifty-second and gracefully brings it back again.

AS for piano music, I would just as soon pass an evening at the Blue Angel listening to nothing but the lush yet intricate settings for Kern and Rodgers and Gershwin played by Stuart Ross, who, for all his occasional sentimentality, is a musicians' musician. It was nice to see him back, and I am sorry that he couldn't stay longer than he did. It was also nice of the Blue Angel to have brought back, along with Mr. Ross, the two Bernards, the eminent lampoonists who spent the spring there encasing the Andrews Sisters in aspic. They are now subjecting the overpowering winsomeness of Mary Martin, the folksiness of Bing Crosby, and the eternal youth of Frank Sinatra to a fairly searching analysis. At the rate these two boys are going, they won't have a friend left in show business, but they should never want for admirers among the laity. Two young ladies new to the Blue Angel are in residence this season. The first of these is Maxine Sullivan, about whom, at this late date, I can say nothing except to reassert my belief that she can do no wrong. The other one is Pearl Bailey, late of the unlamented Cotton Club. Miss B., though tall and rather stately, has a casual manner about her singing that I like. She needs only to polish off a couple of ragged, or Cotton Club, edges to fit in there nicely.

ANOTHER piano player whom I was happy to see back in town is Victor Borge, who is stopping at the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf. The instinct of self-preservation is a powerful one, and for years I was unable to control an urge to bury my head in any convenient tablecloth whenever I saw a man faultlessly, or even just faultily, dressed in tails enter a room, bowing distantly once to the left and once to the right, and make for the microphone. Mr. Borge cured me the first time I heard him, and I am sure that there are many others he can help, too. He plays the microphone (an instrument he doesn't need) and the piano with equal urbanity, and although some of the material in the monologues he presents is so thin that you can see right through it, you find yourself not caring if it is thin. When he is seated at his piano, he is on firm ground indeed, especially during the sequence in which he assists as solo artist in a peculiar symphony played by the house orchestra, Nat Brandwynne's. This sequence involves a single sheet of music and a sandwich, and no one has any right to spoil it for you by telling you more. To me, hotel dance orchestras in general differ only in size, but Mr. Brandwynne, though he has sandpapered his music to a glossy smoothness, has given it a certain distinction, too. His brass section includes three French horns, and French horns don't get around much any more. Together, these three brasses make a fine background for what the rest of the men are playing. Now and then one of the horns takes a few bars, hot, by itself. In other words, an instrument worth reviving. Hot musicians please copy.

ONE other pianist belongs in this chronicle—James P. Johnson, the soloist at the Pied Piper, down in the Village. On Tuesday evenings, which Max Kaminsky's band spends in bed instead of on the Pied Piper's stand, Mr. Johnson fills in for it with an accomplished group of his own devising, among it Wilbur de Paris, a trombonist who could give a number of pointers to Miss Coca or anyone else. The rest of the week, the de Paris trombone is a part of the Kaminsky band, which has been further embellished with Willie the Lion Smith, at either an aged upright or a new Steinway baby grand, depending on his mood of the moment.

—R. E. M. W.

•

POESY DEPARTMENT
(PAPER SHORTAGE DIVISION)

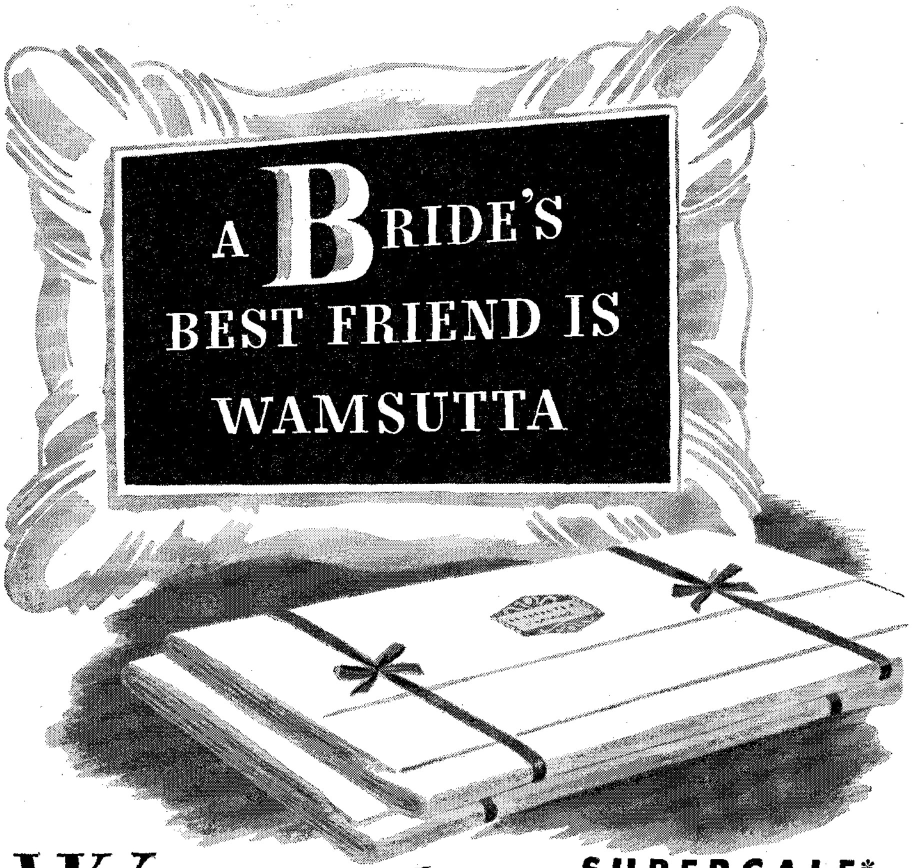
[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. TRIMBLE ON HIS BIRTHDAY

'Mid an avalanche of flowers,
Handiwork of shines and showers,
Mr. Trimble, in his office,
    Entertained his friends today,
Who called in, with smiling faces,
To enjoy, with him, his vases,
Filled with floral effervescence,
    And their heart respects to pay
To this honored friend of theirs,
Who grows grander with the years.

Mr. Trimble's great admirers,
Many of them, were inquirers,
In their own hearts, of his silent
    True philosophy of life;
But no one dared ask the question,
Openly, or by suggestion—
His philosophy of silence
    Strengthened him in every strife—
Master of himself, he stands,
Meeting squarely right's demands.

—*Horace C. Carlisle.*



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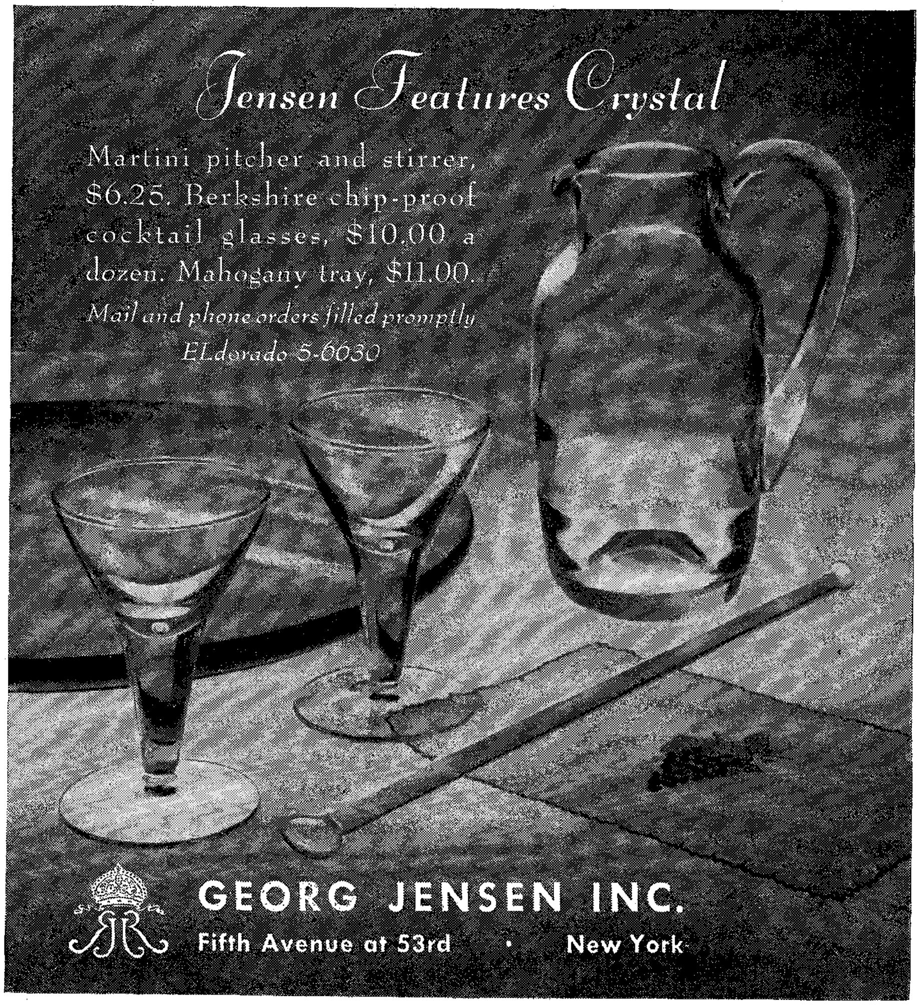

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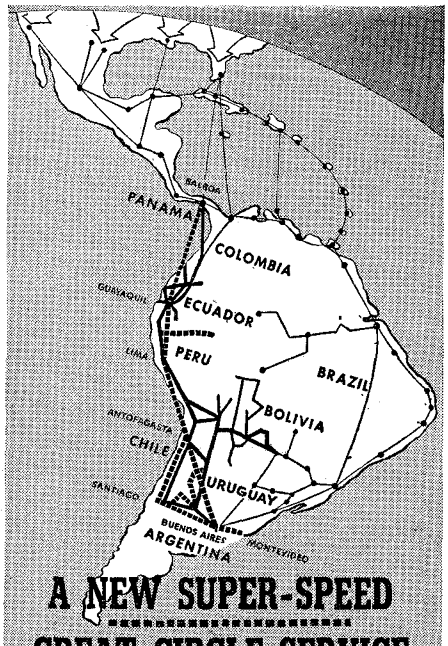

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LETTER FROM LUXEMBOURG

OCTOBER 10 (BY WIRELESS)

JUST before the American Fifth Armored Division moved into the city of Luxembourg, capital of the grand duchy of the same name, a despondent German officer jumped off the Pont Adolphe, which is near the centre of town, and landed in the suburbs, dying instantly. That is to say, he landed in what the citizens of Luxembourg call the suburbs, which happen to be in the middle of the city and two hundred feet below it instead of on the outskirts. They lie at the grassy bottom of the gorge formed by the rivers Alzette and Pétrusse, which meet at right angles and flow into the capital from, respectively, the north and the west. This underslung suburban district is picturesque, but it is neither wealthy nor very lively, and although the people up in the metropolis cross over it every day on one bridge or another, they are inclined to forget that it's there—at least they are, now that the Germans have gone. During the German occupation—or, rather, annexation—quite a bit of attention was focussed downward on the Alzette section of the suburbs, where the city prison stands. Every morning at eleven, the inmates, who were nearly all anti-Nazis, would come out in the yard for their exercise. The prison has a high wall, but the townspeople, by gathering above, on the ruined buttress of a castle built by a Count Siegfried in 963, were able to pick out their friends and relatives through binoculars. Now the inmates are collaborationists, whom nobody comes to look at, even with the naked eye.

This castle of Siegfried's and the fourteen miles of underground passages which reach out from beneath it are the principal scenic wonders of the city. The passages have served handily as air-raid shelters in both World Wars and could probably hold the city's whole population, which is fifty thousand. A couple of blocks from the castle are the Chamber of Deputies and the Grand Ducal Palace. The royal family, a large one, is not yet in residence again. Since a certain number of isolated Germans are still plaguing the countryside, the Grand Duchess Charlotte and five of her children—Princess Elisabeth, Princess Marie-Adélaïde, Princess Marie-Gabrielle, Prince Charles, and Princess Alix—have not returned from England. Prince Félix, who is the Prince Consort, and Crown Prince Jean came in with the Americans last month, but they have since gone elsewhere on a diplomatic mission. At the time of the liberation, the *Luxemburger Wort*, the only newspaper then being published in the city, carried a picture of Prince Félix and an American general who the caption said was Patton but who was actually Oliver of the Fifth Armored Division. The *Wort* had simply figured that since it wasn't Eisenhower it must be Patton.

The *Wort* is the paper of the Catholic Party. The Duchy is Catholic from top to bottom, but there are two non-church political parties, the Liberal and the Socialist. The *Luxemburger Zeitung*, the Liberal paper, hasn't resumed publication yet, but the Socialists, who don't seem to be any more radical than some of the French Socialists of prewar days, are once more printing the *Escher Tageblatt* down in Esch-sur-Alzette, a big steel town to the south. *Le Luxembourg*, the capital's French-language paper, will presumably be published again soon, and then the language situation around here will be the wonderful shambles it used to be. Left to itself, the Duchy is trilingual. It uses French, German, and Luxembourgeois, which is the French name that has been given to the highly Teutonic patois of the Duchy as well as to the people themselves. Both the *Zeitung* and the *Tageblatt* are German-language. The *Luxemburger Wort* prints stories in German, French, or Luxembourgeois, more or less at random. The Germans outlawed French altogether, which entailed renaming most of the streets in the city of Luxembourg. Now the old street signs are gradually going back up, and what was for four years the Adolf Hitler Strasse is once more the Avenue de la Liberté. Incidentally, the Pont Adolphe is named after Adolphe I, Grand Duke from 1890 to 1905, and nobody else.

THE currency situation isn't much fun, except for the merchant class. When the Germans came in, they tossed out the Luxembourg franc, and it hasn't been restored yet. There are, however, the French franc, imported by the American soldiers, and the German mark, which the Germans left behind. We have pegged the French franc at fifty to the dollar. The Germans long ago announced, in a fit of fantasy, that the mark was worth

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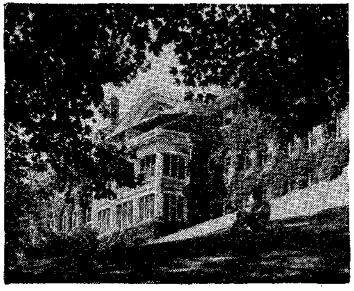

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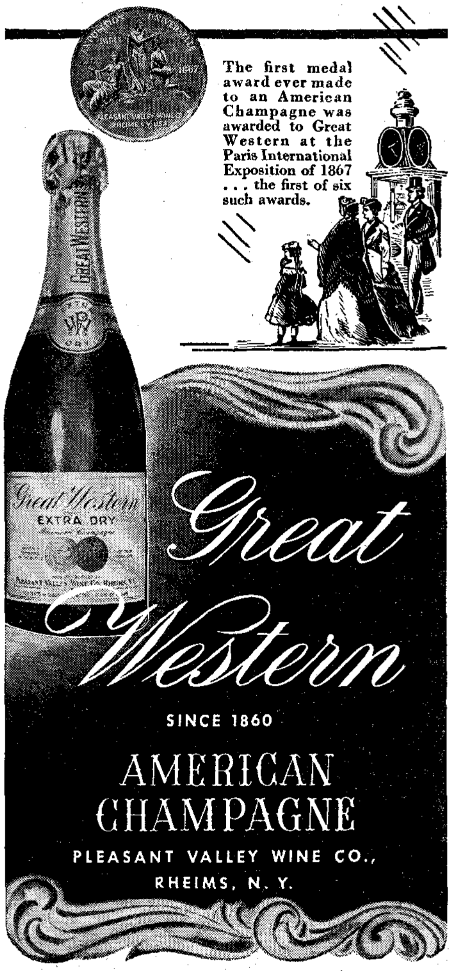

The first medal award ever made to an American Champagne was awarded to Great Western at the Paris International Exposition of 1867 . . . the first of six such awards.

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twenty francs, which is the latest word the Luxembourg merchant has had on the subject. Consequently, for something priced at a mark he demands forty cents' worth of francs, which is murder. There has been some Allied talk of knocking the mark down to ten cents, but nothing has come of it yet.

Except at Army messes, food is scarce in town, and so is about everything to drink, including Moselle, the wine of the Duchy. When the Germans had retreated as far as the Moselle, they paused to take revenge on the fairly effective Luxembourg resistance forces by squashing the grape crop and overturning all the barrels of Moselle they could find (and also by blowing up a few houses with the dynamite left over from bridge demolitions). The citizens have been realistic about the food shortage. The German rationing system, which seems to work as well as any, is still in force, and not only do shoppers go on surrendering the same old German coupons but natives who patronize hotels give up the same old tickets for so many grams of meat, bread, and fat when they eat a meal in the dining room. American and British guests don't have to give up tickets, but they aren't apt to get a great many grams, either. A hotel widely mentioned as the best in town is the Brasseur, which was called the Brauer when it was occupied by the German commanding officer and his staff. This is the hotel to which the returning Luxembourg cabinet officers were going for a welcome-home party last month when their automobiles were fired on by persons as yet unidentified. The Brasseur features shiny, green-tiled bathrooms and a back yard containing a chicken house and a rabbit hutch.

THE Grand Duchy of Luxembourg is meant to be a buffer state, but there is no doubt that as such it was something of a bust in 1939. However, its subsequent war record is pretty good. The Ligue Patriotique de Luxembourg, or L. P. L., was formed soon after the annexation and went right to work forging papers and getting Luxembourgeois refugees into Belgium, whence they might escape to England. It was broken up in 1942, but it managed to get itself together again. By the time the American Third Army got here, the L. P. L. and several other resistance groups were combined in an organization called the Union. The Duchy wasn't exactly a moil of sabotage and guerrilla action; the simple fact is that there were too many Germans here—something like seventy thousand, which made them one-fifth of the total population, and even more than one-fifth after the deportation of Luxembourgeois to Germany began. That was in September, 1942, and the deportation was a reprisal for the general strike of September 10th, which in turn was a protest over the formal annexation of the Duchy to Greater Germany and over the projected conscription of Luxembourg boys of twenty to twenty-five into the German army. Some ten thousand were conscripted and some fifty thousand of their elders were deported to work for the Reich.

It was something of an achievement on the part of the Duchy that after four and a half years of Nazi pressure it had to be only liberated and not amputated. The people spoke German and looked German, to begin with, and the Germans pointed this out to them until they could spell it backwards. School children were compelled to join the Hitler Youth Movement and boys were encouraged to go to German universities. The Germans must have felt that this country would be the easiest indoctrinating job on their schedule. At the end, though, they and the people of Luxembourg were still wrangling with each other and there were some angry words at parting. The Germans said to look out because they were coming back in a couple of weeks, and then went off to the Moselle to kick the grapes around. The Luxembourgeois went on muttering a slogan of theirs which goes, in their language, "*Letzeburg de Letzeburger*" and means "Luxembourg for you know who."

There is one young matron here in the city, though, who sounds a little discouraged about living in a grand duchy. She and her husband have Americans in for dinner sometimes and she always asks them, "Did you know this place was here before you came?"

—DAVID LARDNER

•

Clemence Dane's *Icebound* won the Pulitzer Prize once, if that means anything and I am quite sure it doesn't...—*From "The World Ends at Hoboken," by Mel Heimer.*

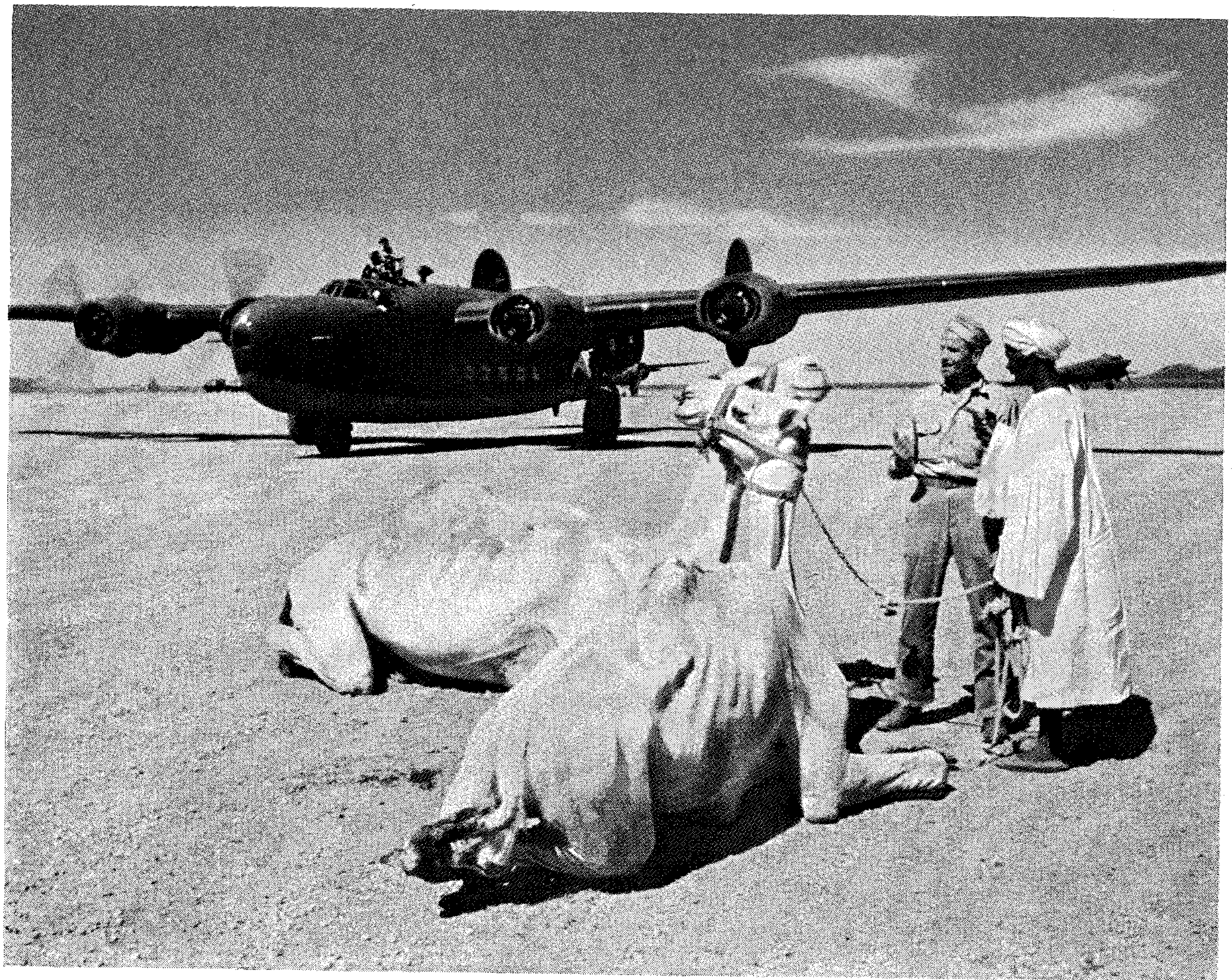
It might mean something to Owen Davis, who wrote it.

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Barre (Vt.) Times*]

H—— D—— of Fairlawn, N. J., is a guest at the Riley farm where his wife is carrying on during their daughter's vacation.



U. S. Army Air Transport Plane on African desert. Photo by Ivan Dmitri.

AIR IS EVERYWHERE, IMPARTIALLY

"No problem has greater bearing upon us as individuals and as a nation than that of the postwar use of universal air."

* * *

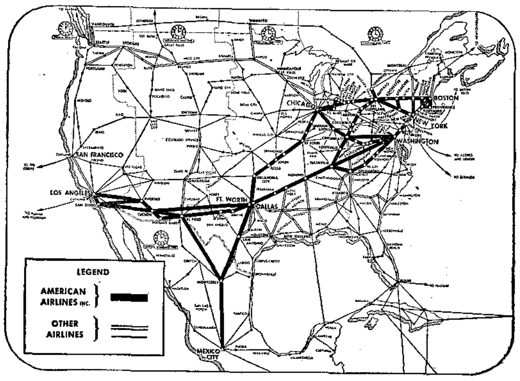
The founders of our nation came here *to get away* from Europe.

Due largely to pre-air geography, our national history has been one with emphasis upon self-determination, self-sufficiency and isolation . . . resulting in the greatest nation on earth with the highest standard of living.

The descendants of our founders, however, invented a machine—the airplane—that makes us more accessible to, and brings us infinitely *closer* to all of the earth's inhabitants than ever before. Daily the world becomes effectively smaller.

About 88 years ago our government introduced camels into Texas, New Mexico and Arizona to carry the mail. The experiment proved unsuccessful. Camel caravans, traveling at about 2½ miles per hour, are still a common sight in many parts of the world. Contrast that speed with the 300 miles an hour of our modern transport planes!

The increasing use of the air realm for national and international vehicular traffic rapidly is changing the relationship of all nations and of all peoples. This trend will increase, not diminish, after the war. It presents national and personal problems and opportunities.



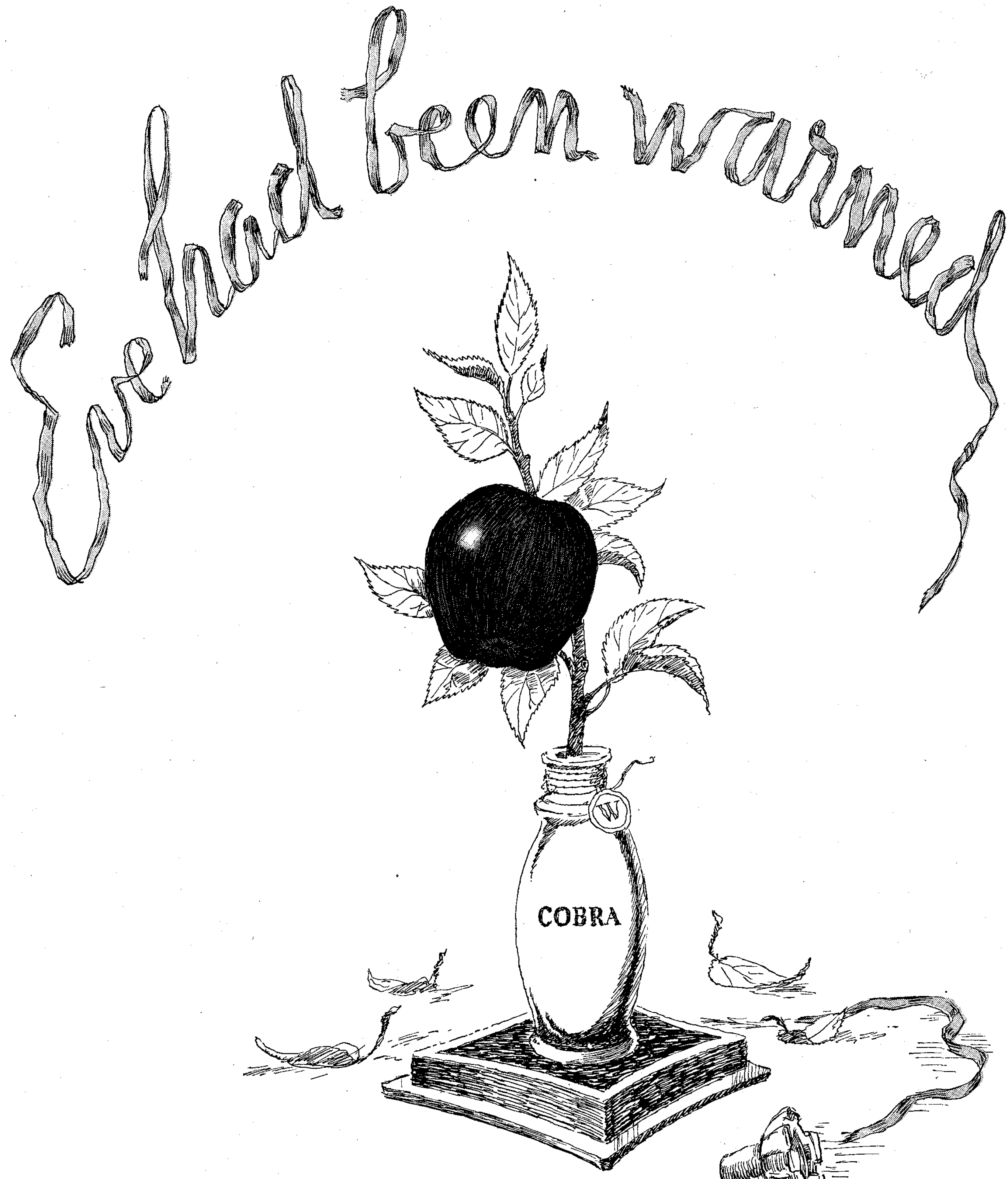
The U. S. has the world's best Airlines; therefore we believe the way to adjust to this *world* change is for us first to become an airfaring nation at *home*—domestically and hemispherically.

After the war our aviation impetus should be accelerated, not retarded.

We need surface transportation, but in addition, we must travel *above* the earth in order to have security *upon* the earth.

A. N. KEMP
President

THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL **AMERICAN AIRLINES** *Inc.* ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS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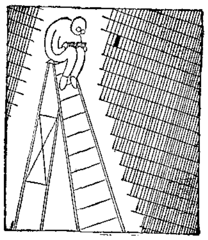
BOOKS

"Air Gunner" and "Sunday After the War"

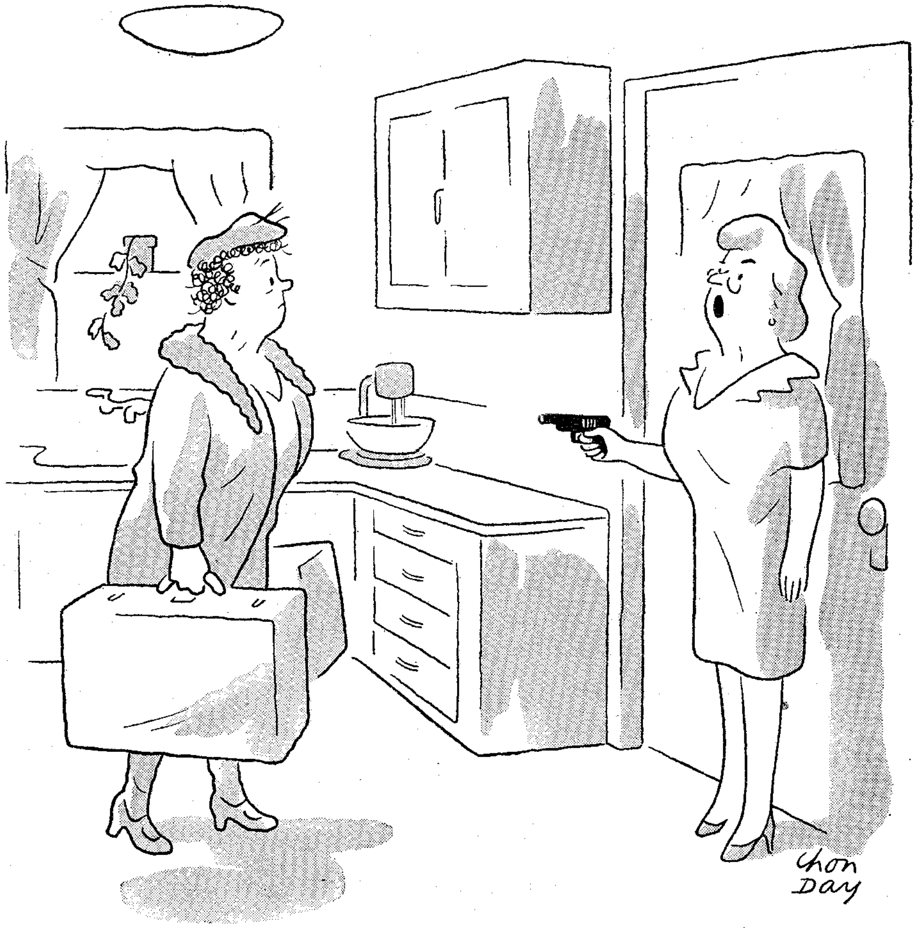


"AIR GUNNER" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Sergeant Bud Hutton and Sergeant Andy Rooney, is a series of chapters on the habits and adventures of American aviators stationed in England and making bombing raids over the Continent. I haven't read "Valley of the Sky," but "Air Gunner" is the first piece of writing so far which has really given me any idea of what it is like to operate a bomber. This life, with its new set of conditions—military, mechanical, and personal—is, of course, quite different from that of a ship or that of any other Army unit. The high altitude, the terrible risk, the necessity for working at close quarters and in perfect coöperation produce staggering nervous strain, feats of incredible heroism, close-binding esprit de corps, and the exaltations of a kind of super-sport.

The authors of "Air Gunner" are evidently young, and they sometimes create the impression that the bombing of German cities is in the category of big-game hunting and skiing. They tend to exploit a kind of emotional understatement which probably derives originally from Hemingway and which seems to have become standard style for subjects of this sort: "But don't be sad," an imaginary air gunner is made to write to his parents, "because the way it's been it's been worth it." But in general it cannot be said that they have minimized either the hardships or the tragedies of the service, and their accounts are full of intimate observation of how people speak, feel, and behave. The book is an excellent piece of reporting and ought to be read by everybody who really wants to know what it is like to live in a camp in England, to wait up the night before a mission, to fly through the enemy's flak, to see your friends fall out of the sky in burning planes, to have your feet frozen so hard that they will not even bleed when cut and then thaw out at a lower altitude with almost unbearable pain, to pass out or get delusions from lack of oxygen, to slip through the bomb bay and have to hold on against the blast from the propeller, to drop among the Germans in a parachute and try to escape from a prisoners' camp—as well as to feel pride in your bomber and crew that have accomplished many successful missions, to become so intoxicated with the power of flight and the triumph over danger that you insist on taking chance after chance beyond the required number of trips, to amuse yourself by dropping a dummy bomb and imagining the Germans creeping up on it, to be trying to get home with one engine gone and all the guns thrown out to save weight, and to run into an enemy pursuer and be able to put him out of business by tossing into his propeller old cartridges, chocolate bars, helmets, and boots, to keep on firing at the enemy from your turret as your plane is settling into the sea. The stories range from entertaining folklore through life histories of conspicuous and of average fliers to hair-raising records of combat. Sergeants Hutton and Rooney are making here an original contribution to the history of man's invasion of space, a new realm of human experience.

IT would be difficult to get farther from life in a bomber than by visiting the mind of Henry Miller. He has allowed the whole war to pass by him without perturbing his perceptions or reveries. Nor is this due to cynicism about humankind or to unpopular political views: though he is humorous and often tart about the kind of things that people do, the kind of world they choose to live in, his attitude toward his fellows in general is one of serene good will. It is simply that the life of the artist is the only thing that seems to him important. The name of his new book of narratives and essays, "Sunday After the War" (New Directions), indicates his state of mind and the ideal conditions for reading his work.

In this attitude, he sounds sometimes a little old-fashioned. This American from Brooklyn who discovered Paris and afterward discovered Greece seems to relate himself to the "aesthetes" of an earlier era: Arthur Symons, James Huneker, Lafcadio Hearn. All alone, he carries on their tradition, and though he is probably, as a literary personality, more interesting than any of these three, there are moments when you do feel that his assumptions are based on the world of the nineties. One may have shared even a quarter of a century ago his conviction that life in the United



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States was extremely materialistic and vulgar, and that we contrasted unfavorably with the French, who cultivated the amenities and elegances and had a universal respect for art; and yet, at this time of day, the point of view may seem anachronistic, and the desire to return to Europe and leave the crassness of America behind even impossible to understand. But Mr. Miller enjoys, also, the advantages of keeping out of the main current of events and of never feeling the need to nourish himself on anything other than the food of great literature and the simplest of human contacts. We are refreshed and relieved in reading him to find ourselves in touch with a spirit which has managed to remain happy and free by refusing to become involved in society and by remaining indifferent to all the things that Americans break their necks to achieve; and we are comforted by a reassurance as to the vitality, the necessity, the naturalness of the instinct that produces art.

His new volume perhaps suffers a little from the miscellaneity of its contents. It includes a long essay on D. H. Lawrence, a preface to Parker Tyler's book on Hollywood, episodes from an autobiographical fantasy called "The Rosy Crucifixion," and excerpts from "The Air-Conditioned Nightmare," a book about revisiting the United States. I have not found anything in it I liked quite so much as his picaresque novel, "Tropic of Cancer," or certain chapters of his book on Greece, or his essay on Proust and Joyce. But it is very representative of Miller and full of interpretations, visions, impressions, of a kind that no one else is writing. Though he disassociates himself from his time and declines to be racked by its strain, he is exceptional in feeling to a high degree, in relation to the world at large, the moral responsibility of the writer, and all his work has its own kind of relevancy to our world of great modern cities and great mechanical wars that wreck them. It is rare to find an American writer so consistent in maintaining such an attitude, so conscious of the meaning of the attitude, and with enough genuine literary talent to make the performance impressive. Ten years ago Henry Miller was the complete café-haunting bohemian: he was only just getting to be known as the author of a remarkable novel that dealt with the life of American bums in Paris and contained so many outlawed words that it was considered impossible to print it at home. Today he sits in the California sun and is by way of becoming a sage, writing paragraphs of dream and description on the scale of a De Quincey or Ruskin and with something of their grand manner in prose.

—Edmund Wilson

VERSE

THE reason may or may not be the war; the fact is that an unusually large number of books of verse written by women have appeared at the beginning of this fall season. I do not believe that women should be dealt with critically in isolation in any department of art, but the appearance in quantity, just now, of poetry by women brings one or two general observations to mind.

Certain spectres haunt the minds and talents of women poets. The first of these are the Transcendent Figures—for English-speaking women, Emily Brontë, Christina Rossetti, and Emily Dickinson. They are also haunted, often to an unrealized degree of closeness, by the feminine Terrible Examples, in the persons of, say, Felicia Hemans and Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Even granted that no more critical blame should be attached to bad women poets than to bad men poets, the overtones and implications of second-rate feminine verse are somehow particularly pervasive. The sentiment of a given period is nowhere so well distilled as in the contemporary verse written by women either as a serious literary exercise or merely to get something off their minds. In the comparatively short scattered periods of history when women have been at all vocal, the atmosphere of literary subregions has been condensed by women in a way that male poets could not quite manage. The fashionable attitude, the decorative emotion, the sweeping empty enthusiasm, the sigh that is not yet a tear come through in the works of female versifiers so vividly that we are at once carried off into a "period" mood of one kind or another. The urns and weeping willows are distinctly observable behind Mrs. Hemans. Sofa cushions and bamboo furniture loom beyond Mrs. Wilcox. Feather boas, whiffs of Chypre, and the air of the spa or the casino come through the pages of the Comtesse de Noailles. The lesson in all this is that women poets must be particularly sensitive to all the implications in their scene. They must, furthermore, be able to see around their situation on all sides, and to rise above their time, if their work is not to resemble, after twenty years or so, the dated illustrations in a household magazine.

Muriel Rukeyser has always stood four-square in her time. Her new book,

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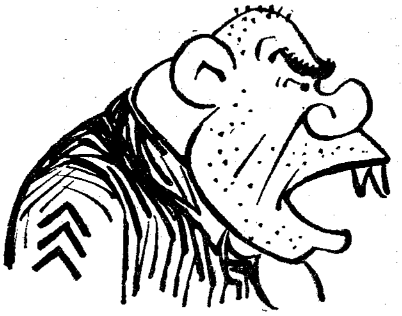
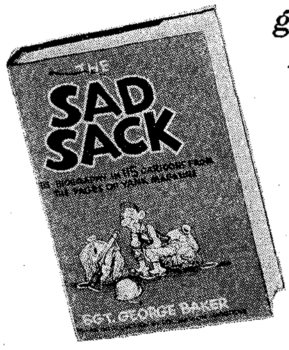
GEN. FLOOT says: "A man like me, who is concerned only with vast strategic matters, can only view with alarm the Sad Sack and all he stands for. His military bearing st----, I mean, is disgraceful. He is good for only one thing—to win wars, and we generals must consider the broader picture. Now it so happens that I am preparing my own memoirs for publication. If anyone planning to buy this preposterous volume called *The Sad Sack* will simply wait for one or two years . . ."

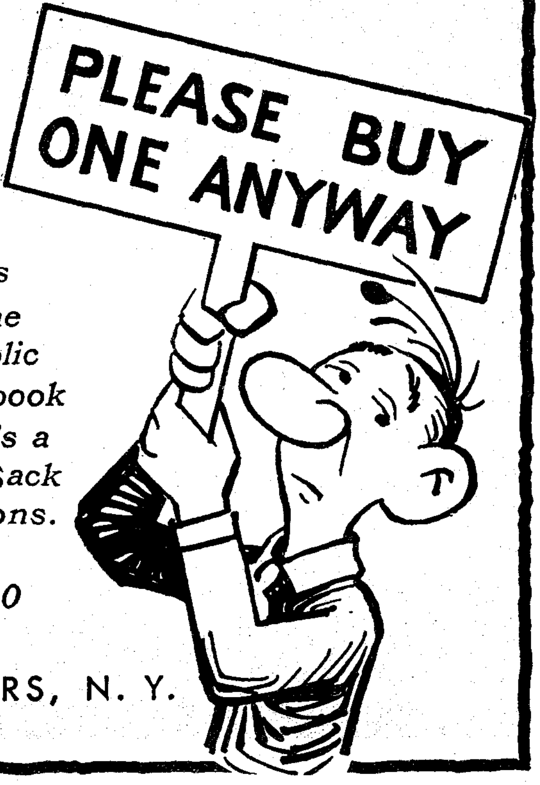
COL. CIRCLE says: "It has been brought to my attention, through channels, that the GI's have petitioned Sergeant Baker to promote the Sad Sack to pfc. There has been no such petition to promote me. And now there is a book called *The Sad Sack.* Why is there no book called *Colonel Circle?* This is rank discrimination. We are supposed to be fighting for all minority groups—including colonels. We colonels wear eagles, why should we be given the bird? The publication of this book is mutiny."



SGT. HARRUMP says: "I been in the Army three years. Three years now I been watching my blood pressure rise up. Three years, and my indigestion has come to the point I can't even finish the third helping. Three years I am Ma and Pa and noyse maid to this Sad Sack. Like a brother I watch over him and give him constant KP so he shouldn't get into trouble. Now they make a book outa *him!* I got oney one ray of hope about all this—lots of them book reviewers is really sergeants at heart."

IT'S TRUE. Nobody loves the Sad Sack. Nobody, that is, except about eight million GIs, who name tanks, planes and themselves after him. He is Sgt. George Baker's little Joe from the pages of Yank, the Army Weekly. He always gets it in the end. He is the most hapless and most public private of the war. His book has just been published. It's a sort of biography of the Sack in 254 pages of cartoons. Introduction by Marion Hargrove. Price $2.00





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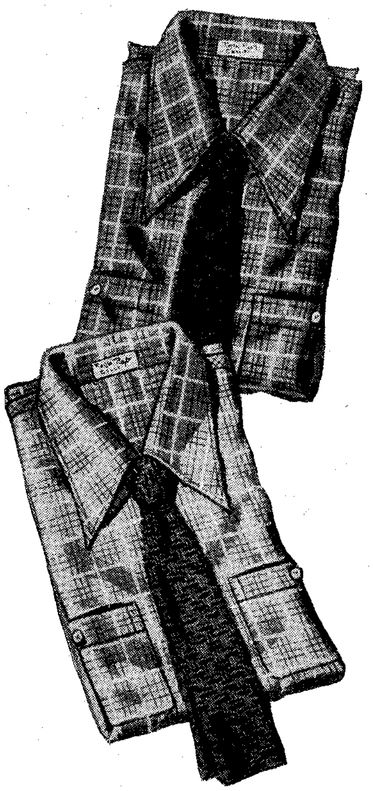

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"Beast in View" (Doubleday, Doran), bears a title from Dryden's cynical "Secular Masque," but is not itself cynical in the least. It is, rather, almost lushly romantic and brightly hopeful. The author has shifted from her former rôle of foreboding critic of society's mores. Her basic ideology is perhaps the same, but much milder in form, and she is now openly elegiac; she has read Rilke and has composed several "Elegies" of her own, of a peculiarly un-Rilkean character. No one should underestimate Miss Rukeyser. She has industriously built herself into modern literature and will be producing poetry for a long time to come. I wish, however, that she would write a little more clearly; often I do not understand, literally, what she is talking about.

After Miss Rukeyser's timeliness, Miss Marya Zaturenska, in "The Golden Mirror" (Macmillan), seems anachronistic by contrast. She has always been slightly influenced by other women poets. The chief of these influences, the Englishwoman Ruth Pitter, has now spread throughout her work, it would seem permanently. But this is by far the best written of Miss Zaturenska's volumes. She now moves at ease in her world of literary, artistic, and spiritual references. The poems reflect charming thoughts and irreproachable sentiments, or celebrate delicate, ambiguous occasions. If it all bears some relation to the genteel arrangements of a bibelot collection, one or two direct and poignant poems redeem the literariness and make-believe of the whole.

Babette Deutsch's new volume, "Take Them, Stranger" (Holt), is made up of reveries and lyrics varied in subject and often distinguished in insight, but at times it shows the brief touch of gentility. Dilys Bennett Laing ("Birth Is Farewell," published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce) errs less through gentility than through strain. Her talent is small but genuine; she sometimes struggles to enlarge it. It is a fact that gentility can, in one way or another, be a dead gloved hand, muffling a good deal of female writing, making it innocuous and spiritually suburban.

Marguerite Young ("Moderate Fable," published by Reynal & Hitchcock) is another who does not seem quite to have come into her own. She scatters her powers unduly among metaphysical concepts and a semi-surrealist technique. Under this virtuosity of surface, however, she appears to be experiencing authentic emotions and making imaginative observations. Finally,

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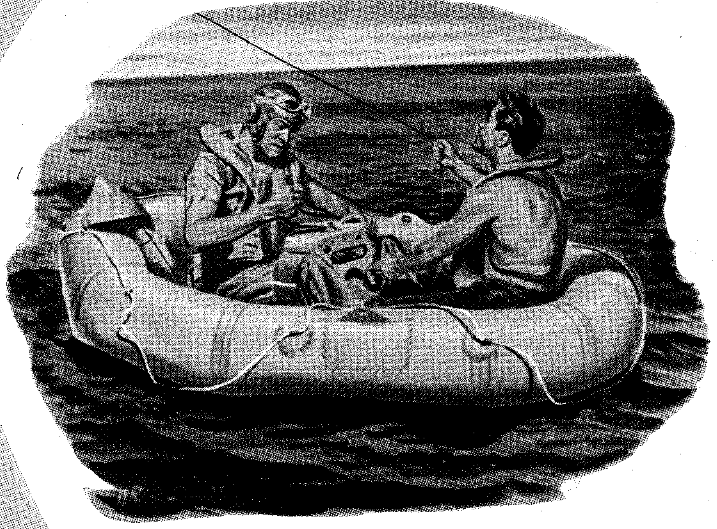

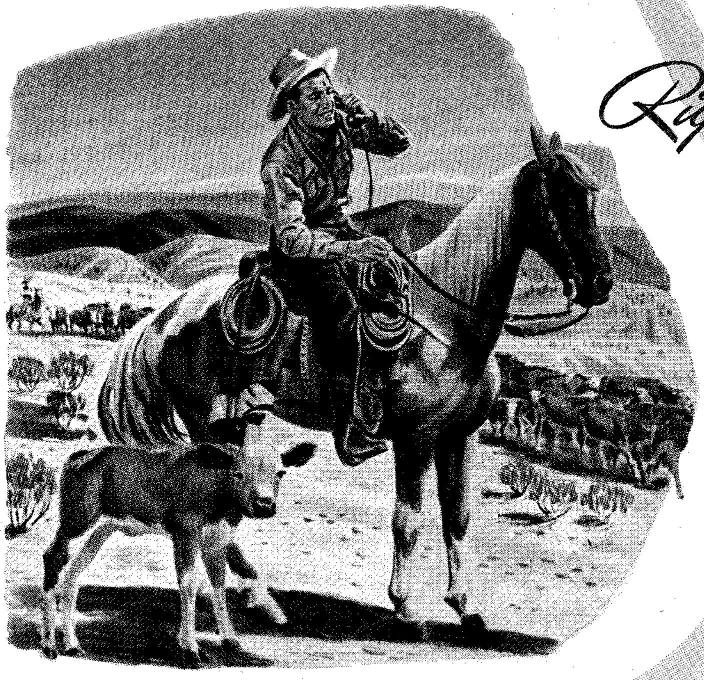

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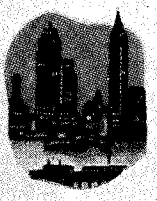

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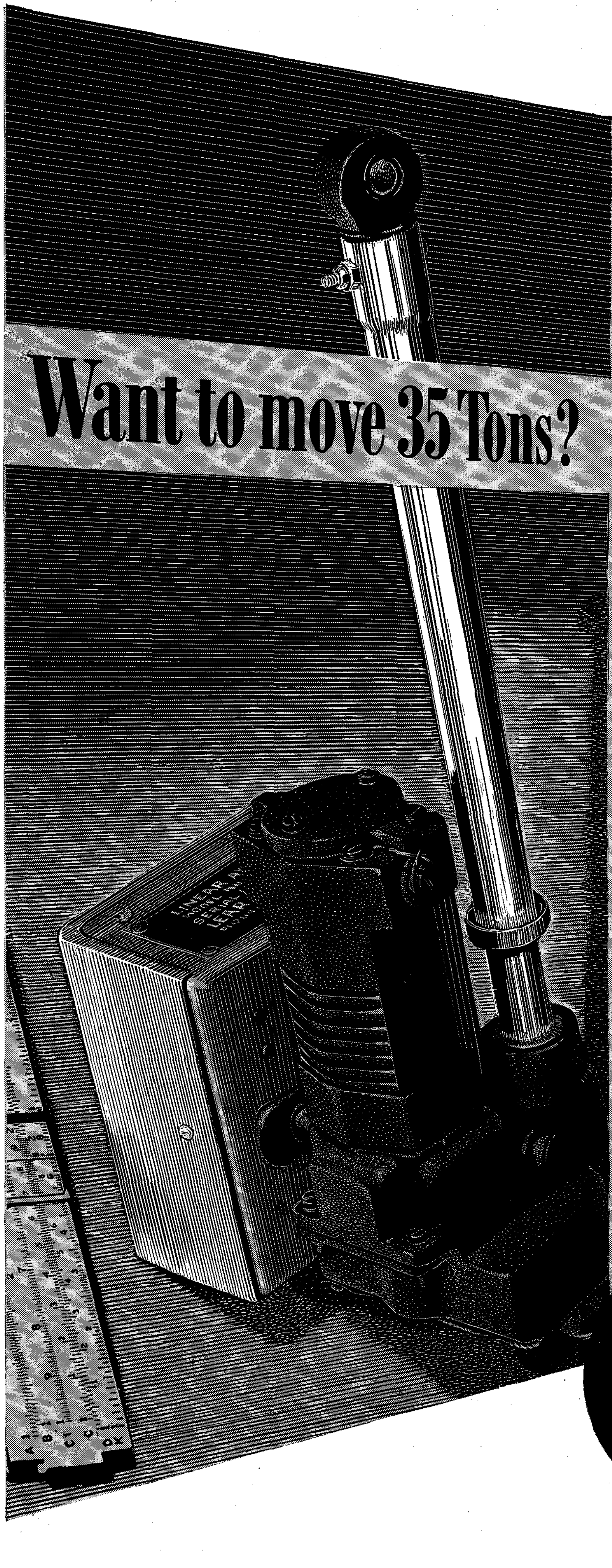

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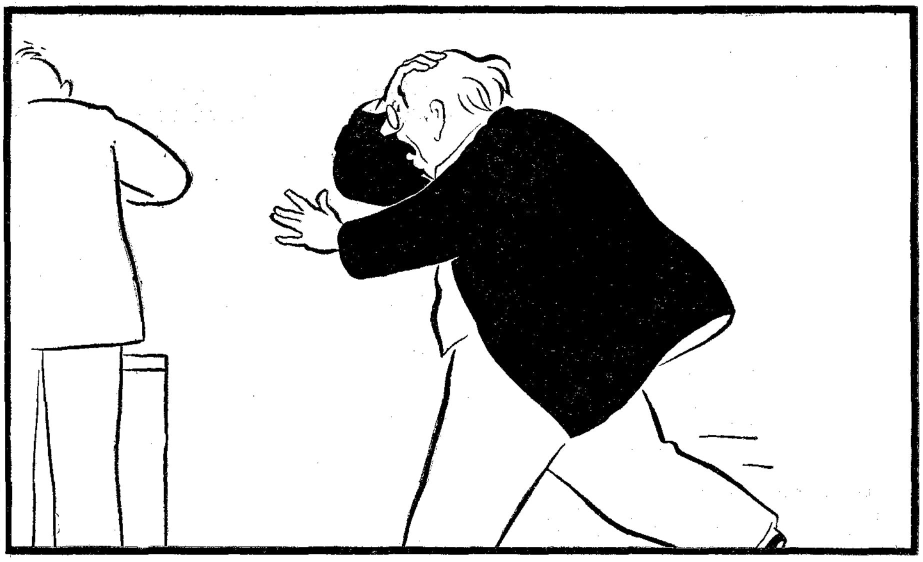
in this autumn's list of women, we find H.D., an older figure and a classic of the Imagist school. Some years ago her manner dwindled into smallness and artificiality. Her new book, "The Walls Do Not Fall" (Oxford University Press), based on Egyptian symbolism and concerned with bombed London, shows tenser feeling, writing of more energy, and thought of a larger sweep than has been usual in her poetry for many years. —Louise Bogan

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

For Love Alone, by Christina Stead (Harcourt, Brace). A satiric but sympathetic story of the quest for love by a young girl who is almost unendurably gauche and plain. The first half of the novel (much the better part) is laid in Australia, where Teresa, the heroine, lives in blighting poverty, teaches half-witted children, and speculates endlessly upon the nature of love. She inevitably conceives a passionate attachment, which is not returned, for the first man that comes her way—a young student who is the most boresome swine to turn up in fiction since Miss Stead created Sam Pollit. The rest of the novel takes place in London, where Teresa follows her student. She is miserably deceived and misused by him and finally abandons her tenacious, unconsummated pursuit to become the mistress of an American businessman, a relationship which is hardly interrupted by a brief but happy affair with a young Left Wing intellectual. The real substance of the novel is not to be conveyed by outlining its scanty plot; it is by means of her astonishing style, her originality, and her imagination that Miss Stead achieves her effects. This time she avoids many of the excesses and eccentricities that marred her earlier novels, but, on the other hand, there is none of the wit that glittered through "The Beauties and Furies."

The Winds of Fear, by Hodding Carter (Farrar & Rinehart). A study of the present Negro-white situation in the Deep South, done intelligently and without an ounce of sentimentality. Mr. Carter wastes no time dragging in Southern traditions but presents a typical modern small-town community of, for the most part, quite decent white people, who are scared to death of the increasing economic independence of



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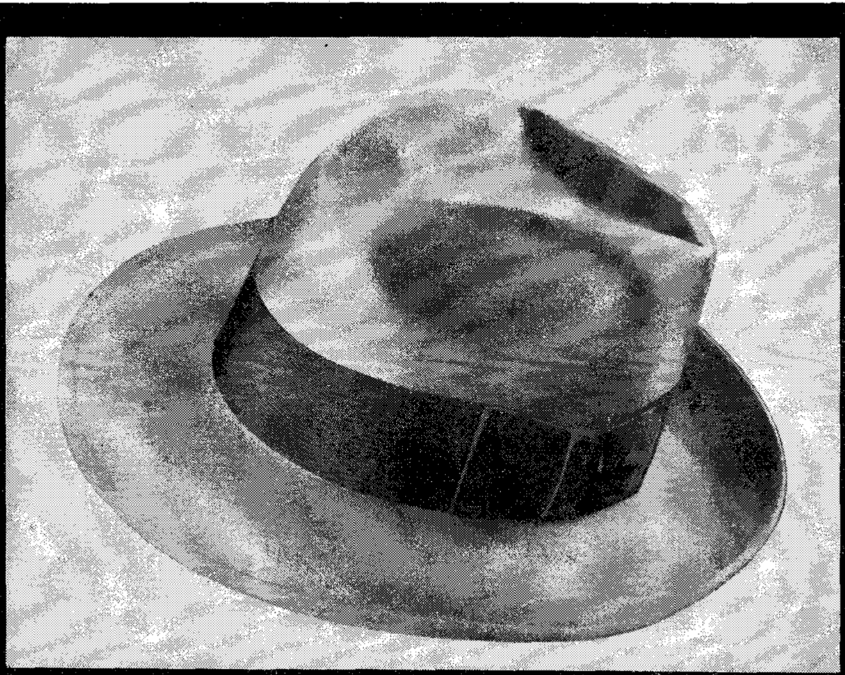

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the Negro and who take stupid, brutal means to repress it. Not much of a novel, but an interesting and useful exploration of a new phase of an old problem.

NOW WITH THE MORNING STAR, by Thomas Kernan (Scribner). An unpretentious story about a monk whose order is dissolved by the Nazis and who finds himself, after twenty years of cloistered life, obliged to make a living in an unfamiliar, regimented Germany at war. Mr. Kernan does not probe very deeply into the mind of this bewildered man, but the story he tells is moving and readable.

FOREVER AMBER, by Kathleen Winsor (Macmillan). Nine hundred and seventy-two pages about a beautiful girl who rises by hard work from humble beginnings to the exalted position of favorite mistress of Charles II. The customs and manners of the times are spread with a heavy hand and most of the period's famous historical personages turn up in the course of the novel. The publishers say on the dust jacket that the Restoration was brought to Miss Winsor's attention when her husband, then a college undergraduate, was assigned a theme on Charles II. If the young man boned up on the subject half as industriously as his wife, it is certain that he got an A for the course. As a matter of fact, "Forever Amber" isn't nearly so bad as it might be. Miss Winsor could so easily have been seduced into a super-fancy prose by all those snowy-breasted courtesans, plumed hats, and court intrigues; as it is, she sticks to a plain jog-trot style in which highwaymen and beribboned fops talk as cozily, and about as interestingly, as brokers on the eight-nineteen from White Plains.

THE BUILDING OF JALNA, by Mazo de la Roche (Little, Brown). The title tells all there is to know about this latest bit of Whiteoak family history. The narrative goes back to 1850, when young Philip and Augusta Whiteoak migrate to Canada, where they have a number of children and start building the family seat, which is destined to furnish numerous generations of heroes and heroines to people Miss de la Roche's highly successful novels.

DON'T WAIT UP FOR SPRING, by Charles Mergendahl (Little, Brown). The author apparently belongs to that large group of contemporary novelists who believe that a pencil and paper are all that is needed to write a book. In addition to this equipment, Mr. Mergendahl has great enthusiasm for beautiful, clean sex and a conviction that Greenwich Village offers a quaint, Murgeresque background for a love story. The hero is an unsuccessful playwright and the heroine an unsuccessful actress, both of whom, throughout the first half of the novel, are stuffed to their eyebrows with whimsy, love, and drink. Then there is Pearl Harbor (come to think of it, how did novelists with recalcitrant plots ever manage without Pearl Harbor?), and the hero joins the Navy and has a spot of adventure in Morocco. Things are in an awful mess with his girl when he gets home on leave, but, after a good deal of talk, everything turns out all right.

GENERAL

THE FORGOTTEN BATTLEFIELD, by Kazimierz Wierzynski (Roy). A series of well-written, loosely strung-together scenes in the Battle of Poland (September, 1939), which, as the title suggests, has been almost lost sight of in the fog of five years of war. The author, who was a well-known poet and critic in prewar Poland, tells of those days of valor and tragedy with the fierce, nationalistic pride that is evident in so much contemporary Polish writing.

POLAND FIGHTS BACK, by Xavier Pruszynski (Roy). This amounts to a sequel to Mr. Wierzynski's book. It is the story of the Poles—the free corps, the Polish units in other Allied armies, the underground—who have been carrying on the war against Germany since the surrender of their armies in 1939. Reading both books in the most tragic month in Polish history since that collapse, one is impressed by the fanatic love of country that makes the Pole one of the best soldiers in the world, yet one is also left wondering why, in peacetime, he seems so indifferent to the political means by which he might help to insure his homeland against war.

WINSTON CHURCHILL IN THE MIRROR, by René Kraus (Dutton). The life of an unusually well-documented man, told in pictures, with a little not very distinguished text. Interesting for the variety and quality of the photographs and cartoons and for the photogenic qualities of the subject.

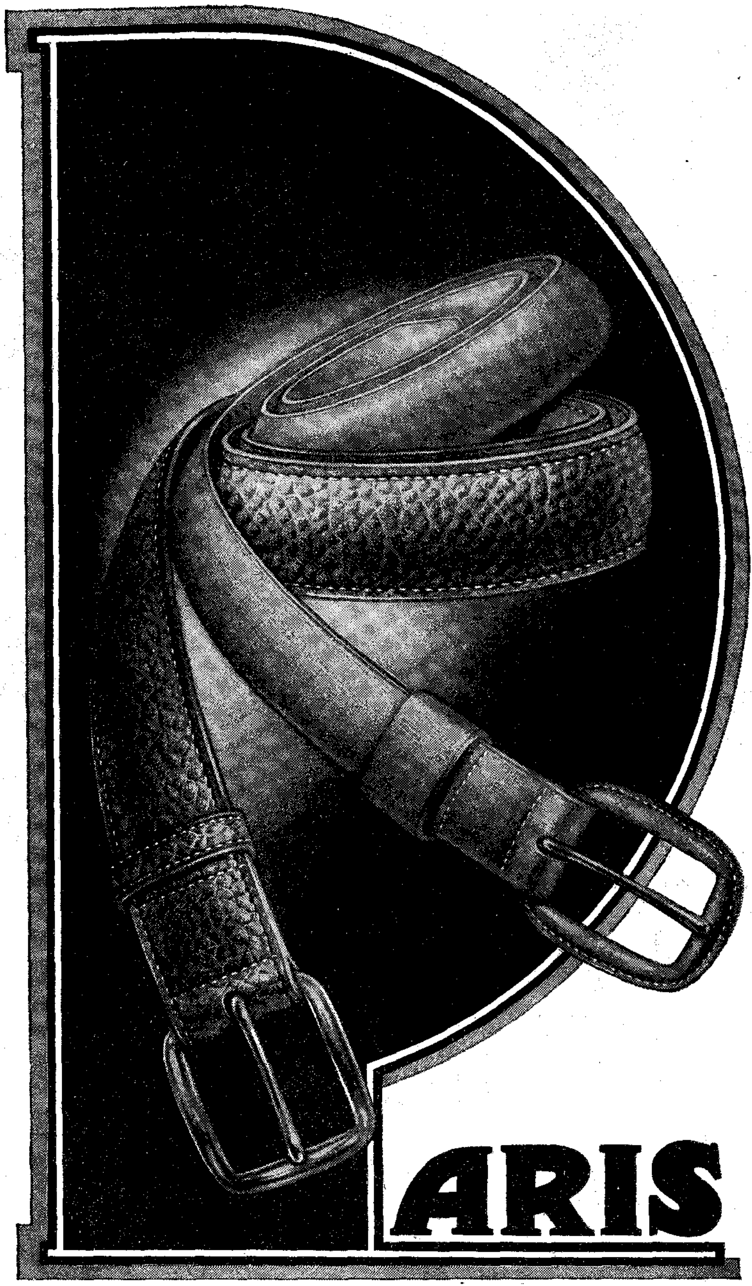
FREUD: MASTER AND FRIEND, by Hanns Sachs (Harvard). A frankly admiring biographical memoir of the father of psychoanalysis, by a disciple and long-time friend. Dr. Sachs, denying at the outset any intention of full-dress portraiture, lets himself go in a subjective, intimate, and wholly delightful sketch which should come in handy for the author of the yet-to-be-written formal biography of Freud and is fun to read just for itself. Without going into the subject very deeply, Dr. Sachs describes Freud's methods and the conditions under which he worked and gives us an inkling of the power of his "synthesizing imagination." The Freud of these pages is a less austere figure than has sometimes been presented by others—warmer, livelier, and wittier.

Women and Men, by Amram Scheinfeld (Harcourt, Brace). A fascinating piece of popularization, serious but not solemn, on the physiological and psychological differences between the sexes. At the end of what is basically a scientific study, for all its excursions into the byways of controversy, a good many of your favorite prejudices will probably have taken a severe buffeting and you will undoubtedly be inclined to admit that there is room in the world for both men and women.

An American Program, by Wendell Willkie (Simon & Schuster). A brief volume containing Mr. Willkie's last writings, including his famous "Cowardice at Chicago" and the stirring articles on the Negro in America. In a foreword, dated less than two weeks before his death, the author reaffirms his opinion that the Republican and Democratic platforms contain too many "evasive mockeries" of the big issues of the day. There is certainly nothing here to indicate for which party, if any, Mr. Willkie would have voted had he lived.

The Better Taylors, by Richard Taylor (Random House). This first collection of Mr. Taylor's drawings in book form comprises something like a hundred and seventy-five items, which present the artist's engaging eyes-agape species in a variety of bemusing predicaments and escapades. Most of the drawings were first published in this magazine.

Take Them up Tenderly, by Margaret Case Harriman (Knopf). Fifteen profiles, of such wildly assorted personalities as Lillian Hellman, Mary Pickford, and John-Frederics, by a girl whose tenderness is often hard to distinguish from the



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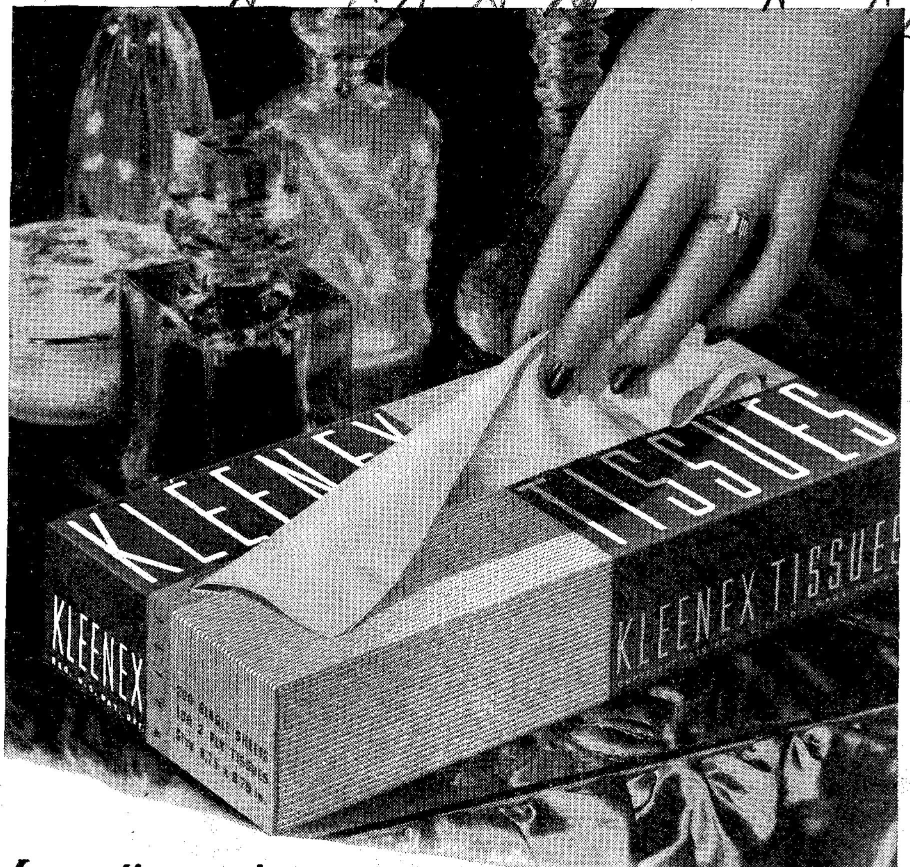

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crack of a whip. All but one of them appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DARK STREET, by Peter Cheyney (Dodd, Mead). The members of the English external Intelligence Service, headed by an incredibly omniscient fellow named Quayle, get on the trail of a super-spy in England who has been making things unpleasant for their fellow-agents in Occupied France. Quayle's men pop in and out of London, garrotting practically everyone they meet en route, but their activities don't leave one as breathless as might be expected. Not so successful as the author's "The Stars Are Dark," which had to do with the same group of men.

PANIC, by Helen McCloy (Morrow). If you're interested in learning the elements of cryptography, here they are, right in the middle of one of those stories about young women who are scared silly by the noises they hear in the woods around their mountain cottage at night. This particular girl is avoiding enemy agents who think she has the key to an unbreakable cipher. A new variation on a theme which is growing tiresome.

DEATH AT THE DEPOT, by D. G. Hastings (Harper). Murder and espionage in a northern Vermont village just before Pearl Harbor. The events are presented chiefly through the conversation of the men and women who eat at Mrs. Barnard's rooming house, as fine a collection of rural eccentrics as you are likely to meet. This method unfortunately slows down an otherwise fine first mystery.

1234567890

At Provincetown, that outpost of New England, and loved by tourists and artists, 22 fishing boats were driven ashore. Chief John Rego reported few houses damaged. "What's this rumor that Provincetown is no more?" the chief asked with a wide grin. "Don't you landlubbers know that the hurricane hasn't been bred that can wash away thish rugged anupanupanuu this rugged town away?"—*Boston Traveler.*

Steady, Chief, the glass is falling.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

WARSAW, N. Y. (AP)—Victory gardeners whose cucumbers were destroyed by striped beetles wondered how Jay Smith kept the pests out of his garden. "It's simple," he explained.

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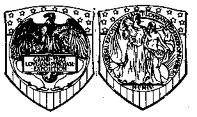
GrandPrize...Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904. This is one of the more than 60



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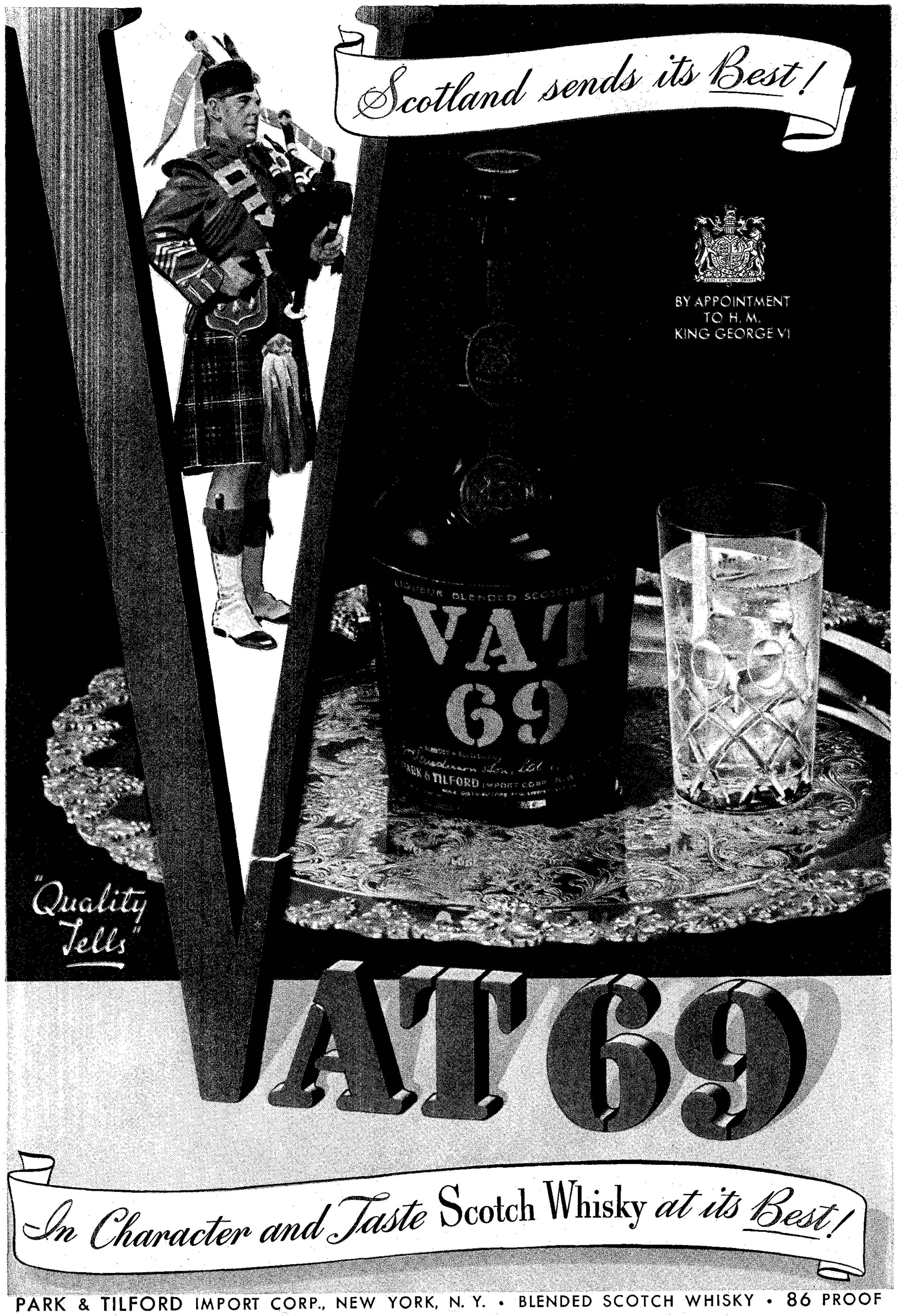
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